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Wm. White

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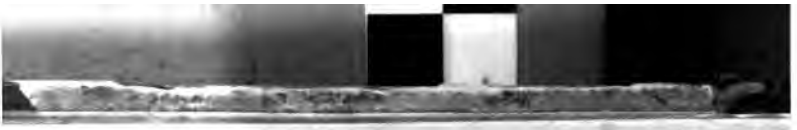

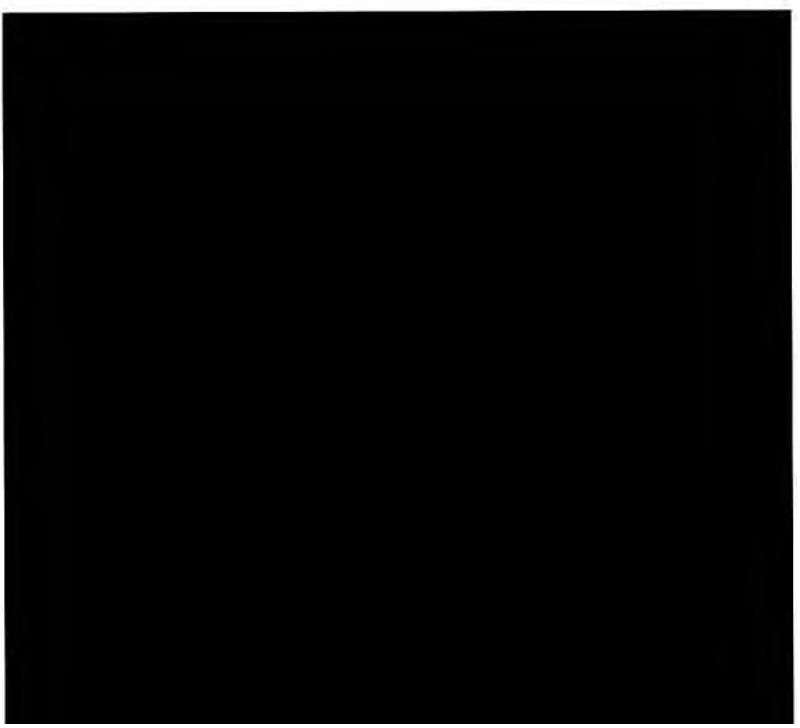

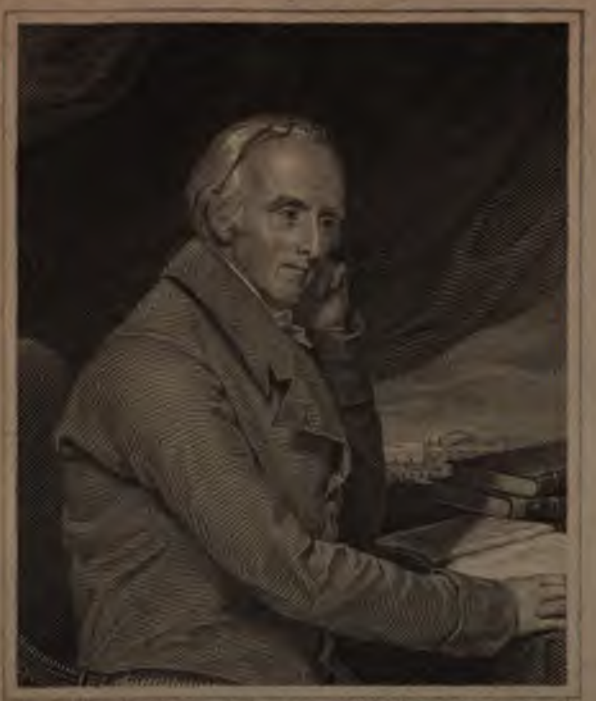

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BENJAMIN RUSH M.D. L.L.D.

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...lection and for action, it was his happiness ... greatness. Equa...
...ull time for treasuring matter for contemplation, and ...
...the costly apparatus of his intellect before study wa...
...p in business. Born to no expectancy but what de...
...nself, to deserve eminence seemed the only way to...
...mediocrity of his beginning saved him from a pre...
...is strength. He cultivated philosophy, not as the...
...t as the constituent of greatness—as the end and n...
...ot merely to shine but to live by it: and the u...
...designed it would not suffer him to be superficial.
...a protracted season of preparation, neither immers...
...nor lost in abstractions, devoutly inquisitive after ...
...the sober and serious purposes of utility. The w...
...him with all its glittering possibilities, but it prese...
...prospects of succession or of easy acquisition.
...in its allotments. His ability and industry were...
...Honour and dignity to him were matters not of cl...
...vement. Difficulty was his severe instructor; a...
...vn unrivalled phraseology, it was his glory to ov...
...rst difficulty, and to turn it into an instrument ...
...conquests over new difficulties, for extending the e...
...ce, and for pushing forward beyond the reach of h...
...ghts the landmarks of the human understanding ...

...had no advantage from school connexions. H...
...to that wretched speculation which parents are no...
...owing, as the motive to their preference of publi...
...e was his own early patron; the first and grea...
...own fortunes. His courage rested on the conscious...
...his own bosom, and that ...
...essays ...

the posthumous publication of that which was not completed by the writer himself for publication, two things at least ought to be well ascertained; first, that the honour of the deceased is secure, and secondly, that the wrong, if any, to his reputation, bears but a small proportion to the value of the communication.

We make due allowance for the prejudice of habitual admiration. But we cannot help thinking that the rough draught of the sketch of the negro code, and the hints for the essay on the drama, which are evidently only first thoughts, mere scouts sent out to reconnoitre the ground for encampment, might have been spared from appearing in the train of the conqueror.

Having said thus much on that part of the present publication which, we cannot but think, stands on a doubtful policy, and a doubtful warrant, we hasten to express our gratitude to the respectable editor for putting us in possession of so many new sources of instruction and delight. Within these few years the country has lost so much ability—so many of the tallest cedars of the grove have perished under the inexorable stroke, that we naturally cling to whatever yet remains of the vestiges of departed excellence. To the political writings, in particular, of the late Mr. Burke, we turn with increasing fondness. Besides their superlative merit, age, that usually destroys the value of works which the passing events have produced, has shed lustre upon his permanent reflections, and crowned them with the wreath of victorious truth. His prophecies are daily receiving their fulfilment, and time is doing homage to the wisdom of his calculations.

So great, indeed, is our admiration of the man, that we cannot fix our minds upon his production which now lies before us, without allowing a few moments to a general view of his course of political action, and the influence of his intellectual operations.

Whatever fate may yet attend us, no period of our history, past or to come, has exceeded, or can well exceed, in interest, that portion of it over which the political life of Mr. Burke extended. His powers, great as they were, found enough in the circumstances of the country, and enough in the rivalry of living talent, to provoke them to their fullest exertion. An era of eloquence new to the nation was opening just at the moment in which he made his appearance. Great constitutional questions concerning the privileges of the lower house, the breach with America, the dubious policy of our Indian management, the problem of the regency, and lastly the disorganization of the civilized world, consequent upon the French revolution, were themes which successively employed the faculties of Mr. Burke, and stretched the line of his reasoning and research. Great events may not create, but they will always excite, ability. To a certain degree they may be said to *create*, by calling dormant powers into operative existence. But the intellects of those rare persons who stand so

have alluded to the great events which met Mr. Bu
reshold, and led him up the steps of the temple, *prin*
coryphæus, among the votaries of fame. Public eve
gnitude would not have corresponded with the abil
rke as an orator and statesman. But if the times
him more leisure for letters and science, the proba
he public stock of useful and elegant knowledge w
ed more to the genius and industry of this great man,
collective faculty of his age. Something more of
isquisition, and of consecutive labour, might have
ie arrangement, and developed the wisdom of his prod
e would have funded a larger quantity of that floating
nowledge, which, consigned to the fugitive eloquence
eluded, like the Sybil's leaves, the grasp of his cou

f his speeches which have been rendered permane
is, are the depositories of great intellectual treasur
er lustre and expansion the speeches of Mr. Burke ma
d from his deep acquaintance with all parts of learn
osophy may perhaps have been a loser by the partner
could scarcely draw out as much as she contributed.
: is the academy and the porch; she is with difficulty
the contentious scene; *medium in agmen, in pulve-*
rem, in castra atque in aciem forensem. But there
me intellects that covers attainments, which in prac-
ut from each other. Logic and metaphysics, which
at share of Mr. Burke's attention, were not able to
nd from the politer arts; and though these, in com-
the favourite objects of his youth, he
d prepared it

his various accumulation, he stepped into public life, fully accomplished, completely armed, and without an equal in whatever constitutes, adorns, and consummates the statesman and the senator.

Great orators and great politicians came afterwards upon the stage, but they did not come to eclipse his glory, but rather to provoke and illustrate his excellence, and to bear testimony to the creative force of his example. We shall indulge ourselves in very few remarks upon the great parliamentary characters with whom Mr. Burke was destined to act, or to contend. Fully to comprehend his merit, it is necessary for us to view it in comparison with cotemporary and surrounding excellence. Having gone a little beyond our warrant in the retrospective view which we have taken of him, we cannot stop short of this ultimate justice to his character. Ready as we are to acknowledge the eloquence of the parliamentary leaders of his time, we claim for him one distinguishing excellence, which raises his fame above comparison with modern orators: we mean the union of philosophy with eloquence. In listening to the efforts of *other* orators, we have felt all the sympathy and emotion of which the mind is capable—all which the rapid, the argumentative, and the persuasive, can produce on the hearer—all which solidity, pathos, or splendour, whether derived from original or assisted powers, can convey, of pleasure, wonder, or conviction, to the heart or understanding: but that profound delight which fills, invigorates, and refreshes the soul from the fountains of perennial truth, and deep-seated philosophy; that serious sober rapture which the consciousness of intellectual expansion, and the feeling of permanent acquisition in science, produce, are the witnesses in our bosoms to the substantial superiority of Burke.

For the decoration of these solid materials Mr. Burke had within himself, or within his reach, an exhaustless store of imagery and diction. The whole classic world was in obedience to him; he had visited all its recesses, its groves, its fountains, and its divinities. It is thus that his speeches and compositions, though, for the most part, temporary and local in their leading subjects, have inseparably connected themselves with the permanent literature of his country. While his mind acquired depth and breadth from his early acquaintance with metaphysics, his taste preserved him from its subtlety. The learning of antiquity was so wrought into the staple of his understanding, as to become his own both for use and ornament, without the pomp or impertinence of quotation. It is on this account that he is distinguishable from all those speakers and writers whose heads are full of other men's thoughts, as well by his abstinence as by his abundance.

His style is unaffected, majestic, and copious; neither rendered obscure by the density of his matter, nor florid by the luxuriance of his imagination. It has sometimes been his fate, as it was the

often heard it said that Bolingbroke was his
as certainly very conversant with his writings at an
ince the first production of his pen appears to have be
tion of natural society, in imitation, and in ridicule
pher's levity, insolence, and dogmatism. That he
ly have acquired some habits from the profound atte
to the works of Bolingbroke, for the sake of exposing
nlikely. But we are of opinion that an original th
udiously copies the manner of any other. His thou
impatient and independent to be kept within any
course: like the salient sources of a cataract, they
wherever the soil yields them a passage, or hurry al
vities which nature has prepared for them.

qualifications which we have principally touched up
e was plainly superior to Mr. Fox, whose abilities w
we had almost said exclusively, parliamentary. W
itate to admit, that the latter was in all points and req
ost accomplished *debater* that the world has produce
l varied were the powers of his oratory, so astonishi
nd celerity, that though the clearest, and most natur
kers, he became sometimes obscure from the difficult
owing him. *Tantus enim cursus verborum fuit, et si*
dio, ut ejus vim et incitationem adspexeris, vestigi
ue vix videris.

ifficult to apprehend the distinction between the spe
ience in which Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox respectively
wever arduous it may be to express it in words.
ersons have risen so near the summit of an art, they
many things in common. In all essential qualities
cessarily abound. The manner and
e qualities

The eloquence of either might be compared to a river; but the one was overpowering by the weight of its waters, the other by the impetus of its stream. On the one majestically rode the merchandise of the world, "*opimo flumine Ganges;*" the other from its crystal sources rushed precipitately down the mountain's sides, carrying fertility to the plains, giving strength and freshness to the colours of nature, and enriching our domestic soil. All that was great was collected in Mr. Burke; all that was strong was generated in Mr. Fox. To the minds of both every thing was present that the occasion demanded: but that compass of thought and knowledge which surrounds and invests a subject; which comprehends its most distant results, and, raising it above party views, exhibits all its grand relations to human nature and society, was, in an eminent degree, the advantage and felicity of Burke. In this, perhaps, he has excelled all other orators, whether ancient or modern.

It cannot be pretended that Mr. Burke was not a party man. For the greater part of his life he acted, and strenuously and cordially acted, with a particular body of men. But it is plain, that while Mr. Fox and himself were associated in opposition to the persons carrying on the business of the state, their fundamental principles and final views were wide asunder. Upon great and radical questions of constitutional policy they entertained very different opinions and maxims. Concerning the national representation, the value of religious establishments, the theory of our constitution, as recognised and settled at the revolution, and in the extent of their reverence for the usages, forms, authorities, antiquities, and prescriptive rights and duties of the government, and those who live under it, their difference of sentiment was manifest during the whole period of their political friendship. In all these things Mr. Burke was provident, calculating, mindful of the infirmity of every human agent, and the fragility of his operations; and impressed with the danger of speculative innovations, and experiments grounded on visions of unattainable purity. Conscious that *his* liberty was not the liberty of low malecontents, he disdained to barter his consistency and sincerity for the acclamations of the crowd. And though sometimes an expression culpably deficient in respect for dignities and authorities may be found in his speeches, and even in his writings, yet it would be hard, and absurd in the extreme, to let these weigh against the tenor of his long political life.

The private lives of these distinguished men were at least as different as their politics. The youth of Mr. Burke was passed within the regular bounds of conjugal society, in literary intercourse, in severe study, and honourable avocations. The youth of Mr. Fox exhibited the spectacle of a man living after the

Mr. Burke's acquaintance with the inspired writin
arks of the great theologians, supplied him with
emes, and opened as it were a vista in his imaginat
closed the prospect of eternity. This source of
ms not to have been much visited by Mr. Fox, wh
ge of christianity, as a peculiar system of doctrin
ave been very confined. The sketches of his char
ed by Philopatris Varvicensis from the newspapers a
s, and the tedious diatribes of the doctor himself, no
the most amusingly absurd production of Mr. Trotter
erous other silly panegyrics which have sprung up
s about the tomb of the departed statesman, have all
uisite to add to the list of his perfections the title of
tian. It is not for us to deny this title; but we m
ut offence or injustice, if we have any knowledge of
istics of the sincere christian, that the biography of M
hes no certain evidence of his living or dying in the
ristian communion.

e omniscient author of the book called Philopatris
tell us, "that it was not for such *men* as Mr. Fox an
spend their last breath in dying speeches and confessi
d *weightier* duties to perform." And Mr. Trotte
ntial secretary of Mr. Fox, by telling us what duties
ed were really performed, has supplied an explanati
is doctor in divinity means by the *weightier* duties
ristian. Now, as we have already said in our revie
s Memoirs of C. J. Fox, we presume to think,
ference to so learned a divine, that listening to the s
and Æneas, or Tom Jones, or the poetry of Swift,
g the *weightier* duties of a dying

of departed greatness.
moderns, and, as far as w
to the ancients too, patien
rarest eloquence, the rich
phy, were all harmonious
sopher and an orator, but
could not hold it in const
could he, like Burke, disp
of immortal truth. In this
our great countryman, wh
table—

" A table rich

We would not be unders
eloquence is always appropr
purpose, and the auditory,
tests of good speaking. Mr
the collective talent of his
sure that the practice of gen
injurious to the success of sp
tude. Care only must be t
sitions within the scope of g
same thing in substance, of
people have been at all tim
pithy dialect of their prover
mestic, their rural, their verna
sophy of experience the elo
dexterous use. It is within t
flame the passions of the peop
the task is easy; but to fasten

much to the best feelings of the heart to be positively
; but deliberately to adopt what the understanding disa
ct upon predetermined hostility to all propositions whi
the opposite quarter, whatever may be their tendenc
acter of that party principle, which might be equally
sed by the phrase—political prostitution. No private
s, or personal ambition, could ever induce Mr. Burke
ountry with secondary regard. On great conservative
equently differed with his party; placing his count
country only, full before him, on all questions affec
ling policy, and permanent interest. Faithful to th
tion, he was prepared to sacrifice all private regards
it imposed; and when the French revolution burst u
l, that masculine love of liberty which had always led
ve its excesses, and condemn its abuses, sublimated his
ave it to the world discharged from the pollutions of
was the excitation of this great event; such the vastne
y of its relations and consequences to man, that ever
very faculty, all the knowledge, and all the sagacity
mind, was wrought up to an intensity of operation.
fulgence of all these powers was collected upon the
Reflections on the Revolution in France—a work wh
within the compass of our present undertaking to exa
hich now stands upon a pedestal, from which it looks
iles at criticism. But it is impossible to glance at this
t monument of human intelligence, without paying the
ute of our homage.
elebrated author* (who has written the most able answ
observed, "that to estimate it correctly, would prove
ost arduous efforts of critical skill and

without disgust, foul acts described by foul names
a callous moderation in treating cruelty, with which
ned to be more disgusted (speaking for ourselves) tha
l hot anger of outraged feeling. If no degree of detes
excessive, we doubt whether any strength of langua
great for the systematic horrors which ushered in an
ied the bloody and unprincipled revolution of France
ies of indignant feeling sometimes broke loose from the
rdinary decorum, and indulged in an unmeasured phr
do not concur with the polished writer of the Vindiciæ
inking *that* a reason for stigmatizing Mr. Burke's "Ref
'inflammatory harangues against violence." Nor b
n heart, and a rich imagination, were engaged on the
passion and justice, do we feel that "turbulent encon
anity" was a phrase at all suited to the character of an
immortal work. Coldness is not always prudence, t
rpetually assuming the title. If any thing could elic
f the subject to which we have been alluding, a tempe
nt, arranged in a logical method, to prove that the b
iests, the unsparing massacre of age and infancy, exe
ut trial, and plunder under the name of confiscatio
g things, would have produced that effect.
here is any real violence in the "Reflections" of Mr.
ffer the infirmity which belongs to virtuous feeling
gy; and the beauty, the verity, the excellence of his p
and political reasoning, we propose by way of exp
he author of the Vindiciæ Gallicæ have also his e
we presume the best would naturally be that which
for himself, we will lay it before the reader, and l
of the merits, with the accusation and defence befo

Number in unity! our joy, or dread!
Triune, unutterable, unconceived,
Absconding, yet demonstrable, great GOD!

To some men all religion is mysticism, as all church discipline is priestcraft. The mere rejection of religion is the philosophy of those whose title to the dignity of free thinking consists in a bigoted unbelief. The truth is, that through the whole course of Mr. Burke's volume, we do not recollect that he introduces the mention of any of those parts of religion which are properly called mysterious. So much for the "homilies of religious mysticism" to be found in Mr. Burke's Reflections. Mr. Burke constructed an immortal edifice to be the mansion of sound philosophy, the habitation and home of exiled truth. The author of the Vindiciæ Gallicæ, being determined to consider it as a haunted house, has peopled it with mysterious beings, and midnight bugbears, the progeny of his own metaphysical brain.

Scelestæ hæ sunt ædes, impia est habitatio.
Quæ hîc monstra fiunt, anno vix possum eloqui.

How deeply the mind of Mr. Burke, adverse to all visionary politics, all violent changes, and all practical invasions of liberty and property, was affected by the proceedings of the French revolutionists, and impressed with the danger to be dreaded from the diffusion of their principles, was manifested by the extraordinary exertions of which he showed himself capable at a time of life, and in a state of infirmity, which dispense with the labours of the patriot, and usually put a period to active service. To stay the plague, he stood, like Phineas, between the living and the dead. The mortification of losing some of his political friends was unable to chill his ardour. He felt the difficulty and the danger increased by this accession to the enemy; but the reaction of his mind was equal to the pressure. His resources kept on a level with the emergency. And the history of man presents few grander spectacles than that of this distinguished person, oppressed with years, weakened by labour, separated from the most powerful of his former friends, with a bosom rent by domestic calamity, making head against a revolutionary frenzy, which had let loose the physical against the moral world, threatened the dissolution of all states and communities, and proffered its bloody embrace to the people of this island. On such a subject, in such an hour of peril, he could not brook what seemed to him an unprincipled forbearance in those, for the right use of whose abilities their country so imperiously called. Much less could he endure the studied eulogies pronounced by Mr. Fox and his adherents on what seemed to him so manifestly to threaten the safety of the British

ment in their hands, to the exclusion of him and his
if he possessed the gift of prophecy, his talent at le
ystery, since every man in the country might easily
what Mr. Fox would predict as the result of every n
sed by the government of which he made no part. A
patris Varvicensis must know, canting apart, to be the a
. Fox's supernatural gift of presage concerning the af
ountry.

er saying thus much on the prophetic spirit attributed
ve will not represent Mr. Burke as a soothsayer; but w
e to affirm, that on the article of the revolution in F
probable issue, the predictions of Mr. Burke have
ied in a manner that bears extraordinary testimony t
h and wisdom of his calculations. Mr. Fox, at the d
ent, which he hailed as so auspicious in its promises,
man in comparison of Mr. Burke; but the young mar
g dreams, while the old man was seeing visions. T
r of his life, these visions were expanding the mind of
and his pen was employed in promulgating them.
was no longer able to dictate to the senate, we may
east with the Fabricii, the Curii, and the Coruncani
nes qui rempublicam consilio et auctoritate defendeba

Historical and Descriptive, of Louisiana. By Ma
Stoddard, Member of U. S. M. P. S. and of the N
Historical Society. 8vo. pp. 488. Philadelphia, publis
thew Carey. 1812.

portion was as large as a

e age *has* come that sees ample regions for republ

oms between that line to which the Atlantic ocean the

nd the line which bounds it now; and the age will be s

picturesque journeys, and sentimental tours, with t

nefits of statistics and topographies.

This class of works, however, must be preceded by

etension, though considerably advanced towards a cl

isement, and a literary execution, beyond the coarse

the journal of the mere Indian trader or hunter of

e works of this previous class must come from men

the hardihood and practical rough seasoning of m

ds, with a tolerable share of cultivation, and a natura

o inquisitiveness and reflection. Some such men will

ndertake toilsome, protracted, and hazardous journe

ch—will ascertain positions, distances, practicable ro

ourse of rivers—will describe clearly, though not in

ther artists or poets, the aspects of the country, and

us circumstances in the character of its productions,

ute or human inhabitants—and will make some obser

comparisons, some conjectures, a little deeper than

surface of the objects they contemplate, some sligh

nto speculations, which more philosophical minds w

ards prosecute, with the aid of later, accumulated, an

te observations. The Travels of the late Major Pi

d of the Mississippi, and across Louisiana, may be reg

opeful beginning of this class of works, and we wis

uch adventurers may be in preparation, and that the

overnment may deem this much more ambitious em

r them, than the vulgar occupations of war.

work before us is not a

volume, is entitled "Historical Sketches." It commences with the discovery and the first attempts to colonize the Atlantic coast, and the northern shores of the Mexican gulf, and gradually draws to a more defined and limited scope, in recording the events of the portion of the country now denominated Louisiana. It is written with a very respectable degree of clearness and succinctness, and preserves the detail from the tediousness which it was not easy to avoid in recording so many transactions of obscure and petty warfare, absurd policy, and vulgar villany. The first adventurer that made an inroad from Florida into the region since named Louisiana, was Ferdinand de Soto.

"He was one of the most distinguished knight-errants of his age; and his actions in Florida sufficiently attest his courage, hardihood, and romantic turn of mind. He explored almost all parts of that country with the speed of a courier; and the long time he remained in it was mostly employed in seeking new dangers and encountering them. He attacked the natives everywhere, and everywhere committed great slaughter; destroyed their towns and subsisted his men on the provisions found in them. He even spent some winters among them, particularly one in the Chickasaw nation; the next spring crossed the Mississippi, explored the regions to the westward of it, and in 1542 ended his days on Red River."

Every thing was most zealously perpetrated by the Spaniards that could make the region still more emphatically a wilderness than they found it, and render it more inhospitable and ungainful to themselves against the time when they were reduced (after numerous abortive and destructive enterprises, in sanguine and furious search after the precious metals) to the necessity and humiliation of trying to sustain themselves by cultivating the ground, and trafficking with the relics of those native tribes whom they had so nearly destroyed. The desolate scene was, for a while, contested with them by the French; and reciprocal acts of revenge and extermination afforded a consolatory spectacle to the few barbarian stragglers who were themselves too weak to perform such a sacrifice: but the French were compelled to quit the shores of the Mexican gulf, and for a number of years forbore all further attempts on any part of America. At length, in 1608, they laid the foundation of Quebec, and formed their first permanent settlement in the new world. This settlement, having maintained a laborious and wretched existence during sixty years of war with the Iroquois, fell upon an expedient of ingenious novelty, which, by singular good luck, occurred to the thoughts of the Indians much about the same time. This expedient was the making of a peace. The few survivors on both sides bethought themselves of substituting a commerce in the commodities of life

proportion as this was noxious; and judged, perhaps
t effectual way of stimulating to the industry of loca
t this inert and dispirited assemblage, was thus to ar
nstant, by an order issued in the carelessness of o
ist the luxuries of a court, all that had been effect
nt painful effort towards forming a plantation. Th
rs had but just begun to verify their being alive in
ion, when they were attacked and plundered by the
retchedly was the whole concern managed, that t
, after receiving 2,500 colonists, and absorbing mon
nt of 689,000 livres, in the first thirteen years, co
nd of that period only four hundred whites, twe
s, and three hundred head of cattle. The colony
ed over to M. Crozart, a wealthy private gentle
cuted the experiment five years, and then willing
ed his undertaking and his patent to the Mississippi c
jected by the celebrated John Law." Placed un
e so splendid, the colony became an object of exte
and sanguine expectation. Several thousands of
ere sent out in a few years. And so provident an e
dopted for their support, that many hundreds of t
with hunger and sickness. In 1721,

very countenance was covered with a melancholy glo
ere without medicine, as well as the other comforts ad
ituation; and children perished from want in the arms
s. Such, indeed, in that year, was the want of provisi
ops stationed on the Perdido, Isle Dauphin, and Mobi
among, and were obliged to seek support from, the In
out the country."

"The civil polity of the Na
people apparently in some degre
penetration and wisdom, and wa
They had *kings*, or chiefs, invest
kind of subordinate nobility; an
rank, were well understood and p
"they were just, generous, and h
relief to the objects of distress
quainted with the properties of m
performed, particularly among the
What is much more to their praise
destroy the human species, and for t
than defensive war."

The grand delusion of the Mi
greatest services to these colonie
ruined its dupes; and "from this
be dated their gradual progress
though it was occasionally interru
niards." In recounting the quarr
dians, he is disposed to make the
almost all the iniquity. The savag
encroachments on their ancient te
affirms, to treaties, that the aggressi
sanguinary violence, are almost
whites.

The ambition of France, pervading
did not fail to operate with its char
tition with the growing power and co
glish colonies. Its object was no les
virtually, for all available purposes, t
country of the lakes and the Missi
mountains to

wards, ceded it, for a pecuniary consideration, to the final possessions of the American states. The long series of jealous, evasive, and offensive measures of the Spanish authorities, and of the remonstrant, impatient, and sometimes almost violent, movements of the American population, on the west of the Alleghany mountains, are related in detail; but are of no great interest further than as leading to the magnificent view of the acquisition, at a stroke, and beyond the possibility of any further question or competition, of the vast central region of the continent, by a people occupying so large a portion of it before, and destined to extend their ever growing multitudes in no very long time into the actual possession of perhaps four fifths of its habitable space. There is no other section of our race that would not be elated, perhaps almost as much as those ostentatiously self-asserting republicans, at being able to draw, in lines of fact and prediction, half such a map of their allotted quantum of earth, and confound their imagination in the immensity of such lakes, such rivers, such forests, and such plains.

This historical portion of the work is followed by a short chapter on the Floridas, "the proximity of which to the United States, and our claim to no inconsiderable portion of them," says our author, drily, render some account of them of the greatest importance at this time. Our best use of the chapter will be to extract its most remarkable paragraph.

"One remarkable fact relative to the population of the Floridas must not escape notice. While these were in the possession of the English, a plan was concerted to entice a colony of Greeks into the country. Sir William Duncan and Doctor Turnbull were at the bottom of this transaction. The country was represented to the Greeks in the most favourable light: they were promised fertile fields and lands in abundance, and also transportation and subsistence. Hence fifteen hundred souls were deluded from the islands in Greece and Italy, and landed in East Florida. They were planted at a place called New Smyrna, situated about seventy miles to the southward of St. Augustine. But what was their surprise when, instead of cultivated fields, they were ushered into a desolate wilderness, without the means of support! What mortified them still more was, that some of them were tantalized with the use of rented lands for ten years, at the expiration of which they reverted again to their original proprietors, when the poor settlers were once more reduced to poverty and misery. Some of them indeed could not obtain land on any terms. Hence they were obliged to labour for the planters in the character of slaves, and to experience hunger and nakedness. Overseers were placed over them, and whenever the usual task was not completed, they were goaded with the lash. Families were not allowed to live separate from each other; but a number of them were crowded together in one mass, and condemned to promiscuous repose. The poor wretches were not even allowed to

to be near the average breadth of Louisiana. The boundaries we have described embrace one million, three hundred and seven thousand, two hundred and sixty square miles; or eight hundred, thirty-six millions, six hundred and forty-six thousand, four hundred acres!"

There is a chapter on New Orleans, and the Delta of the Mississippi. The city is described with that extreme minuteness of detail which we never suspect to be out of proportion to the subject, when we are exhibiting a part and a proof of a recent proud acquisition. At the time it fell into the hands of the Americans, "it contained about one thousand houses, and eight thousand inhabitants, including blacks and people of colour." Almost all the old houses are of wood, of only one story high. Latterly a few of the inhabitants have been enabled to enclose themselves in bad brick, coated with white or coloured mortar.

The Delta is one of those remarkable results of the great operations of nature, on which a sensible observer will hardly ever be accused of expending too much description.

"Nothing is more certain than that it has gradually risen out of the sea, or rather that it has been formed by alluvious substances, precipitated by the waters from the upper regions. It is calculated that from 1720 to 1800, a period of 80 years, the land has advanced fifteen miles into the sea. The eastern part of New Spain along the gulf, exhibits abundant proofs of similar advances; owing, perhaps, to the constant accumulation of sand by the trade winds, which is driven to the shore by the perpetual motion of the waves in that direction."

The Mississippi, on approaching the sea, divides into five branches which are deep enough, except on their bars, for the largest ships. The banks of the river, to a great distance northward, are "much more elevated than the circumjacent country. This is occasioned by a more copious deposition along the margins than at a distance from them. These are thickly covered with grass, and a vast variety of ligneous plants, which serve to filtrate the waters in their progress to the low grounds and swamps, and to retain the greatest proportion of the alluvious substances." The Mississippi is not remarkable for good fish; but this defect is compensated by a vast number of alligators. The tides have little effect at New Orleans; they sometimes cause it to swell, but never to slacken its current. It is asserted that no more than one *twenty-seventh* part of the Delta is susceptible of cultivation. The country, both here near the outlet, and to a great extent on each side of the river many hundred miles upward, constitutes a world of swamps, with all the appropriate miasmata and pestilence. And though there are particular parts which it might be possible for a strong population, aided by great national resources, to rescue

soil; that almost every desirable production may be cultivated with complete success; that it has infinite facilities for inland navigation; that, as to the greater part of it, the climate is salubrious, even wonderfully so, considering the heat of its summers and the prodigious surplus of its waters; and that its population, which is in its earliest infancy, is advancing with a rapidity beyond all example. In remarking on the actual proofs of a degree of salubrity which would have been deemed incompatible with such an excess of heated moisture, he advances the theory, with plausible appearances, that the noxious power is neutralized by the prevalence of limestone in the constitution of a great portion of the countries of the upper Mississippi.

Upper Louisiana appears to be very justly a region of more attraction to the people of the United States than the country of the lower Mississippi, especially to agriculturists of moderate property. What are called capitalists, our author says, are tempted by the greater commercial possibilities of the neighbourhood of the Mexican gulf.

The major is very eager to have the country stocked with a population competent to self defence. We say *stocked*—for he has perfectly acquired the diction of political economists, and everywhere talks of population, and its progress, as if its importance were only relative to the soil, the capacities of which it is adapted to develop, as the French have it. The use and object of the human animal in any given tract of the earth, is to promote its productiveness as a farm, and to give rank and consequence to it as a state. Man was made as a thing subservient to farms and states. We should be glad to be helped on to the climax, and be permitted to know what farms and states were made for.

The competency to defence, so urgently necessary to be acquired in Louisiana, is chiefly against the inroads of the Indians, who have every advantage against a slender population in such a country.

"An immense number of tribes, and some of them powerful, inhabit the extensive regions on the west side of the Mississippi. Their depredations are frequent, and they entertain no fear of punishment; our ordinary force, especially in Upper Louisiana, including the militia, is not sufficient to create any alarm among them. They are extremely bold in their threats; and perhaps one reason why they hold us so cheap is, that they have never been at war with us, and were never beaten by the whites."

A chapter "of Land Titles" illustrates, in great detail, the regulations observed by the defunct Spanish government of Louisiana in their grants of land to the colonists. All the grants veri-

with writing and common arithmetic, appear to have been, the last time any thing was heard on the subject, the best, and nearly the whole provision for the literature of the capital, New Orleans; and in the settlements at a distance from it, "a person who could read and write was considered as a kind of prodigy." The English Americans are said to be still more deficient than the French. As to religion, a small quantity of the popish ritual, on a Sunday, forms, of course, the christianity of the greater part of the people; and the major justifies and applauds them for being as merry as they can the rest of the day, and for keeping clear of what he calls a "sullen countenance, gloomy subjects, a set form of speech, and a stiff behaviour." He insists they shall by all means have a religion, "a pure and rational religion," he says, "such as is contained in the sublime pages of revelation;" for, "it is of infinite use to mankind in a temporal sense." But not even for the sake of this, the most important of all the benefits of religion, will he consent to have the Indians disturbed, in their devout and laudable adherence to the creed of their forefathers. The book contains a variety of passages in which the writer appears to take considerable credit to himself, as a philosopher, for placing religion in the light in which it is regarded by politicians of the very inferior rank.

There is a desultory entertaining description of the "Character," taken in a general and comprehensive sense, "of the Louisianians." The representation of the "aborigines" too much resembles that in Guthrie's Grammar, and in Robertson. To be sure, it forms a striking picture, ready for the use of every successive exhibition. But if a man pretends to paint in the sobriety of truth, in the very scene where the reality is displayed, and absolutely from the life, it is unpardonable to play off again on our imaginations the horrible visions of the long courses of torture and cannibalism. Why cannot we obtain, at last, the mere plain truth as to the degrees and modes of cruelty which captive enemies are condemned to suffer?

There is an ineffectual attempt to revive, under some appearance of probability, the notion of there being a *Welsh* tribe of Indians somewhere in North America. The major compensates to himself the extreme penury of his religious credence, by believing such a proposition as that it would be easy enough for Prince Madoc to make three successful voyages to America before the invention of the compass, and two straight back to Wales.

The most curious and interesting chapter of all (but it admits not of abridgment) is that on the rivers of North America. We will transcribe the description of the confluence of the two noblest

dated by power, nor subdued by renown, has very strikingly displayed the inferiority of Napoleon's character to his genius. That he is disquieted by the disapprobation of a powerful mind, may indeed be considered as a proof that he has not lost all the sentiments which ought to accompany a great understanding—and that power and flattery have not yet obliterated all sense of what constitutes the true value of praise. But this disquiet has driven him into a persecution so little both in its principle and its means, as to form a characteristical incident in the life of this extraordinary man. He appears to have curiously sought out the most susceptible parts of her mind, and the most vulnerable points of her situation, that he might inflict his wounds with more ingenious cruelty. He has harassed her by successive mutilations of those works of which he professed to allow the publication. He has banished her from the societies where the terror of his power could not silence the admiration of her genius, and where the blended intercourse of friendship, reason, wit, and eloquence, formed a gratification which a refined enemy would have thought it honourable to spare. Every suffering was through some kind affection, or some elegant taste. Every wound was aimed at a noble part. In her escape from his dominions, she found one of his generals become the actual sovereign of the country of her husband; and to him she dedicates this little volume, from which we learn, with singular interest, and with scarcely any surprise, that there were moments in which misfortune made her seek the aid of meditation to compose and strengthen her mind, and that she now offers to her fellow sufferers the medicine which has quieted her own agitations.

From the time of Rousseau to the rebound of public opinion caused by the issue of the French revolution, suicide was one of the favourite themes of paradox and declamation; and Madame de Staël, it seems, had formerly written on it, not so much with the temper of philosophy, as with that hostility to received doctrines to which the vivacity and pride of youthful genius are prone. Her mature reason has easily discovered, that the more general judgments of the human race on subjects of moral conduct, disguised as they are under a thousand fantastic forms, obscured by vague, passionate, hyperbolical, and even contradictory forms of expression, debased by the mixture of every species of prejudice and superstition, and distorted into deformity in their passage through narrow and perverted minds, have still some solid foundation in the nature and condition of man. Very little moral truth is to be found in its native state; and it is one of the most important offices of philosophy, to recover it from the impure masses with which it is confounded by the common observer.

It is natural that reparation for youthful paradox should be ample even to excess. A generous mind deems no atonement suffi-

large class of human actions; being not only the duty of soldiers, but of all those who are engaged in eminently perilous occupations —and occasionally of all human beings. It is required from men of the most obscure condition, who are neither trained to any delicacy of moral perception, nor supported by the prospect of reputation. Its violation is punished by death, or by the heaviest and most irremissible disgrace. Maternal affection renders the feeblest and most timid women capable of discharging this stern and terrible duty.

Besides these suicides of duty, there are other cases of the hazard or sacrifice of life, which, not being positively prescribed by the rules of conduct, are considered as *acts of virtue* of the most arduous nature, requiring singular magnanimity, and justly distinguished by the most splendid reputation. Codrus and Decius present themselves to the recollection of every reader. When a Scotch Highland gentleman personated Prince Charles Stuart—when Madame Elizabeth presented herself to the furious rabble as Marie Antoinette—every human heart acknowledges the generous virtue which made the first sacrifice, and the second expose life, in order to preserve the life of others, to whom they were bound by no stronger ties than those of attachment and friendship, strengthened by the momentary impulse of compassion. But these suicides of patriotism or loyalty are acts done in a conspicuous place, by those who are bred from their infancy to consider honour and disgrace as the first objects of human pursuit and avoidance. Innumerable instances, however, of the same sort, in totally different circumstances, show the power of human nature to do the same acts without the bribe of fame. Backwardness in mounting a breach, or boarding a ship, is a rare occurrence. Volunteers for service of the most desperate danger are easily found. Every case of a shipwreck, or a fire, exhibits examples of devoting life, for the preservation sometimes of utter strangers—very often, indeed, of persons to whom there is no obligation of duty, and no tie of affection. Mere compassion renders the lowest of the mob for a moment capable of so sublime a sacrifice.

There are other suicides, which, without being either demanded by duty, or performed for the preservation of a community or an individual, are yet generally considered as acts which, whether they be strictly moral or not, can only be performed by minds of the most magnanimous virtue. The suicide of Cato is of this class. It was not to defeat usurpation, or to preserve the laws and liberties of Rome, that he destroyed his own life. In that case, the moral qualities of the act would have admitted no dispute: but it was done when he despaired of his country. It arose from his horror of tyranny, and the feeling of intolerable shame at the prospect of life under an arbitrary master; and it is to be justified by

fectly spotless. They did not, indeed, with Lucretia, claim this privilege, from the shame of past violation; but they permitted it, for the prevention of that which was to come. It is unnecessary to observe, that this opinion can be justified by no principle; but it is evidently an excrescence from the principle of a suicide of duty, and proceeds partly from the confusion of guilt with disgrace, and partly, also, from the abusive application of moral terms to physical things. Though actions not immoral seldom continue long to be thought dishonourable among a civilized people, yet the degree of disgrace is often by no means proportioned to that of immorality. Thus, mercenary prostitution, when it arises from poverty, extenuates the vice, but renders the degradation deeper. Every outward mark of a disgraceful act is itself disgraceful. Though nothing can be immoral which is not voluntary, yet it may be ignominious to have involuntarily suffered from the brutality of others. A Bramin forfeits his civil rank and sacred character by what only the utmost cruelty could have compelled him to endure. The case of a virtuous man, discredited by calumnies, of which refutation does not repair the injurious effect, must be owned to be attended with considerable perplexity. But the more sound casuistry must forbid him to take refuge in voluntary death. The possibility of escaping from dishonour is a temptation to undervalue honour. A good man ought not to murmur at that necessity which compels him to confute calumny by his life. But though it be not a justifiable case of suicide, it seems to be one of the most excusable which can be imagined; and when a mind, stung by unmerited dishonour, determines on this dreadful remedy, and resolves on leaving an example which may deter some from calumny, and others from the imprudence which supplies the calumniator with weapons, though the action must be blamed as a deviation from the most elevated morality, yet the man may be pitied, and even loved, for a purity and ardour of moral feeling, of which the rigorous censors of his conduct were probably incapable.

Opposed to these voluntary deaths, which are enjoined or applauded, are two classes of culpable suicide, which may be termed the criminal and the vitious. A criminal suicide is that by which a man, under the influence of selfish impatience or apprehension, withdraws himself from the performance of evident, urgent, and important duties. Every duty imposes the secondary obligation to preserve the means of performing it, and, consequently, to preserve life, which comprehends all these means. The most homely instances are the best illustrations. A man on whose labour a family depended for bread, could not disable himself from earning it by mutilating his limbs without a great crime: but in destroying his life, he commits a greater crime of the same nature. To es-

ters the terrors of the amputation. It is a distortion of words from their natural sense, to call that man a coward, who has completely conquered the fear of death.

Among the most remarkable persons who have contended for the innocence, and even for the merit of some suicides, are two eminent English divines of the seventeenth century, whose writings are now little read. The first was the celebrated Dr. Donne, who was probably driven to the contemplation of this question by his own sufferings. While he was secretary to Lord Chancellor Egerton, he married a young lady of rank superior to his own, which gave such offence to his patron, that he was dismissed from his office. He suffered extreme poverty with his wife and children; and in a letter in which he adverts to the illness of a daughter whom he tenderly loved, he says, that he dares not expect relief, even from death, as he cannot afford the expense of the funeral! He afterwards took orders, and was promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's. In the early part of his life, and probably during the period of his sufferings, he wrote a book entitled Βιαθανατος, "*A declaration of that paradox, or thesis, that self-homicide is not so naturally sin, that it may never be otherwise.*" He did not publish it, but, on the contrary, forbade it "both the press and the fire." He desired "*it to be remembered, that it was written by Jack Donne, not by Dr. Donne;*" and it was published many years after his death, by his son, a dissipated young man, tempted by his necessities to forget his father's prohibition. It is a very ingenious book, and in substance correct; but written in that paradoxical temper which thrusts forward whatever truth is averse to common opinion, and slightly acknowledges whatever agrees with it. His margin, crowded with references, is a curious proof of the great revolution which a century and a half have produced in the reading of Europe. Of the innumerable multitude of canonists, jurists, and schoolmen whom he has cited, there are not a dozen names now known to the most curious inquirer. Henry Dodwell, the learned nonjuror, had that propensity towards singular speculations, in which ingenious men, who profess slavish principles of government, not unfrequently give vent to the native independence of their understanding. He maintained the innocence of suicide in some cases, in an apology for the philosophical writings of Cicero, prefixed to a translation of "Cicero de Finibus," by his brother nonjuror, the noted Jeremy Collier, a writer remarkable for vulgar shrewdness and coarse vigour, who, by a fatality not unparalleled among translators of a higher order, chose an original the most dissimilar to himself, and attempted an English version of the most elegant and majestic of prose writers.

try and ingenuity. He died while his son Benjamin was yet young, but left him to the care of an excellent and pious mother, who took an active interest in his education and welfare. In a letter which I had the pleasure to receive from Dr. Rush, a short time before his death, and which was written upon his return from a visit to the tomb of his ancestors, he thus expresses the obligation he felt for the early impressions of piety he had received from his parents:

"I have acquired and received nothing from the world which I prize so highly as the religious principles I inherited from them; and I possess nothing that I value so much as the innocence and purity of their characters."*

But this was not the only source of that virtue and religion for which he was so eminently distinguished. His mother, as if influenced with a presentiment of the future destinies of her son, resolved to give him the advantages of the best education which our country then afforded: for this purpose he was sent, at the early age of eight or nine years, to the West Nottingham Grammar School, and placed under the care of his maternal uncle, the Rev. Doctor Samuel Finley, an excellent scholar and an eminent teacher, and whose talents and learning afterwards elevated him to the presidency of the college of Princeton. At this school young Rush remained five years, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and other branches necessary to qualify him, as preparatory for a collegiate course of study. But under the tuition and guidance of Dr. Finley, he was not only instructed in classical literature; he also acquired what was of no less importance, and which characterized him through life—a habit of study and observation, a reverence for the christian religion, and the habitual performance of the duties it inculcates: for his accomplished and pious instructor not only regarded the temporal, but the spiritual welfare of those committed to his care.

At the age of fourteen, after completing his course of classical studies, he was removed to the college of Princeton, then under

* The letter here referred to was originally addressed, by Dr. Rush, to the Hon. John Adams, Esq. late President of the United States: from a copy of the same, sent to the author by Dr. Rush, several of the preceding interesting particulars have been taken.

studies under Dr. Redman, he embarked for Europe, and passed two years at the university of Edinburgh, attending the lectures of those celebrated professors, Dr. Munro, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Cullen, and Dr. Black.

In the spring of 1768, after defending an inaugural dissertation "de coctione ciborum in ventriculo," he received the degree of doctor of medicine. In that exercise, which was written with classical purity and elegance, it was the object of Dr. Rush to illustrate, by experiment, an opinion that had been expressed by Dr. Cullen, that the aliment, in a few hours after being received into the stomach, undergoes the acetous fermentation. This fact he established by three different experiments, made upon himself; experiments which a mind less ardent in the pursuit of truth would readily have declined.

From Edinburgh Dr. Rush proceeded to London, where, in attendance upon the hospitals of that city, the lectures of its celebrated teachers, and the society of the learned, he made many accessions to the stock of knowledge he had already acquired.

In the spring of 1769, after visiting Paris, he returned to his native country, and immediately commenced the practice of physic in the city of Philadelphia, in which he soon became eminently distinguished.

Few men have entered the profession in any age or country with more numerous qualifications as a physician, than those possessed by Dr. Rush. His gentleness of manner, his sympathy with the distressed, his kindness to the poor, his varied and extensive erudition, his professional acquirements, and his faithful attention to the sick, all united in procuring for him the esteem, the respect, and the confidence of his fellow citizens, and thereby introducing him to an extensive and lucrative practice.

It is observed, as an evidence of the diligence and fidelity with which Dr. Rush devoted himself to his medical studies, during the six years he had been the pupil of Dr. Redman, that he absented himself from his business but two days in the whole of that period of time. I believe it may also be said, that from the time he commenced the practice of medicine to the termination of his long and valuable life, except when confined by sickness, or occupied by business of a public nature, he never ab-

that to the learning, the abilities, and the eloquence of Dr. Rush, it owes much of that celebrity and elevation to which it has attained. What Boerhaave was to the medical school of Leyden, or Dr. Cullen to that of Edinburgh, Dr. Rush was to the university of Pennsylvania.

But Dr. Rush did not confine his attention and pursuits either to the practice of medicine, or to the duties of his professorship: his ardent mind did not permit him to be an inactive spectator of those important public events which occurred in the early period of his life.

The American revolution; the independence of his country; the establishment of a new constitution of government for the United States, and the amelioration of the constitution of his own particular state, all successively interested his feelings, and induced him to take an active concern in the scenes that were passing. He held a seat in the celebrated congress of 1776, as a representative of the state of Pennsylvania, and subscribed the ever memorable instrument of American independence. In 1777 he was appointed physician general of the military hospital for the middle department; and in the year 1787 he received the additional gratification and evidence of his country's confidence in his talents, his integrity, and his patriotism, by being chosen a member of the state convention for the adoption of the federal constitution.

These great events being accomplished, Dr. Rush gradually retired from political life, resolved to dedicate the remainder of his days to the practice of his profession, the performance of his collegiate duties, and the publication of those doctrines and principles in medicine which he considered calculated to advance the interests of his favourite science, or to diminish the evils of human life. In a letter which I received from him as early as the year 1794, he expresses this determination, adding, "I have lately become a mere spectator of all public events." And in a conversation on this subject, during the two last years of his life, he expressed to me the high gratification which he enjoyed in his medical studies and pursuits, and his regret that he had not at a much earlier period withdrawn his attention from all other subjects, and bestowed it exclusively upon his profession.

of the style in which they are written, give them an additional claim to your attention as among the finest models of composition. The same remarks are equally applicable to the epistolary style of Dr. Rush and that of his conversation; in both of which he eminently excelled.

Mr. Fox declared in the British house of commons, that he had learned more from Mr. Burke's conversation than from all the books he had ever read. It may also be observed of the conversation of Dr. Rush, that such were the riches of his mind; such was the active employment of all its faculties; so constant was his habit of giving expression to his thoughts in an extensive correspondence, in the preparation of his public discourses, and in his daily intercourse with the world, that few persons ever left his society without receiving instruction, and expressing their astonishment at the perpetual stream of eloquence in which his thoughts were communicated.

It has frequently been the subject of surprise, that amidst the numerous avocations of Dr. Rush, as a practitioner and a teacher of medicine, that he found leisure for the composition and the publication of the numerous medical and literary works which have been the production of his pen.

Although Dr. Rush possessed by nature an active and discriminating mind, in which were blended great quickness of perception, and a retentive memory; although he enjoyed the benefits of an excellent preliminary and professional education, it was only by habits of uncommon industry, punctuality in the performance of all his engagements, the strictest temperance and regularity in his mode of life, that enabled him to accomplish so much in his profession, and to contribute so largely to the medical literature of his country. Dr. Rush, like most men who have extended the boundaries of any department of human knowledge; who have contributed to the improvement of any art or science, was in habits of early rising, by which he always secured what Gibbon has well denominated "*the sacred portion of the day.*"

The great moralist* justly observes, that "to temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence." The extreme temperance of Dr. Rush in like manner enabled him to

* Dr. Johnson.

keep his mind in continual employment, thereby "setting at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp—the blasts of the east, and the clouds of the south."* He knew not that "lethargy of indolence" that follows the inordinate gratifications of the table. His siesto did not consist in indulgence upon the bed or in the armed chair, to recover those powers which had been paralyzed or suspended by an excessive meal, or the intemperate use of vinous or spiritnous drinks.

Dr. Johnson, during his tour to the Hebrides, when fatigued by his journey, retired to his chamber and wrote his celebrated Latin ode addressed to Mrs. Thrale.† Dr. Rush, in like manner, after the fatigues of professional duty, refreshed his mind by the perusal of some favourite poet, some work of taste, some volume of travels, biography, or history. These were the pillows on which he sought repose.

But the virtues of the heart, like the faculties of his mind, were also in continued exercise for the benefit of his fellow men; while the numerous humane, charitable, and religious associations, which do honour to the city of Philadelphia, bear testimony to the philanthropy and piety which animated the bosom of their departed benefactor, let it also be remembered, that, as with the good Samaritan, the poor were the objects of his peculiar care; and that in the latter, and more prosperous years of his life, one seventh of his income was expended upon the children of affliction and want. Dr. Boerhaave said of the poor, that they were his best patients, because God was their paymaster.

Let it also be recorded, that the last act of Dr. Rush was an act of charity, and that the last expression which fell from his lips was an injunction to his son, "be indulgent to the poor."

"Vale egregium academiæ decus! tuum nomen mecum semper durabit; et laudes et honores tui in æternum manebunt."‡

* Boswell, vol. 1. p. 260. † Boswell.

‡ These words were addressed by Dr. Rush, upon his taking leave of the University of Edinburgh, to his particular friend and preceptor, Dr. Cullen. See Inaug. Diss. De Coctione Ciborum. Edin. 1769.

For the Analectic Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT AYLWIN.

John Cushing Aylwin was the son of Thomas Aylwin, Esq. and nephew of the Hon. William Cushing, one of the judges of the supreme court of the United States. His father, previous to the revolution, was a merchant in Boston, and, at the time of the siege of that town, retired to Quebec with his wife, to whom he had been then recently married. It was in this city, at the close of the war, that the subject of this memoir was born. The first years of his boyhood displayed a generous spirit, a contempt of danger, and those ardent feelings which, though not uncommon at that age, add much to worth, and always characterized the subsequent stages of his life. He received there the rudiments of his education, which, however, was not further extended than to the first principles of mathematics, an elementary knowledge of the latin, and a perfect acquaintance with the French language. His father destined him to a naval life, and while yet a child, had him borne on the books of a frigate which Captain Coffin, now Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin Greenly, then commanded.* The intentions of his father were, however, not long after frustrated by an occurrence that young Aylwin witnessed in the streets of Quebec. The horror excited in his breast at seeing a lad whom he had known, torn from the bosom of his parents by a pressgang, caused an invincible disgust to the English naval service: he could never be again brought to think of entering it. His attachment, notwithstanding, to a sea life was not lessened; and he became urgent with his parents to send him to their relatives in New England, that he might enter the American service. While arrange-

* The rating of the names of the children of some gentlemen, with that of our youth, without being actually mustered on board, was one of the charges preferred against Captain Coffin by his officers upon the breaking out of a quarrel between them; and this cost him his commission. He was a few years after restored to his rank, as it was discovered that the courtmartial had not been regularly detailed.

Mediterranean, and at the time of the invasion of Egypt by the French, was stationed on that coast. From thence the vessel was ordered to the East Indies; two years he passed on board of her in the Red Sea; and three more in different parts of the Indian ocean. His constitution having become almost a sacrifice to the climate, he was there invalided, and permitted to return to his relatives and friends, by whom even his existence was unknown. In the course of this service he was in several engagements, and distinguished himself particularly in one, by lashing to their brig the bowsprit of a French corvette, and then boarding. A warrant was offered him on the occasion, and promises were constantly held out to him of promotion, if he would but enter. These he always withstood, and though few indeed could he find among his messmates to commune with, yet he preferred his station of captain of the foretop to any office that could be bestowed on him in that service. While in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea almost his sole resource for amusement and instruction was his bible. In identifying the positions of places distinguished in the sacred volume, and in tracing in the manners of the modern those of the ancient inhabitants of the surrounding countries, he would often forget the loss of his liberty and the evils of his situation. Although the inmate of the forecastle for more than six years, yet he remained untainted by the surrounding contagion.

He never could speak of the loss of so many of the most valuable years of his life without the deepest sorrow; it was with him ever after a matter of astonishment that his existence had been supported without the deadening of every honourable sentiment—without the extinguishment of every principle of virtue. The pliability of his mind to his misfortunes ever appeared to him a miracle.

A short residence with his friends in Boston re-established his health, and having become by adoption, what he almost considered himself by birth, a citizen of the United States, he immediately obtained that employment in our merchant service which his thorough seamanship entitled him to anticipate.

For several years he sailed as master of a vessel, experiencing many of those vexations and losses from the respective belligerants to which the commerce of our country has been exposed.

In the winter preceding the declaration of war, he considered that event as inevitable. To continue therefore in the merchant service would be sharing the dangers without the honours of warfare: to privateering he would not willingly descend. The regular service appeared to him the only proper occupation for one who disliked inglorious ease—the field where his courage and nautical skill would find their reward. Captain Hull, learning his views on this subject, invited him to take the station of sailing master on board the Constitution, with an assurance that his exertions should not be wanting to procure him a lieutenancy as soon as practicable. Of this invitation he willingly availed himself, repaired to Washington to join the frigate, and on the 24th April, 1812, received his warrant as sailing master in the navy of the United States.

In the early part of July the Constitution sailed from Annapolis, and on the 18th, in the neighbourhood of Cape May, ran a hair breadth escape of capture in that sixty hours' chase, which will not be ranked among the least brilliant efforts of our infant navy. Mr. Aylwin availed himself of his station to make known his seamanship, and much of the merit of the management of the Constitution on that occasion was due to him. In a letter, at this time, to an intimate friend, which predicted the eventual success of our navy, he remarks, "I feel all possible conviction, and I can well judge, from having been in the British navy, that they have not a single frigate of equal force with the Constitution, but what must, if we fall in with her and go fairly at it, strike her colours. Thank God, in this chase, we had no occasion to be brought to the test: but there was not a countenance on board that displayed any thing like yielding without an heroic struggle. There seemed to be a solemn gloom in each visage, as if sensible of such a too early misfortune, yet combined with a cast of desperate resolution. It is not seldom that I have examined the human face in the hour of battle; and I never before saw a truer stamp of courage than was then to be found in every sailor's countenance."

The Constitution having arrived in safety at Boston, was there fully equipped, and departed on her first cruise which terminated in the destruction of the Guerriere.

Doubts were entertained at the commencement of the war, by many people, and, it is believed, by some of our naval commanders, whether an English thirty-eight gun frigate would not be an overmatch for any of our frigates. Personal examination enabled Mr. Aylwin to form a truer estimate of the result of such a contest; and his opinion was hardly thought a serious one by his brother officers. It was therefore with much satisfaction that he found his predictions verified in the capture of the Guerriere. In another letter to his friend, he says, "On the 19th August we fortunately fell in with the Guerriere. I say fortunately, for I would not have missed the chance—no! not for the richest prize that ever floated. It has given our officers and men the only thing hitherto wanting—confidence in themselves. Fifteen minutes of close cannonading completely rendered her our's; this was a little sooner, to be sure, than my anticipation; *but it astonished all.*"

In this engagement he received a slight wound from a musket ball: and the style in which he brought the Constitution into action, and manœuvred her throughout the battle, procured for him the applause of Captain Hull and all on board. On their return to port he was appointed an acting lieutenant; this being the second instance in our navy of promotion from the grade of sailing master.

The Constitution having been refitted, set sail from Boston, under the command of Commodore Bainbridge, in company with the Hornet, on the 26th October, 1812. During this cruise Mr. Aylwin was junior lieutenant, and evinced an exemplary attention to his duty—acquired the love of the seamen and the respect of his brother officers.

In the memorable action with the Java Lieut. Aylwin received that wound which terminated his life, and deprived the navy of the services of a valuable officer. A musket ball or grape shot struck him just under the collar bone, within an inch of his former wound, and passed through the shoulder blade. The wound was not perceived by any one, nor did he make mention of it himself, until all the men had been dressed. He went below then, and observed to the surgeon that he believed he had received a slight scratch: upon examination the doctor was surprised to find that the wound had assumed a gangrenous appearance. The next

day it had a more favourable aspect, and strong hopes were entertained that, with sedulous attention, and remaining quiet in his state room, he would recover. A few days however put an end to these hopes, for on a strange sail heaving in sight, and all hands being beat to quarters, he repaired to his station, unknown to the surgeon, and there remained for two hours exposed to a meridian sun. This ardour in the performance of duty unquestionably aggravated his wound; and it was not long before he was aware that his life could not be preserved. During three weeks that he lingered, he occupied his mind with a preparation for his dissolution. The surgeon, fearful that this attention to his affairs would add to those pains already become excessive, entreated him to suffer his mind to be tranquil. His reply, perfectly characteristic, was, "Doctor, I have looked death too often in the face to be afraid of him now."

As he lived without fear so he died without reproach.

Lieut. Aylwin was, in size, rather under the middle stature; possessed an open countenance, marked with strong features, which had the appearance of being much weatherbeaten. He was distinguished as a scientific navigator, and, in every respect, a practical seaman. His mind had been formed in the school of adversity, and possessed a deep, thoughtful cast. More skilled in the contemplation of men than books, his attainments, however, were considerable in other branches of knowledge than those belonging to his profession. Of his coolness and intrepidity it would be needless to speak farther.

"He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
"And fell a hero in his country's right."

Having been a victim to the practice of impressment, Lieut. Aylwin had strong sensibilities on the subject; and his enlarged philanthropy was excited by the hope that the present war would lessen, if not terminate, the misery occasioned by what he conceived to be a needless and most detestable subjugation of our species. In his last moments it was his frequent ejaculation, in reference to this subject, "I thank God I am dying in so glorious a cause."

A circumstance, in connexion with this memoir, we cannot refrain from touching upon. It has been the practice of most of our naval commanders to avoid, in their official letters, particular commendations of their officers, through a fear of exciting jealousies. This conduct, unquestionably, has the effect intended; but its consequences to the service are injurious in the highest degree, as it damps the ardour of heroism, and deprives merit of its due reward. By some oversight, the name of Lieut. Aylwin does not appear in Commodore Bainbridge's official account of the action. This may be partly excused, as the despatch was made at St. Salvador, at a time when Lieut. Aylwin was supposed to be out of danger. But it is much better atoned for by this tribute to his memory from the pen of his commander.*

"Died on board the United States' frigate Constitution, at sea, the 28th of January last, of wounds received in the action with the Java, Lieut. John Cushing Aylwin, of the United States navy. He entered the service about the time war was declared, as a sailing master, and was promoted to a lieutenancy for his gallant conduct in the action with the Guerriere. He was an officer of great merit, much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He had seen much of the world, and improved his opportunities of observation; possessed a strong mind, with great benevolence of disposition. In his death, our country has suffered a great loss—his friends a painful deprivation.

"In the action with the Guerriere, he stood on an elevated situation by the side of his brave comrades, Morris and Bush, at the time the two vessels came in contact, and was wounded in the left shoulder with a musket ball.

"In the late action he commanded the forecastle division, and his bravery and marked coolness throughout the contest, gained him the admiration of his commander, and all who had an opportunity of witnessing him.

"When boarders were called to repel boarders, he mounted the quarter deck hammock cloths, and, in the act of firing his pistols at the enemy, received a ball through the same shoulder. Notwithstanding the serious nature of his wound, he continued at his post until the enemy had struck; and even then did not make

* See Port Folio, for April, 1813.

known his situation until all the wounded had been dressed. His zeal and courage did not forsake him in his last moments: for, a few days after the action, although labouring under considerable debility, and the most excruciating pain, he repaired to quarters when an engagement was expected with a ship, which afterwards proved to be the Hornet. He bore his pain with great and unusual fortitude, and expired without a groan,

"'A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.'"

For the Analectic Magazine.

WALBRIDGE.

Some years ago I became acquainted with a person of the name of Walbridge, whose appearance and deportment interested me in a singular degree. He seemed then about eight and thirty, slender, and genteelly formed; not handsome, but possessing in a remarkable degree that charm which makes a person interesting. Though he never complained, but, on the contrary, supported beyond any person I ever knew, an equanimity of temper, yet to those who observed him with attention, it was evident that he laboured under the recollection of some bitter calamity. Every feature of his expressive face bore testimony that it had at no distant period been wrung with anguish. He might be said to resemble some fertile region of Sicily a long while ago laid waste by an earthquake, and whose smiling aspect, though in some measure restored by time, still everywhere bears traces of the ravages it once sustained. His was a painful countenance, as was once observed, and the phrase expressed its character completely.

In the circle which Walbridge frequented, he excited much of that interest which we feel, we know not why for some persons, and was highly esteemed, though he took little pains to gain the good will of any one. He evidently possessed acute feelings, but made little parade of them; on the contrary, when on any occasion they were assailed, he seemed to task his mind to subdue, or, at least, disguise them. Though in a few instances I remember to have seen him enter with spirit into the discussion of common topics, yet, in general, he seldom exerted his powers but on subjects of deeper and more permanent interest. Then his severe and manly style of speaking, his force of thought, his mingled feeling, and philosophic indifference, together with the strong and earnest expression of his face, gave an indescribable character to every thing he uttered.

If ever on any occasion he appeared devoid of feeling, it was when called upon to sympathize in the common evils of life. Loss

of fortune, disappointed avarice, baffled ambition, or speculation ending in poverty, were subjects which he listened to as idle tales, and often would he ridicule with bitter irony the whinings of those who complained of these everyday distresses of life. Such things, he said, were the daily bread of all mankind, and none but querulous, weak-minded beings ever complained of what was the common lot of the whole human race. But there were other evils which he seemed to feel with redoubled force. The wounds of affection, the sorrows of the heart, and, above all, the loss of friends, never failed to call forth his pity and commiseration. Fortune could restore what she had taken away; avarice deserved to pine; ambition might begin the world again; and time reconciled us to the ills of poverty:—but who, he would ask, ever wrestled successfully with a broken heart, or what time ever reconciled us to the loss of those we loved?

I confess on these occasions I used to suspect that Walbridge wanted that practical benevolence which is worth all the speculative sensibility in the world, and does more to alleviate the distresses of society than all the fine-spun effusions of sentiment, or precepts of philosophy, ever written. It was not long, however, before I accidentally discovered that he was in the practice of relieving the wants of those very persons whose common calamities he considered as almost nothing; and that while he despised their complaints, he administered to the misfortunes that occasioned them.

These seeming inconsistencies only excited my vigilance to detect the latent features of his character, and I scrutinized him with an attention which every day's experience seemed to convince me was thrown away. All that resulted from the most minute observation was, that his character was not to be developed except by some accidental indiscretion, which was hardly to be looked for, considering the strong rein he seemed to hold on his feelings.

Such as he was, however, Walbridge gained the regard of all those with whom he associated for any length of time; and, though neither gay or talkative, his company was always welcome to those who were; for his silence was not gloomy, or his seriousness morose. His eye, and his smile, told you that though he did not join in the gayety, he partook of that cheerfulness to which he could not contribute.

It happened that a person—a lady—who enjoyed a large portion of his esteem, sustained a severe domestic calamity, which, acting on a mind of acute feeling, plunged her into the deepest sorrow. Some time after, we called to see her. and the sight of old friends seemed to give a keener edge to her grief. Walbridge attempted to console her; for a humane heart cannot resist the attempt at consolation, even though assured it will be in vain. He urged a variety of arguments—but grief neither reasons, nor listens to reason. With that injustice which often accompanies acute sorrow, she reproachfully told him that it was easy to find topics of consolation for evils we never suffered, and could not conceive. Mr. Walbridge was a philosopher, and philosophers prided themselves in being insensible to the ills of life, and of their friends.

This reproach went to his heart—he paced the room in silent solemnity—his face assumed the saddest expression of sorrow, and as he stopped and leaned against the mantle-piece, he seemed to be labouring to bring his mind to some painful resolution. He at length seated himself again, and said in a tone of bitter despondency, mingled with slight reproach, "You have charged me with indifference to the misfortunes of mankind—you have accused me of being unfeeling because I have never been stricken myself. I thought to have gone to the grave in silence, and carried with me every memorial of the calamities that have fallen on my head. That no one has ever yet heard me complain, is no proof that I have never suffered; and if I do not sympathize with the common ills of life, it is because every body seems to me to be happier than I am. I will tell you my story. Perhaps the detail of what I have suffered may in some measure serve to reconcile you to the event which you mourn. At any rate you may contrast your situation with mine, and see how happy you ought to be compared with myself. If I am unfeeling learn in what a bitter school I became so.

"My father, a foreigner, left his country before I can remember, and brought with him a wife and three children, two sisters and myself. His story I could never learn, but from some hints which he occasionally dropped, I suspect that he had been ill treated by his family, with whom he never kept up any correspondence. What his misfortunes had been I know not, but their

effects appeared in the choice of his residence, which was on the banks of a little river that falls into the Ohio. Men like my father seldom quit society, unless society has injured or been injured by them, and the uniform tenor of my father's life forbade the latter supposition.

"At the time of our first settlement this region was a perfect wilderness. We were more than fourteen miles distant from any human habitation, and the solitude of our world was never interrupted by the passing traveller. The only sounds of breathing life, other than from ourselves, were those of the inhabitants of the woods. We heard the solitary woodpecker striking the trees with his bill—the bluejay chanting his lonely notes—the squirrel chirping, the partridge drumming—sounds that would be lost to the ears in the cultivated resorts of men, but which in the silence of the interminable forest are heard afar off. In the stillness of the midnight we were visited by troops of wolves, whose howlings, and the responsive challenges of our watch dogs, produced an effect singularly wild and sublime.

"In this lonely situation we seemed to live for ourselves alone; all our duties and feelings were concentrated in each other. We sometimes heard a rumour of the world 'over the hills and far away;' but it seemed like the story of some distant country, with which we were never to have any intercourse, and the inhabitants of which we should never see. Here my father employed himself in overlooking the work of a few labourers who had been tempted to accompany us, in study, and in the education of his children. In a few years our little settlement furnished us with all the necessaries of life, and my father, as he saw the wilderness begin to blossom like the rose, and contemplated the smiling prospect of rich meadows, waving fields of grain, and cattle reposing under the shade of those primeval elms which he had left standing on the borders of the stream, seemed for a while to forget his birthplace, and to be almost happy.

"For my part, I grew up like a young Indian, active, wild, and impetuous. In the intervals of study, I passed my time in rambling with a gun, building castles, or fishing along the river, which was so clear and pure, that the smallest objects were visible at the bottom. Occasionally I would extend my rambles down

the stream to its junction with the Ohio; that beautiful river, though yet unsung, more enchanting than any ever yet celebrated in song. My fancy, which had run wild in the solitudes of the woods, sometimes pushed on to future times, and I used to anticipate the period when this delightful region, already adorned with every thing enchanting in nature, should be embellished by all that is elegant in art, or valuable in science; and when its gracefully meandering stream should become classic, like those which the Scotish ploughman has made immortal. But I wander, and, indeed, I shrink from the task I have undertaken, and would willingly defer, as long as possible, the relation of that sad catastrophe which laid the fabric of my happiness in everlasting ruin.

"We were a family of love; how we loved each other, those only who have lived as we lived can imagine. In the crowded resorts of mankind, the affections are frittered away in the pursuit of numerous and distracting objects, which divert the attention from dwelling long on one idea. Hundreds of people lay claim to detached portions of our hearts, each sharing a little, while the multiplicity of ever varying scenes that pass before our eyes prevents our receiving those impressions that are indelible. But in retirement it is different; the scarcity of objects of interest gives a force and energy to the estimation we bear them: the heart fastens there with a strength and permanency inconceivable by those who pursue the shifting varieties of the busy world; and where these deep-rooted attachments are torn away, nothing but regret and despair will ever thrive again.

"At the age of eighteen I was sent to one of the universities, to complete such branches of my education as our remote situation prevented me from attending to with advantage. My parting from home was the first sorrow I ever felt; and those who can recollect the first wound in their hearts may form some idea of my feelings. My family too felt it bitterly. The loss or the absence of one person from a little family of love, is a serious affair to those whose enjoyments centre at home.

"How I buffeted this untried scene; how I was laughed at for my simplicity, ridiculed for my bashfulness, and what boyish tricks were played upon my inexperience, it is unnecessary to detail; altogether they sickened me of my situation, and prevented my forming any connexions that might have drawn me a moment

through the veins of the forest, and enchained for a while the all-pervading principle of vegetation.

"At length, after a heavy journey through the deep snow, I drew near to our little ark, and every other feeling was lost in the anticipation of the meeting which was soon to take place. My heart swelled with all the tenderest emotions which nature has implanted in the heart of man, and which are called forth by the name and the remembrance of home. It was a little before twelve, when, emerging from the wood through which our journey lay, I looked towards the well-remembered spot where our house stood, but could see nothing but a cloud of black smoke issuing from the place. A horrible thought came like lightning across my brain. I spurred on furiously, and in a few minutes beheld a scene, the remembrance of which haunts me wherever I go, embitters all my hours, and sleeping or waking exercises an influence which consumes me.

"I cannot describe it—I should go mad again if I did. Our house had been surprised by the Indians, set on fire, and every soul perished in the flames, or was butchered in attempting to escape them. I saw my gentle sisters; their pure blood had stained the snow, not more pure than itself—my father, whose gray hairs had been torn from his head—and in the last moment of recollection I saw my poor mother scorched and mangled to death. The power of man could not support it; my heart that a few minutes before had opened to receive the full current of happiness shut again—I believe forever—and a stunning sensation fell on my head with a force that overwhelmed my reason.

"From that time until the lapse of more than a year I was as nothing—I remember nothing—I believe I felt nothing. I wandered, they say, from place to place, without motive or end, attended by the faithful old servant who was with me that fatal night; and was only released from this comparatively happy state, to feel the miseries that marked my future lot. Since then, I have drifted about the world, listless, reckless, and unpurposed. If I have any kindred left, I know not where to seek them. I am by the habits of my early life unfitted for any active business, that by employing and disciplining my mind would restore its elasticity; and I cannot return to the scenes of my youth, lest

the sight of them should again unhinge my brain. I am too old now to think of planting the tender shrub of affection in any female heart, and shall die long before it could take root and arrive at maturity. Nothing now remains for me but to bear my fate like a man, and wait with humble resignation for the hour when I shall be permitted to join my murdered family. O! let no one think himself happy that he is exempt from the labours of business, nor let the needy man repine at his daily toils. My own experience has taught me this lesson—that employment is the surest path to the recovery of our peace of mind, and that to be exempt from the necessity of exertion, is to be at the mercy of incurable sorrow.

"Compare now your situation with mine. Though bereft of one blessing, you are surrounded by many others, and cherished by friends whose affection will in some measure supply your loss—while I exist like a desert rock in the wide ocean, to whose barren breast no mariner is allured, and in whose desolate confines no gentle songster warbles a note of happiness. He who has none to love, and who is beloved by none, may be permitted to despair; but remember, that uncontrolled grief for the loss of one friend, is a tacit unkindness to those who survive, because it seems to indicate that their affection is of little worth—and it is ingratitude to heaven which has still permitted you the enjoyment of many blessings."

P.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

ACCOUNT OF THE DREADFUL ACCIDENT WHICH HAPPENED AT FELLING COLLIERY, NEAR SUNDERLAND, ON MAY 25, 1812.

Felling is a manor about a mile and a half east of Gateshead. It contains several strata of coal, the uppermost of which were extensively wrought in the beginning of the last century. The stratum called the High-main was won in 1779, and continued to be wrought till the 19th January, 1811, when it was entirely excavated. The present colliery is in the seam called the Low-main. It commenced in October, 1810, and was at full work in May, 1812. This mine was considered by the workmen as a model of perfection in the purity of its air, and orderly arrangements—its inclined plane was saving the daily expense of at least 13 horses —the concern wore the features of the greatest possible prosperity, and no accident, except a trifling explosion of fire-damp, slightly burning two or three workmen, had occurred. Two *shifts* or sets of men were constantly employed, except on Sundays. Twenty-five acres of coal had been excavated. The first shift entered the mine at four o'clock A. M. and were relieved at their working posts by the next at eleven o'clock in the morning. The establishment it employed under ground consisted of about 128 persons, who, in the fortnight from the 11th to the 25th of May, 1812, wrought 624 scores of coal, equal to 1,300 Newcastle chaldrons, or 2,455 London chaldrons. About half past eleven o'clock on the morning of the 25th May, 1812, the neighbouring villages were alarmed by a tremendous explosion in this colliery. The subterraneous fire broke forth with two heavy discharges from the *John*, which were, almost instantaneously, followed by one from the *William*. A slight trembling, as from an earthquake, was felt for about half a mile around the workings; and the noise of the explosion, though dull, was heard to three or four miles distance, and much resembled an unsteady fire of infantry.

Immense quantities of dust and small coal accompanied these blasts, and rose high into the air, in the form of an inverted cone. The heaviest part of the ejected matter, such as corves, pieces of wood, and small coal, fell near the pits; but the dust, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in a continued shower from the pit to the distance of a mile and a half. As soon as the explosion was heard, the wives and children of the workmen ran to the working-pit. Wildness and terror were pictured in every countenance.

The crowd from all sides soon collected to the number of several hundreds, some crying out for a husband, others for a parent or a son, and all deeply affected with a mixture of horror, anxiety, and grief. The machine being rendered useless by the eruption, the rope of the gin was sent down the pit with all expedition. In the absence of horses, a number of men, whom the wish to be instrumental in rescuing their neighbours from their perilous situation, seemed to supply with strength proportionate to the urgency of the occasion, put their shoulders to the starts or shafts of the gin, and wrought with astonishing expedition. By twelve o'clock 32 persons, all that survived this dreadful calamity, were brought to day-light. The dead bodies of two boys, who were miserably scorched and shattered, were also brought up at this time; three boys, out of the 32 who escaped alive, died within a few hours after the accident. Only 29 persons were, therefore, left to relate what they observed of the appearance and effects of this subterraneous thundering; 121 were in the mine when it happened, and 87 remained in the workings. *Eight persons* came up at different intervals, a short time before the explosion. They who had their friends restored hastened with them from the dismal scene, and seemed for a while to suffer as much from the excess of joy as they had lately done from grief; and they who were yet held in doubt concerning the fate of their relations and friends, filled the air with shrieks and howlings; went about wringing their hands; and threw their bodies into the most frantic and extravagant gestures. The persons who now remained in the mine had all been employed in the workings to which the plane-board was the general avenue, and as none had escaped by that way, the apprehension for their safety began to strengthen every moment. At a quarter after twelve o'clock, Messrs. Straker, Anderson, Haswell, Rogers, Wilson, Pearson, H. Anderson, Menham, and Greener, therefore, descended the *John*, in expectation of meeting with some of them alive. As the fire-damp would have instantly ignited at candles, they lighted their way by *steel-mills*, small machines which give light by turning a plain thin cylinder of steel against a piece of flint. Knowing that a great number of the workmen would be at the crane when the explosion happened, they attempted to reach it by the plane-board: but their progress was intercepted at the second pillar by the prevalence of choke-damp; the noxious fluid filled the board between the roof and the thill; and the sparks from the steel fell into it like dark drops of blood. Being, therefore, deprived of light, and nearly poisoned for want of atmospheric air, they retraced their steps to the shaft, and with similar success attempted to pass up the narrow boards; in these they were stopped at the sixth pillar by a thick smoke, which stood like a wall the whole height of the board. Here their flint-

mills were not only rendered useless, and respiration became extremely difficult, but the probability of their ever reaching the places where they expected to meet with those they were in search of, or finding any of them alive, was entirely done away. To the hopelessness of success in their enterprise should also be added, their certainty of the mine being on fire, and the probability of a second explosion at every moment occurring and burying them in its ruins.

At two o'clock Mr. Straker and Mr. Anderson had just ascended the *John*, and were gone to examine the appearance of the air issuing from the *William*. Menham, Greener, and Rogers, had also ascended. Two of the party were at this moment in the shaft, and the other two remained below, when a second explosion, much less severe than the first, excited more frightful expressions of grief and terror amongst the relatives of the persons still in the mine. Rogers and Wilson, the persons in the shaft, experienced little inconvenience by the eruption; they felt an unusual heat, but it had no effect in lifting up their bodies, or otherwise destroying the uniformity of the motion of their ascent. Haswell and H. Anderson, hearing its distant growlings, laid themselves down at full length on their faces, and in this posture, by keeping firm hold of a strong wooden prop, placed near the shaft to support the roof of the mine, experienced no other inconvenience from the blast, than its lifting up their legs and poising their bodies in various directions, in the manner that the waves heave and toss a buoy at sea. As soon as the atmospheric current returned down the shaft, they were drawn to bank. This expedient of lying down and suffering the fury of the blast to roll over them, is mentioned in the life of Lord Keeper North, under the year 1676. It is most efficacious where the mine is wet, for atmospheric air always accompanies running water; but the warning of a blast being usually sudden, it requires a degree of experience and coolness, not commonly united, to exercise any precaution against it. The miner, knowing its irresistible power, instantly sees the inefficacy of every attempt to escape, and, like a physician attacked by some incurable complaint, and conscious that his art is unequal to its cure, makes no struggle to save his life.* As

* Dr. Thompson, in his *Annals of Philosophy*, says, that "what is called *fire-damp* in coal mines is the *carbureted hydrogen gas* of chymists. It is composed of

Carbon	72
Hydrogen	28
	100

or of seven atoms of hydrogen, and three of carbon. He conceives that fire-damp is formed by the action of coal upon water. The water is decomposed, two atoms at once. All the oxygen combines with carbon, and forms carbonic acid; while all the hydrogen unites likewise with carbon, and forms carbureted hydrogen, or fire-

each of the party came up, he was surrounded by a group of anxious inquirers. All their reports were equally hopeless; and the second explosion so strongly corroborated their account of the impure state of the mine, that their assertions for the present seemed to be credited. But this impression was only momentary. On recollection, they remembered that persons had survived similar accidents, and when the mine was opened, been found alive. Three had been shut up during 40 days in a pit near Byker, and all that period had subsisted on candles and horse beans. The proposition to exclude the atmospheric air from the mine, in order to extinguish the fire, was therefore received with the cries of "*Murder*," and with determinations of opposing the proceeding. Many of the widows continued about the mouth of the *John* pit during the whole of Monday night, with the hope of hearing the voice of a husband or a son calling for assistance. On Tuesday the 26th of May, the natural propensity of the human mind to be gratified with spectacles of horror was strongly exemplified. An immense crowd of colliers from various parts, but especially from the banks of the river Wear, assembled round the pits, and were profuse in reproaches on the persons concerned in the mine, for want of exertion to recover the men. Every one had some example to relate of successful attempts in cases of this kind—all were large in their professions of readiness to give assistance; but none were found to enter the inflammable jaws of the mine. Their reasonings and assertions seemed indeed to be a mixture of those prejudices and conceits which cleave to workmen whom experience has afforded a partial insight into the nature and peculiarities of their profession, and not to be grounded on any memory of facts, or to result from a knowledge of the connexion between causes and effects; and on this account, as soon as the leaders of the outcry could be brought to listen with patience to a relation of the appearances that attended this accident, and to hear the reasons assigned for the conclusion that the mine was on fire, and that the persons remaining in it were dead, they seemed to allow the impracticability of reaching the bodies of the sufferers till the fire was extinguished, and consequently the necessity of smothering it out by excluding atmospheric air from the mine. On Wednesday the 27th of May, at the clamorous solicitation of the people, Mr. Straker and the overman again descended the *John* Pit, in order to ascertain the state of the air in

damp. We are not acquainted with any means of preventing the formation of this gas; but it certainly might be prevented from accumulating, by ventilating the mine properly. If the usual method of fires, &c. be insufficient, nothing would be easier than to pump the air out of the mine, by means of an engine: and this would secure a perfect ventilation at all times, unless we suppose the workmen culpably negligent."

the workings. Immediately under the shaft they found a mangled horse, in which they supposed they perceived some signs of life; but they had only advanced about six or eight yards, before the sparks of the flint were extinguished in the choke-damp, and Haswell, who played the mill, began to show the effects of the carbonic poison, by faltering in his steps. Mr. Straker therefore laid hold of him, and supported him to the shaft. As the baneful vapours had now taken possession of the whole of the mine, and they found it difficult to breathe even in the course of the full current of the atmospheric air, they immediately ascended. But the afflicted creatures, still clinging to hope, disbelieved their report. Wishful, therefore, to give as ample satisfaction as possible to the unhappy women, Mr. Anderson and James Turnbull (a hewer of the colliery, who had escaped the blast) again went down. At 30 fathoms from the bottom they found the air exceedingly warm: to exist without apoplectic symptoms for more than a few yards round the bottom of the shaft was found impossible, and even there the air was so contaminated as to be nearly irrespirable. When they ascended, their clothes emitted a smell somewhat resembling the waters of Gilsland and Harrowgate, but more particularly allied to that of the turpentine distilled from coal tar. The report of these last adventurers partly succeeded in convincing the people that there was no possibility of any of their friends being found alive. Some, indeed, went away silent, but not satisfied; others with pitiable importunity besought that measures to recover their friends might even yet be adopted and persevered in; and many, as if grief and rage had some necessary connexion, went about loading the conductors of the mine with execrations, and threatening revenge. Some were even heard to say they could have borne their loss with fortitude had none of the workmen survived the calamity; they could have been consoled had all their neighbours been rendered as miserable and destitute as themselves! From such a multitude of distracted women, unanimity of sentiment could not be expected—no scheme of proceedings could be invented fortunate enough to meet with the approbation of them all. In the evening of this day it was, therefore, resolved to exclude the atmospheric air from entering the workings, in order to extinguish the fire which the explosion had kindled in the mine, and of which the smoke ascending the *William* pit was a sure indication. This shaft was accordingly filled with clay about seven feet above the *ingate* or entrance from the shaft into the drift; and the *John* pit mouth was covered over with loose planks.

Many idle tales were circulated through the country concerning several of the men finding their way to the shafts, and being recovered. Their number was circumstantially told—how they subsisted on candles, oats, and beans—how they heard the per-

sons who visited the mine on the day of the accident, and the Wednesday following, but were too feeble to speak sufficiently loud to make themselves heard. Some conjurer, too, it was said, had set his spells and divinations to work, and penetrated the whole secrets of the mine. He had discovered one famishing group receiving drops of water from the roof of the mine—another eating their shoes and clothes, and other such pictures of misery. These inventions were carefully related to the widows, and answered the purpose of every day harrowing up their sorrows afresh. Indeed, it seemed the chief employment of some, to make a kind of insane sport of their own and their neighbours' calamity.

The morning of Wednesday the 8th of July being appointed for entering the workings, the distress of the neighbourhood was again renewed at an early hour. A great concourse of people collected—some out of curiosity, to witness the commencement of an undertaking full of sadness and danger—some to stir up the revenge and aggravate the sorrows of the relatives of the sufferers, by calumnies and reproaches, published for the sole purpose of mischief; but the greater part came with broken hearts, and streaming eyes, in expectation of seeing a father, a husband, or son, "brought up out of the horrible pit!"

As the weather was warm, and it was desirable that as much air might pass down the shaft as possible, constables were placed at proper distances to keep off the crowd. Two surgeons were also in attendance in case of accidents.

At six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Straker, Mr. Anderson, the overman of the colliery, and six other persons, descended the William pit, and began to traverse the north drift towards the plane-board. As a current of water had been constantly diverted down this shaft for the space of ten hours, the air was found to be perfectly cool and wholesome. Light was procured from steel-mills. As the explosion had occasioned several *falls* of large masses of stone from the roof, their progress was considerably delayed by removing them. After the plane-board was reached, a stopping was put across it on the right hand, and one across the wall opposite the drift. The air, therefore, passed to the left, and number *six* was found.

The *shifts* of men employed in this doleful and unwholesome work, were generally about eight in number. They were four hours in and eight hours out of the mine: each individual, therefore, wrought two shifts every 24 hours.

When the body of number six was to be lifted into a shell, or coffin, the men for a while stood over it in speechless horror: they imagined it was in so putrid a state that it would fall asunder by lifting. At length they began to encourage each other "in the name of God" to begin; and after several hesitations and resolu-

tions, and covering their hands with oakum to avoid any unpleasant sensation from touching the body, they laid it in a coffin, which was conveyed to the shaft in a bier made for the purpose, and drawn "to bank" in a net made of strong cords.

When the first shift of men came up, at ten o'clock, a message was sent for a number of coffins to be in readiness at the pit. These being at the joiner's shop, piled up in a heap to the number of 92, (a most gloomy sight,) had to pass by the village of Low Felling. As soon as a cart-load of them was seen, the howlings of the women, who had hitherto continued in their houses, but now began to assemble about their doors, came on the breeze in slow fitful gusts, which presaged a scene of much distress and confusion being soon exhibited near the pit; but happily, by representing to them the shocking appearance of the body that had been found, and the ill effects upon their own bodies and minds, likely to ensue from suffering themselves to be hurried away by such violent convulsions of grief, they either returned to their houses, or continued in silence in the neighbourhood of the pit.

From the 8th of July to the 19th of September, the heart-rending scene of mothers and widows examining the putrid bodies of their sons and husbands, for marks by which to identify them, was almost daily renewed; but very few of them were known by any personal mark—they were too much mangled and scorched to retain any of their features. Their clothes, tobacco-boxes, shoes, and the like, were, therefore, the only indexes by which they could be recognised.

At the crane twenty-one bodies lay in ghastly confusion: some like mummies, scorched as dry as if they had been baked. One wanted its head, another an arm. The scene was truly frightful. The power of the fire was visible upon them all; but its effects were extremely various: while some were almost torn to pieces, there were others who appeared as if they had sunk down overpowered with sleep.

The ventilation concluded on Saturday the 19th of September, when the 91st body was dug from under a heap of stones. At six o'clock in the morning the pit was visited by candle-light, which had not been used in it for the space of 117 days; and at eleven o'clock in the morning the tube-furnace was lighted. From this time the colliery has been regularly at work; but the 92d body has never yet been found.

All these persons (except four, who were buried in single graves) were interred in Heworth Chapel-yard, in a trench, side by side, two coffins deep, with a partition of brick and lime between every four coffins.

DESCRIPTION OF POMPEII.

[From Eustace's Tour through Italy.]

Beyond *Torre d'Annonciato* the road turns a little from the sea, and crosses the ancient *Palus Pompeiana*, once perhaps a marsh, now a rich plain, raised and fertilized by the very ashes which buried the unfortunate *Pompeii*. We stopped at a farm-house in appearance, and alighting in the court, found ourselves in the quarters of a legion of Roman soldiers: the destination and date of this edifice, its form and colouring, the names and jests of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, fresh as if written yesterday, are objects sufficiently curious to interest without the aid of architecture, of which this building cannot boast; it is an oblong square, with a portico on all sides, supported by Doric pillars of brick plastered over and painted alternately red and yellow, with the exception of the two in the middle of each side, which are blue; behind are numerous apartments, about fourteen feet square. Immediately behind the barracks are two theatres, one small, and supposed to have been covered, the other large; both these edifices were lined with marble, beautifully paved, and in every respect highly finished. The pavement of the arena of the smaller theatre is entire; and engraved on it, in a line parallel with the stage, are the following words in large brass letters:

M. Oculatius, M. F. Verus II Vir pro ludis.

In other respects, these theatres are exactly of the same form as the *Teatro Olimpico* of *Palladio* at *Verona:* having, like it, a narrow proscenium, and three entrances (one large, the other two less) to the stage from the scenery behind. In the larger of these fabrics the seats rest on the side of a hill, above which was a colonnade or portico communicating with a public walk, or rather forming a part of a forum. The side of a hill was indeed peculiarly favourable to the arrangements of an ancient theatre, and seems to have been frequently chosen for the purpose. These theatres, when discovered, were nearly entire; they have since been stripped of their decorations, but still retain all their great characteristic features.

The street, which runs from the neighbourhood of the soldiers' quarters to the gate is narrow, that is, only about thirteen feet wide, formed like the *Via Appia* at *Itri* and other places, where it remains entire, of large stones fitted to each other in their original form, without being cut or broken for the purpose. There are on each side parapets raised about two feet above the middle, and about three feet wide. The pavement is furrowed by two deep ruts, which show evidently that the carriages always kept the same line, and that the wheels were about four feet asunder; of

course, they must have all moved in the same direction, and had regular hours for coming and going, as there is not room for two; and even if there were, a stone post placed at intervals would oblige them to return to the track. The houses on either side stand close to each other, seem to have been shops of different kinds, were of the same elevation, and nearly the same size, all paved and painted, much in the same manner. In one of these buildings were found several unfinished statues, that announce the workshop of a statuary. In another the word *Salve*, engraved in large characters on the threshold in mosaic, indicates, it may be supposed, the readiness of a publican to welcome his guests. In one, the amphoræ, which contained wine, still remain; and on the marble slab, that served as a shopboard, are the marks of cups or glasses. The gate has one large central, and two less openings on the side, with parapets of the same breadth as the street; without, but close to it, are semicircular recesses with stone seats, and beyond, a tomb and a palumbarium, or receptacle of cinerary urns. The most perfect and most curious object that has been yet discovered is a villa at a little distance from the town. It consists of three courts; in the first and largest is a pond, and in the centre an edicula, or little temple; there are numerous apartments of every description paved in mosaic, coloured and adorned with various paintings on the walls, all in a very beautiful style. The baths in this villa seem to have been the principal object of luxurious indulgence, and are laid out with a refinement of art and contrivance that can receive few or no improvements from all our modern inventions. In the cellars under the portico of the great court, were discovered several female skeletons in a row, with their backs against the wall: the ashes, which had gradually worked their way into every corner, had hardened into a solidness, which, when removed, was found in some places imprest with the form of the bosom, and even retaining part of the garment. At the door of the same court were found two other skeletons, one with a key, the other with a purse grasped in its hand. This villa is said to have belonged to Arrius; the name of Arrius has no charm in its sound! What traveller, while visiting it, would not wish to persuade himself that he was ranging over the apartments of Cicero's *Pompeianum*. It stood in the neighbourhood of this town, and *possibly* on this very spot. It was a favourite retreat, and much frequented by Cicero, and his friends Atticus, Hortensius, Sulpicius, &c. From it he sailed to Greece, in order to join Pompey, after having declined the dubious offer of the three cohorts stationed at *Pompeii*. At all events, if the excavations were carried on with spirit, and on a large scale, there is no doubt but that Cicero's villa would be found, and probably some inscription, statue, or other circumstance, recording the name of the most illustrious of its proprietors. The houses are

on a small scale, generally of one, sometimes of two stories; the principal apartments are always behind, enclosing a court with a portico round it, and a marble cistern in the middle; two had glass windows, in the others shutters only were used. The pavements are all mosaic, and the walls are stained with mild colours. The decorations are basso relievos in stucco, and paintings in medallions. Marble seems to have been common. On the whole, Pompeii, in all the circumstances which I have mentioned, bears a strong resemblance to modern Italian towns, with this only difference, that in point of general appearance the latter have, I think, the advantage. It must, however, be remembered, that Pompeii had already been damaged by an earthquake,* that the roofs and upper parts of the houses have been borne down by the weight of ashes and pumice-stones upon them; and, in short, that as not more than a quarter of the town has been hitherto explored, buildings of greater magnificence may still remain buried.

Stripped as it is of almost all its moveable ornaments, *Pompeii* possesses a secret power that captivates and fixes, I had almost said, melts the soul. In other times, and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages would have enchanted us; nay, an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column was beheld with veneration; but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond but hopeless longing. Here not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a column, nor a house, but a whole city rises before us untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets, tread the very same pavement, behold the same walls, enter the same doors, and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects, and out of the same windows contemplate the same scenery. While you are wandering through the abandoned rooms, you may, without any great effort of imagination, expect to meet some of the former inhabitants, or perhaps the master of the house himself, and almost feel like intruders who dread the appearance of any of the family. In the streets you are afraid of turning a corner lest you should jostle a passenger; and on entering a house, the least sound startles, as if the proprietor was coming out of the back apartments. The traveller may long indulge the illusion, for not a voice is heard, not even the sound of a foot to disturb the loneliness of the place, or interrupt his reflections. All around is silence, not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation, the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent. Æn. 11.

* Metu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum Pompeii corruit. Tac. Ann. XV. 22.

Immediately above the buildings, the ground rises, not into a cliff casting gloom, as the sides of a grave, on the hollow below, but as a gentle swell formed by nature to shelter the houses at its base. It is clothed with corn, poplars, mulberries, and vines, in their most luxuriant graces, waving from tree to tree, still covering the greater part of the city with vegetation, and forming with the dark brown masses half buried below, a singular and most affecting contrast. This scene of a city, raised as it were from the grave, where it had lain forgotten during the long night of eighteen centuries, when once beheld, must remain forever pictured on the imagination, and whenever it presents itself to the fancy, it comes, like the recollection of an awful apparition, accompanied by thoughts and emotions solemn and melancholy.

FURTHER ANECDOTES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

[From his Memoirs by Mr. Northcote, recently published in England.]

"James Mac Ardell, the mezzotino engraver, having taken a very good print from the portrait of Rubens, came with it one morning to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to inquire if he could inform him particularly of the many titles to which Rubens had a right, in order to inscribe them properly under his print; saying, he believed that Rubens had been knighted by the kings of France, Spain and England; was secretary of state to Flanders, and to the privy council in Spain; and had been employed in a ministerial capacity from the court of Madrid to the court of London, to negotiate a treaty of peace between the crowns, and that he was also a magistrate of Antwerp, &c.

"Dr. Johnson happened to be in the room with Sir Joshua at the time, and understanding Mac Ardell's inquiry, interfered rather abruptly, saying, 'pooh! pooh! put his name under the print, Peter Paul Rubens; that is full sufficient, and more than all the rest.'

"This advice of the doctor's was accordingly followed."

"When Goldsmith's comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' was to be brought out on the stage, on the 15th of March in this year, he was at a loss what name to give it till the very last moment, and then in great haste called it 'She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.' Sir Joshua, who disliked this name for a play, offered a much better to him, saying, 'You ought to call it the Belle's Stratagem, and if you do not, I will damn it.' However, Goldsmith chose to name it himself, as above; and Mrs. Cowley has since given that name to one of her comedies.

"Goldsmith was in great anxiety about its success; he was much distressed in his finances at the time, and all his hopes hung on the event; and at the dinner preceding the representation of his play, his mouth became so parched and dry, from the agitation of his mind, that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful. The actors themselves had great doubts of its success; but, contrary to their expectations, the play was received with great applause; Sir Joshua and a large party of friends going for the purpose of supporting it, if necessary. The dinner party which took place at The Shakspeare is handsomely described by Cumberland. Dr. Johnson took the head of the table, and there were present the Burkes, Caleb Whiteford, Major Mills," &c.

"There is a remarkably fine allegorical picture painted by Sir Joshua, representing the portrait of Dr. James Beattie. The doctor is in his university dress as doctor of laws, with his volume on the Immutability of Truth under his arm. The angel of truth is going before him, and beating down the vices, envy, falsehood, &c. which are represented by a group of figures falling at his approach, and the principal head in this group is made an exact likeness of Voltaire. When Dr. Goldsmith called on Sir Joshua and saw this picture, he was very indignant at it, and remonstrated with him, saying, 'It very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character, Sir Joshua, to condescend to be a mean flatterer, or to wish to degrade so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Dr. Beattie: for Dr. Beattie and his book together, will, in the space of ten years, not be known ever to have been in existence, but your allegorical picture, and the fame of Voltaire, will live forever to your disgrace as a flatterer.'"

"Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which in their opinion neither discovered talent nor originality. To this Dr. Johnson listened in his usual growling manner for some time; when at length his patience being exhausted, he rose with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, 'If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy, but those who could write as well, he would have few censors.'"

"I once humbly endeavoured to persuade Sir Joshua to abandon those fleeting colours, lake and carmine, which it was his practice to use in painting his flesh, and to adopt vermilion in their stead, as infinitely more durable, although not so exactly true to nature as the former. I remember he looked on his hand and said 'I can see no vermilion in flesh.' I replied, 'but did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion in his flesh colour?' when Sir Joshua answered rather sharply, 'What signifies what a man used who could not colour. But you may use it if you will.'"

"One day at dinner with Sir Joshua and his sister, Miss Rey-

nolds, I remarked to her that I had never seen any picture by Jervas, which was rather extraordinary, as he was a fashionable painter in his day; she said, 'Nor I either; I wonder how that should be. I do not know that I ever saw one;' then addressing Sir Joshua, she said, 'Brother, how happens it that we never meet with any pictures by Jervas the painter?' When he answered very briskly, 'because they are all up in the garret.'"

"When Richardson was a very young man, in the course of his practice, he painted the portrait of a very old lady, who, in conversation at the time of her sitting to him, happened to mention, that when she was a girl about sixteen years of age, she sat to Vandyke for her portrait. This immediately raised the curiosity of Richardson, who asked a hundred questions, many of them unimportant: however, the circumstance which seemed to him as a painter to be of the most consequence in the information he gained, was this: she said 'she well remembered, that at the time when she sat to Vandyke for her portrait, and saw his pictures in his gallery, they appeared to have a white and raw look in comparison with the mellow and rich hue which we now see in them, and which time alone must have given them, adding much to their excellence.'"

"It was one of Sir Joshua's favourite maxims, that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitude commences with the introduction of the dancing master. He delighted much in marking the dawning traits of the youthful mind, and the actions and bodily movements even of infants; and it was by these means that he acquired the ability which enabled him to portray children with such exquisite happiness, truth, and variety. A circumstance, as related by himself, occurs to my remembrance, which may serve to prove the truth of the above observation, as well as to show how watchful his mind was to catch instruction wherever it was to be gained.

"Sir Joshua being in company with a party of ladies and gentlemen, who were viewing a nobleman's house, they passed through a gallery of portraits, when a little girl, who belonged to one of the party, attracted the particular attention of Sir Joshua by her vivacity, and the sensible drollery of her observations; for whenever the company made a stand, to look at each portrait in particular, the child, unconscious of being observed by any one, imitated, by her actions, the air of the head, and sometimes awkward effect of the ill-disposed position of the limbs in each picture; and this she did with so much innocence and true feeling, that it was the most just and incontrovertible criticism that could be made on the picture."

POETRY.

For the Analectic Magazine.

THE BATTLE OF ERIE.

AVAST, honest Jack! now before you get mellow,
Come tip us that stave just, my hearty old fellow,
'Bout the young commodore, and his fresh-water crew,
Who keelhal'd the Britons, and captur'd a few.

"'Twas just at sunrise, and a glorious day,
Our squadron at anchor snug in Put-in-Bay,
When we saw the bold Britons, and clear for a bout,
Instead of put in, by the Lord we put out.

"Up went Union Jack, never up there before,
'Don't give up the ship,' was the motto it bore;
And as soon as that motto our gallant men saw,
They thought of their Lawrence, and shouted huzza!

"O! then 'twould have rais'd your hat three inches higher,
To see how we dash'd in among them like fire!
The Lawrence went first, and the rest as they could,
And a long time the brunt of the battle she stood.

"'Twas peppering work—fire, fury, and smoke,
And groans that from wounded lads spite of 'em broke.
The water grew red round our ship as she lay,
Though 'twas never before so, till that bloody day.

"They fell all around me like spars in a gale,
The shot made a sieve of each rag of a sail,
And out of our crew scarce a dozen remain'd,
But these gallant tars still the battle maintain'd.

"'Twas then our commander, God bless his young heart,
Thought it best from his well pepper'd ship to depart,
And bring up the rest who were tugging behind,
For why—they were sadly in want of a wind.

"So to Yarnall he gave the command of the ship,
And set out like a lark on this desperate trip
In a small open yawl, right through their whole fleet,
Who with many a broadside our cockboat did greet.

"I steer'd her, and damme, if every inch
Of these timbers of mine at each crack didn't flinch;
But our tight little commodore, cool and serene,
To stir ne'er a muscle by any was seen.

"Whole volleys of muskets were levell'd at him,
But the devil a one ever graz'd e'en a limb,
Though he stood up aloft in the stern of the boat,
Till the crew pull'd him down by the skirts of his coat.

"At last through heav'n's mercy we reach'd t'other ship,
And the wind springing up, we gave her the whip,

And ran down their line, boys, through thick and through thin,
And bother'd their ears with a horrible din.

"Then starboard and larboard, and this way and that,
We bang'd them, and rak'd them, and laid their masts flat,
Till one after t'other they haul'd down their flag,
And an end put for that time to Johnny Bull's brag.

"The Detroit, and Queen Charlotte, and Lady Provost,
Not able to fight or run, gave up the ghost,
And not one of them all from our grapplings got free,
Though we'd fifty-four guns, and they just sixty-three.

"Smite my limbs! but they all got their bellies full then,
And found what it was, boys, to buckle with men,
Who fight, or, what's just the same, think that they fight,
For their country's free trade and their own native right.

"Now give us a bumper to Elliot and those
Who came up, in good time, to belabour our foes,
To our fresh-water sailors we'll toss off one more,
And a dozen at least to our young commodore.

"And though Britons may brag of their ruling the ocean,
And that sort of thing, by the Lord I've a notion,
I'll bet all I'm worth—who takes it—who takes!
Though they're lords of the sea, we'll be lords of the lakes."

P.

CAROLINE.

By Thomas Campbell, (not published in his works.)

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay!

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
When soft the tear of twilight flows,
So dire thy plighted step returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose.

To peace, to pleasure, and to love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

This is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly;
Chas'd by the soul-subduing power
Of love's delightful witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day
Queen of propitious stars appear!
And early rise, and long delay
When Caroline herself is here.

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Where trees the sunward summit crown;
And damask flowers that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome!
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms thy soft exhaling dew;
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where winnow'd by her gentle air
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brows so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet to wander far,
O! bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star.

FEMALE CELIBACY, OR THE GRAVE OF CYNTHIA.

*By the author of the "Bachelor's Soliloquy."**

WHERE youthful circles make resort
Nightly to flaunt in trim array,
Where meet in fashion's airy court
The light, the giddy, and the gay,
I would not seek
To wet one cheek
With gentle pity's holy dew:
Why shade with clouds a summer sky?
Why dim the lustre of an eye
Which sorrow never knew?

But lives there one whose feeling breast
Those festive scenes can bear to leave,
To wander where the weary rest,
And feel how sweet it is to grieve?
If such there be
O! come with me,
And view poor Cynthia's lowly bed;
'Tis yonder little fresh-green sod,
Where seldom mourner's foot hath trod,
Or pious tear been shed.

* See Analectic Magazine, May, 1815.

O, time! I would not blame thy power,
For Cynthia's youth and beauty flown,
I mourn but that so sweet a flower
Should bloom and wither all alone:
For she was fair
Beyond compare,
And ever was her heart so blithe
By gay good-humoured mirth upborne,
O time! she would have laugh'd to scorn
Thy very glass and sithe.

For her, soft dreams, and slumbers light,
Succeeded calm unruffled days;
Each eye beam'd on her with delight,
Each tongue was tuneful in her praise:
And at her feet,
With reverence meet,
A crowd of flattering suitors strove;
Some proffer'd glittering gems and gold,
And some of endless transports told,
And everlasting love.

But little could their prayers avail,
Nor one could win the maiden's choice;
She little heeded flattery's tale,
She scorn'd the sound of mammon's voice:
The gay attire
Could she admire
Of beaux that glitter'd by her side;
While every vagrant butterfly
That frisks beneath a summer sky,
Could rival all their pride!

Yet had she seen some gentle youth,
Of manners mild, by sense refin'd,
Whose pure integrity and truth
Spoke manly dignity of mind;
And had he sued
In plaintive mood,
And, sighing, look'd his anxious pain,
And had he dropt a silent tear,
The tribute of a soul sincere,
He had not sued in vain.

What though the charms which nature spread
With raptur'd eye she oft survey'd,
What though "by heavenly musing led,"
She lov'd to wander through the shade;
Still from her breast
Forlorn, distress'd,
Would sometimes break unbidden sighs,
That she had none whose feeling heart
In all her griefs might bear a part,
And share in all her joys.

Vain was the oft-repeated sigh
For friends her youthful years had known,
Who now had own'd the sacred tie
Which binds all charities in one :—
The moon's still beam,
On lake or stream,
Dark woods and precipices rude,
Would then inspire sweet melancholy,
That shunn'd the world, its noise and folly,
In love with solitude.

And now her charms are fading fast,
Her spirits now no more are gay ;
Alas! that beauty cannot last!
That flowers so sweet so soon decay!
How sad appears
The vale of years,
How chang'd from youth's too flattering scene!
Where are her fond admirers gone?
Alas! and shall there then be none
On whom her soul may lean?

Poor Cynthia! friendless and forlorn!—
When youth's gay flowers are all grown sear,
Thou yet couldst shun the world's dread scorn,
And hide thy faded beauties here :
But in thy end,
A more than friend
Was needed, who could watch each breath—
Still near thy sickly couch could wait—
Support thee on the brink of fate,
And cheer the gloom of death.

Thou who couldst mourn o'er friendship's bier,
Why was thine own unwept to be?
Thou who couldst give to all a tear,
Why was there none to weep for thee?
Now o'er thy grave
The wild weeds wave
Who shall thy perish'd worth deplore?
Or say, the breast which lies beneath,
Though doom'd its sighs unheard to breathe,
Was never cold before!

Adieu, poor Cynthia! though thy bier
By widow'd love has not been press'd,
What though no child with starting tear
Shall view thy place of lowly rest;
This little mound
Shall still be found
In spring's soft verdure first array'd,
The snowdrop, earliest of the year,
Spotless like thee, shall flourish here,
Like thee shall early fade.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Mr. Charles R. Leslie. The beautiful vignette prefixed to this volume from a study of a bust of Homer in the British museum, by our young countryman, Charles R. Leslie, leads us to make further mention of this very promising genius. It is pretty generally known that public attention was first attracted to him about three years since, in consequence of some sketches that he made of Mr. Cooke, in his principal characters. The singular excellence of these attempts, for a youth of sixteen, almost unpractised in the art, awakened a desire among the gentlemen of Philadelphia, that his genius should be fostered and cultivated. This liberal disposition was assiduously directed and turned to advantage by the active zeal of Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, in whose bookstore young Leslie was serving an apprenticeship; and through the praiseworthy exertions of these gentlemen a subscription was set on foot among several persons of taste and munificence, and a sum of one thousand dollars contributed, for the purpose of sending the young artist to England.

On his arrival in that country he was received by our distinguished countryman, Mr. Benjamin West, with that paternal kindness which he is noted for extending to all young adventurers from his native land. Under his care Mr. Leslie has been rapidly improving, and every specimen of painting which he has sent home, evinces to his generous patrons that their liberality has been most happily bestowed.

His painting of The Trial of Constance, from Marmion, has already been mentioned in this work. A large engraving is to be made of it, by Edwin, and the profits (which it is hoped public patronage will render considerable) are to be remitted to Mr. Leslie to assist him in the prosecution of his studies.

We understand that Mr. Thomas Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope, has finished a series of biographical and critical notices of the British poets, from Chaucer downwards, which he intends shortly to put to press.

An historical and critical account of the lives and writings of James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II. after the manner of Mr. Bayle, drawn from original writers and state-papers, by William Harris, is announced, in five volumes, 8vo.

A new translation is announced of the history of England, from the earliest periods, by *Rapin de Thoyras*. It is also to be continued to the present time, with illustrative annotations, historical, political, and statistical, from private collections, and from public records, in the British museum, the Tower of London, &c. by Henry Robertson, L.L.D.

Dr. Hutton is preparing a new edition of Recreations in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; containing amusing dissertations and inquiries concerning a variety of subjects, the most remarkable and proper to excite curiosity and attention to the whole range of the mathematical and philosophical sciences; first composed by Mr. Ozanam, of the royal academy of sciences, &c. lately recomposed, and greatly enlarged, in a new edition, by the celebrated M. Montucla, and now translated into English, and improved with many additions and observations.

JAMES LAWRENCE ESQ^R.

Late of the United States Navy.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

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Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of North America; comprising a voyage from St. Louis, on the Mississippi, to the source of that river; and a journey through the interior of Louisiana, and the northeastern provinces of New Spain. Performed in the years 1805, 1806, 1807, *by order of the government of the United States. By Zebulon Montgomery Pike, Major 6th Regt. United States Infantry.* 4to. pp. 436.

AMONG the recent travels connected in point of subject with the present volume, are Michaux's journey to the westward of the Alleghany mountains, and the more extensive peregrinations of Captains Lewis and Clarke across the American continent. The former undertaking, though valuable on the ground of information, was limited in its object to the dominions of the United States; but the latter opened an unknown country to the geographical investigator, and showed the American government how far their newly acquired territory, Louisiana, was likely to be benefited by channels of communication with the western ocean. Major

Pike performed two expeditions, from a similar motive of ascertaining the situation and properties of particular districts of Louisiana. His first journey was directed northward to the sources of the Mississippi; and while it enabled him to make a report on the mode of navigating that river, it afforded also an opportunity of apprizing the Indian tribes, along its banks, of the extended jurisdiction of the United States. In his second journey, his steps were bent to the west; and after having ascended the Missouri for several hundred miles, and taken steps to attach the savages to the American government, he proceeded to examine the navigation of the great rivers to the south of the Missouri. These missions were altogether of a public nature; the author being an officer in the American army, and receiving his instructions from General Wilkinson, the commander of the troops in Louisiana: while the substance of these instructions, moreover, was communicated to the president, and obtained his approbation. In point of spirit and perseverance, a fitter person than Major Pike could not have been easily found; but his experience and judgment were not proportioned to his zeal; and the relation of his adventures contain several proofs of the unfortunate consequences of a want of previous combination. We apprehend that he is the same officer who, with the rank of brigadier, lately fell in action with the British at the taking of Little York, in Canada.

The author, then only *Lieutenant* Pike, set sail on the first expedition from St. Louis, a station situated near lat. 38. a short way below the confluence of the Mississippi with the still larger stream of the Missouri. The time of his departure was 9th August; a period of the year which, as we shall see presently, was too late by several months; the fit season for undertaking a voyage to the source of the Mississippi being the beginning of summer, when the ice is melted, and before the decrease of water, which renders it difficult to pass the shallows, has taken place. The party consisted of himself, a sergeant, two corporals, and seventeen privates, all embarked in a keel-boat of seventy feet in length, with provisions for four months. His instructions were in substance as follows:

"You will please to take the course of the river, and calculate distances by time, noting rivers, creeks, highlands, prairies, islands, rapids, shoals, mines, quarries, timber, water, soil, Indian villages, and settlements, in a diary to comprehend reflections on the winds and weather. It is interesting to government to be informed of the population and residence of the several Indian nations, of the quantity and species of skins and furs they barter per annum, and their relative price to goods; of the tracts of country on which they generally make their hunts, and the people with whom they trade.—You are to spare no pains to conciliate the Indians, and to attach them to the United States; and you may

invite the great chiefs of such distant nations as have not been at this place, to pay me a visit."

It would be tedious to follow Mr. P. through his long list of observations on the channel and banks of the Mississippi, and on the appearance of the copious streams which flow from east and west to augment its waters. The scenery, though frequently grand, was seen by him to advantage only on a few occasions, when the state of the voyage allowed him to step on shore and ascend a commanding elevation; and, while he kept to the river, his intercourse was generally confined to small parties of Indians passing along in their canoes. The savages in this quarter are no strangers to the benefit of traffic with Europeans.

"19*th August*.—Whilst we were at work at our boat on the sand beach, three canoes with Indians passed on the opposite shore. They cried 'How do you do?' wishing us to give them an invitation to come over; but receiving no answer they passed on."—"We afterwards met four Indians and two Squaws; having landed with them, we gave them one quart of *made*, or diluted whiskey, a few biscuits, and some salt. I requested some venison of them; they pretended they could not understand me, but after we had left them, they held up two hams, and hallooed and laughed at us in derision."—

"1*st September*.—Dined with Mr. Dubuque, who informed me that the Sioux and Sauteurs were as warmly engaged in opposition as ever; that not long since the former had killed fifteen of the latter, who, in return, killed ten Sioux, at the entrance of the St. Peter's; and that a war party, composed of the Sacs, Reynards, Puants, to the number of two hundred warriors, had embarked on an expedition against the Sauteurs, but that they had heard that the chief, having had an unfavourable dream, persuaded the party to return, and that I should meet them on my voyage. At this place I was introduced to a chief called the Raven of the Reynards. He made a very flowery speech on the occasion, which I answered in a few words, accompanied by a small present."—

"12*th September*.—Opposite to Root river we passed a prairie called La Crosse, from a game of ball played frequently on it by the Sioux Indians. On this prairie Mr. Frazer showed me some holes dug by the Sioux, when in expectation of an attack; into which they first put their women and children, and then crawl in themselves; they were generally round, about ten feet in diameter, but some were half moons, and formed quite a breastwork. This, I understand, was the chief's work, which was the principal redoubt. Their mode of constructing them is as follows: the moment they apprehend, or discover, an enemy on a prairie, they commence digging with their knives, tomahawks, and a wooden ladle, and in an incredibly short space of time sink a hole sufficiently capacious to secure themselves and their families from the balls or arrows of the enemy. They have no idea of taking these subterraneau redoubts by storm, as they would probably lose a great number of men in the attack; and although they might be

successful in the event, it would be considered as a very imprudent action."

That French names are still used for the Indian tribes is owing to the circumstance of French continuing to be the prevalent language throughout Lower Canada. In Mr. Pike's report of the different nations of savages, (if the word *nation* may be applied to such insignificant numbers,) we have not found much that differs from former descriptions. One tribe, he tells us, (p. 128.) has acquired the use of fire-arms, but is not yet considered as superior to those who have only bows and arrows. In an open plain, the advantage of the former, indeed, is less apparent: but it admits of no question in bush-fighting, where a bullet holds its course through obstacles which are sufficient to turn the feathered shaft from its direction. Two other tribes of Indians, called Yanctongs and Tetons, possessing an ample stock of horses, are accustomed to move from place to place with a rapidity scarcely to be conceived by the inhabitants of the civilized world. The following is a population-table of the Indians residing on the banks of the Mississippi, and of its confluent streams, between St. Louis in Louisiana and the source of the river:

Names of Nations.	No. of Warriors.	No. of Women.	No. of Children.	No. of Villages.	Probable No. of Souls.
Sacs - -	700	750	1,400	3	2,850
Foxes - - -	400	500	850	3	1,750
Jowas - - -	300	400	700	2	1,400
Winebagoes -	450	500	1,000	7	1,950
Menomenes -	300	350	700	7	1,350
Sioux - - -	3,835	7,030	11,800	3	21,675
Chippeways -	2,049	3,184	5,954	. .	11,177
Total -	8,034	12,714	22,394	25	42,152

Of the state of morals among these untutored beings, the following anecdote may afford some idea:

"We marched, determined to find the lodges. Met an Indian, whose track we pursued through almost impenetrable woods, for about two miles and a half to the camp. Here there was one of the finest sugar camps I almost ever saw; the whole of the timber being sugar maples. We were conducted to the chief's lodge, who received us in the patriarchal style. He presented us with sirups of the maple to drink, and asked whether I preferred eating beaver, swan, elk, or deer? Upon my giving the preference to the first, a large kettle was filled with it by his wife, of which soup was made. This being thickened with

flour, we had what I then thought a delicious repast. After we had refreshed ourselves, he asked whether we would visit his people at the other lodges? Having complied, we were presented in each with something to eat; by some with a bowl of sugar, by others beavers' tails, and other esteemed delicacies. After making this tour, we returned to the chief's lodge, and found a birth provided for each of us, of good soft bear skins nicely spread, and on mine there was a large feather pillow. In the course of the day, observing a ring on one of my fingers, he inquired if it was gold: he was told it was the gift of one with whom I should be happy to be at that time. He seemed to think seriously, and at night told my interpreter 'that perhaps his father (as they called me) felt much grieved for the want of a woman: if so, he could furnish him with one.' He was answered that with us each man had but one wife, and that I considered it strictly my duty to remain faithful to her. This he thought strange, (he himself having three,) and replied, 'that he knew some Americans at his nation who had half a dozen wives during the winter. The interpreter observed that they were men without character; but that all of our great men had each but one wife. The chief acquiesced, but said he liked better to have as many as he pleased."

The frontier settlers, to whom the Indian chief referred, rank among the rudest of civilized traders; many of them are of too restless a turn to remain in their native country, whether it be Europe or the United States; and they are not ashamed, in these remote quarters, to do things in the prosecution of their mercantile concerns, which they would be the first to condemn in a country of regular business. Amid all their improprieties, however, they possess in perfection the virtue of hospitality; and their assistance to a countryman in distress is not limited by the rules of cold calculation.

About two months after Mr. P.'s departure from St. Louis, the weather became cold, and the unfortunate error of setting out in autumn proved productive of very unpleasant effects. The keel-boat having been damaged and left behind, the party experienced much difficulty in pushing over the shallows the smaller boats in which they now attempted to make their way. At last, about lat. 45. they relinquished the farther prosecution of the voyage, and determined to proceed by land. It became necessary, therefore, to form an encampment of log-houses as a station for those of the party who were to remain behind, while the others went forwards to the source of the Mississippi. In this stage of the expedition, Mr. P. occasionally hunted in the woods, and was soon convinced of the precarious and uncomfortable plan of depending on such a source for the subsistence of his party:

"*Saturday, 2d of November.*—Left the camp with a full determination of killing an elk if possible before my return. I had never yet killed one of these animals. Took with me Miller, whose obliging

disposition made him agreeable in the woods. I was determined that if we came on the trail of elk, to follow them a day or two in order to kill one. This to a person acquainted with the nature of those animals, and the extent of the prairies in this country, would appear, what it really was, a very foolish resolution. We soon struck where a herd of one hundred and fifty had passed, pursued and came in sight about eight o'clock, when they appeared, at a distance, like an army of Indians, moving along in single file; a large buck of at least four feet between the horns leading the van, and one of equal magnitude bringing up the rear. We followed till near night, without being once able to get within point blank shot. Shortly after we saw three elk by themselves, near a copse of wood; approached near them and broke the shoulder of one, but he ran off with his companions. Just as I was about to follow, I observed a buck deer lying in the grass, which I shot behind the eyes, when he fell over. I walked up to him, put my foot on his horns and examined the shot, upon which he snorted, bounced up, and fell about five steps from me. This I considered his last effort, but soon after, to our utter astonishment, he jumped up and ran off; he stopped frequently; we pursued him, expecting him to fall every minute, by which we were led from the pursuit of the wounded elk. After having wearied ourselves out in this unsuccessful chase, we returned to pursue the wounded elk, and when we came up to the party, found him missing from the flock. Shot another in the body, but my ball being small he likewise escaped; wounded another deer. Being now hungry, cold, and fatigued, after having wounded three deer and two elk, we were obliged to encamp, in a point of hemlock woods, on the head of Clear river. The large herd of elk lay about one mile from us, in the prairie. Our want of success I ascribe to the smallness of our balls, and to our inexperience in following the track, after wounding them, for it is very seldom a deer drops on the spot where he is shot.

"*Sunday, 3d November.*—Rose pretty early and went in pursuit of the elk; wounded one buck deer on the way; passed many droves of elk and buffalo, but being in the middle of an immense prairie, knew it was folly to attempt to shoot them. Wounded several deer, but got none; in fact, I knew I could shoot as many deer as any body, but neither myself nor companion could find one in ten, where an experienced hunter would have got all he shot. About sundown we saw a herd crossing the prairie towards us, which induced us to sit down; two bucks, more curious than the others, came pretty close. I struck one of them behind the fore-shoulder; he did not go more than twenty yards, before he fell and died. This was the cause of much exultation, because it fulfilled my determination, and as we had been two days and nights without victuals, it was a very acceptable prize.—After having proceeded about a mile farther, we made a fire, and with much labour and pains got our meat to it; the wolves feasting upon one half while we were carrying away the other. We were now provisioned, but were still in want of water; the snow being all melted; finding my thirst very excessive in the night, I went in search of water, and was much *surprised, after having gone about a mile, to strike the Mississippi: here I filled my hat, and* returned to my companion."

The farther progress of the party was much impeded by the necessity of dragging their ammunition and baggage on sledges, and by unfortunate alternations in the weather from frost to thaw. They passed several weeks in this dreary and tardy journey, being frequently unable to advance above a few miles in a day; and they found the Mississippi now diminished to the width of one hundred yards, and holding generally a slow course through a level country. At last, in the beginning of February, they reached Leech-lake, the principal source of the river, and were hospitably received at the house of one of the agents of the association of Canada fur-traders, incorporated under the name of the North-west Company. Adventurous as Mr. Pike was, he could not help being surprised that any inducements should be sufficient to prevail on men to withdraw from civilized society, and pass season after season in so inhospitable a solitude. This is, however, only one of the many ramifications of the Northwest Company.

"The fur trade in Canada has always been considered as an object of the first importance to that colony, and has been cherished by the respective governors of that province, by every regulation in their power, under both the French and English administrations. The great and almost unlimited influence the traders of that country had acquired over the savages, were severely felt, and will long be remembered, by the citizens on our frontiers.

"In the year 1766, the trade was first extended from Michillimackinac to the northwest, by a few adventurers, whose mode of life on the voyage, and short residence in civil society, obtained for them the appellation of Coureurs des Bois. From this trifling beginning arose the present Northwest Company, who, notwithstanding the repeated attacks made on their trade, have withstood every shock, and are now, by a coalition of the late X Y Company, established on so firm a basis, as to bid defiance to every opposition that can be made by private individuals. By a late purchase of the king's posts in Canada, they extended their lines of trade from Hudson's bay to the St. Lawrence, up that river on both sides to the lakes, from thence to Lake Superiour, at which place the Northwest Company have their head quarters. This year they have despatched a Mr. Mackenzie on a voyage of trade and discovery down Mackenzie's river to the North Sea, and also a Mr. M'Kay to cross the Rocky mountains, and proceed to the western ocean with the same objects. They have had a gentleman by the name of Thomson, making a geographical survey of the northwest part of the continent: who for three years, with an astonishing spirit of enterprise and perseverance, passed over all that extensive and unknown country. His establishment, although not splendid, (the mode of travelling not admitting it,) was such as to allow of the most unlimited expenses in every thing necessary to facilitate his inquiries, and he is now engaged in digesting the important results of his undertaking."

The recent occurrences in our contest with the Americans, on the side of Canada, exhibit in a striking light the continued influ-

ence of our government and traders over their savage neighbours. At Leech-lake, the agent of the Northwest Company lived in a house sufficiently fortified to withstand any attack from the Indians in a moment of discontent, and the British flag was hoisted on occasion of any public transaction. The latter practice, however, on the territory of a different power, was wholly contrary to national usage; and Mr. Pike found no difficulty in obtaining from the agent a promise to desist in future from this and other political irregularities. Having assembled the chiefs of the neighbouring savages, he explained to them the transfer, from Spain and France, of the sovereignty of the surrounding country, to the United States, and made them promise to conclude peace with the adjoining tribes. Afterward, taking with him two of the young warriors as deputies to the American head-quarters, he proceeded on his return to the south. In this part, as in the voyage up the river, his journal is composed with a minuteness which, however valuable in an official report, has little interest for the public at large. On passing the small tribe of Indians called, by French travellers, Fols-Avoin, he was struck with their superiority over their neighbours in personal appearance. When drawing nearer home, about lat. 39. he had an opportunity of observing an instance of the vast multitudes of pigeons, which are to be found in certain favourable situations.

"About ten miles above Salt river we stopped at some islands where there were pigeon roosts, and in about fifteen minutes my men had knocked on the head, and brought on board, about three hundred. I frequently heard of the fecundity of this bird, but never gave credit to what I then thought to approach the marvellous; but really the most fervid imagination cannot conceive their numbers. Their noise in the woods was like the continued roaring of the wind, and the ground may be said to have been absolutely covered with their excrement. The young ones which we killed were nearly as large as the old; they could fly about ten steps, and were one mass of fat; their craws were filled with acorns and the wild pea. They were still reposing on their nests, which were merely small bunches of sticks joined, with which all the small trees were covered."

We now come to the second part of the book, the journal of an expedition to the westward, towards that portion of the immense territory of Louisiana which borders on New Mexico. The object of this enterprise was twofold;—to lay the basis of a good understanding between the Americans and the Indians of this quarter;—and to ascertain the direction, extent, and navigation of the two great rivers known by the names of Arkansaw and Red River. In this, as in the former expedition, the season was too far advanced, and the adventurers were again doomed to suffer the inclemency of winter. Having visited the savage tribes of the Osages and Pawnees, whose manners are rather fully

described, the party held a southern course to the Arkansaw; and, on reaching its banks, one division set out on a voyage down the river, while Mr. Pike and the other division marched in a western direction towards its source. Their support was derived from the buffaloes and other beasts of game which they succeeded in shooting. They observed in their progress many burrowing places, or, as he terms them, "towns" of the squirrels, or prairie-dogs, called by the savages "wish-ton-wish;" and he gives rather a minute account of the economy of these animals:

"The sites of their towns are generally on the brow of a hill, near some small creek or pond, in order to be convenient for water, and that the high ground which they inhabit may not be subject to inundation. Their residence, being under ground, is burrowed, and the earth brought out is made to answer the double purpose of keeping out the water, and affording an elevated place in wet seasons to repose on, and to give them a further and more distinct view of the country. Their holes descend in a spiral form, on which account I could never ascertain their depth; but I once had a hundred and forty kettles of water poured into one of them, in order to drive out the occupant, but without effect. In the circuit of the villages they clear off all the grass, and leave the earth bare of vegetation; but whether this be from an instinct they possess inclining them to keep the ground thus cleared, or whether they make use of the herbage as food, I cannot pretend to determine. The latter opinion I think is entitled to a preference, as their teeth designate them to be of the granivorous species, and I know of no other substance which is produced in the vicinity of their stations on which they could subsist: for they never extend their excursions more than half a mile from their burrows. They are of a dark brown colour, except their bellies, which are white; their tails are not so long as those of our gray squirrels, but are shaped precisely the same. Their teeth, head, nails, and body, are those of the perfect squirrel, except that they are generally fatter than that animal. Their villages sometimes extend over two and three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of them, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps, containing two or more inhabitants, and you see new ones partly excavated on all the borders of the town. We killed great numbers of these animals with our rifles, and found them excellent meat after they were exposed a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness acquired by their subterraneous dwelling is corrected. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides by the cry of wish-too-wish, from which they derive their name with the Indians, uttered in a shrill and piercing manner. You then observe them all retreating to the entrance of their burrows, where they post themselves, and watch even the slightest movement that you make. It requires a very nice shot with a rifle to kill them, as they must be shot dead; for as long as life exists they continue to work into their cells. It was extremely dangerous to pass through their towns, as they abounded with rattlesnakes, both of the yellow and black species, and

strange as it may appear, I have seen the wish-ton-wish, the rattle-snake, the horn-frog, with which the prairie abounds, (termed by the Spaniards the chamelion, from their taking no visible sustenance,) and a land tortoise, all take refuge in the same hole. I do not pretend to assert that it was their common place of resort, but I have witnessed the fact in more than one instance."

The length of the march in search of the head of the Arkansaw greatly exceeded calculation; and the weather having become very severe, the travellers were deprived of the use of their horses. Mr. Pike, however, was determined to persevere, although the clothing of his men was not calculated for a winter campaign. In the course of his march, he had heard of the safe return of Captains Lewis and Clarke from their long peregrinations, and their success tended to encourage his party to proceed. They advanced accordingly, day after day, at first to the west, and afterwards to the south, agreeably to the direction of a river which they conceived to be the main branch of the Arkansaw. The most striking object in this dreary progress was an immense mountain, (p. 225.) the height of which they calculated at 18,000 feet above the level of the sea; an elevation inferior to few mountains except Chimborazo. It was known to the savages for several hundred miles around, and formed the northwestern boundary to the excursions of the Spaniards of New Mexico. In vain the adventurous party attempted to ascend its sides, since, before they were half way up, they marched in snow which reached to their middles; and they had reason to apprehend that a perseverance in the attempt at such a season would lead to fatal consequences. Even in lower and less exposed quarters, the inclemency of the weather, and the effects of snow-storms in driving the beasts of game to places of shelter, had nearly been productive of melancholy results.

"17*th January*.—When we halted at the woods at eight o'clock for encampment, after getting fires made, we discovered that the feet of nine of our men were frozen, and to add to the misfortune, of both of those whom we called hunters among the number. This night we had no provision.

"*Next day*.—We started out two of the men least injured; the doctor and myself (who fortunately were untouched by the frost) also went out to hunt for something to preserve existence. Near evening we wounded a buffalo with three balls, but had the mortification to see him run off notwithstanding. We concluded it was useless to go home to add to the general gloom, and went amongst some rocks where we encamped, and sat up all night; as from the intense cold it was impossible to sleep: also hungry and without cover.

"19*th January*.—We again took the field, and after crawling about one mile in the snow, got to shoot eight times among a gang of buffaloes, and could plainly perceive two or three to be badly wounded, but by accident they took the wind of us, and to our great mortification were all able to run off. By this time I was become extremely weak and faint, being the fourth day since we had received sustenance, the whole of which time we were marching hard, and the last night had scarcely closed our eyes to sleep. We were then inclining our course to a point of wood, determined to remain absent and die by ourselves rather than return to our camp and behold the misery of our poor companions; when we discovered a gang of buffaloes coming along at some distance. With great exertion I made out to run and place myself behind some cedars, and by the greatest good luck the first shot stopped one, which we killed in three more shots, and by the dusk had cut each of us a heavy load, with which we determined immediately to proceed to the camp in order to relieve the anxiety of our men, and carry them some relief. We arrived there about twelve o'clock, and when I threw my load down, it was with difficulty I prevented myself from falling: I was attacked with a giddiness which lasted for some minutes. On the countenances of the men was not a frown, nor was there a desponding eye; all seemed happy to hail their officer and companions; yet not a mouthful had they eaten for four days. On demanding what were their thoughts, the sergeant replied, the most robust had determined to set out on the morrow in search of us; and not return unless they found us, or killed something to preserve the lives of their starving companions."

Proceeding in a southern direction, the travellers discovered, by the aid of a glass, a large river flowing to the southeast, which they believed to be the Red-river, and consequently within the limits of Louisiana. They had now exchanged the inhospitable mountain-track, covered with perpetual snow, for a more kindly region, and had begun to recover their fatigue; when the arrival of a Spanish hunting party apprized them that they had gone beyond the frontier, and were on the banks of the Rio del Norte in New Mexico. Mr. Pike, finding his mistake, consented to accompany the Spaniards to Santa Fé, the residence of the governor, and to render an account of the object of his expedition. Santa Fé is a town of 4,000 inhabitants, built in the wretched style which may naturally be expected in so remote a region. Poor, however, as were its inhabitants, the appearance of the American travellers was not such as to excite their respect. Mr. P. observes:

"When we presented ourselves at Santa Fé, I was dressed in a pair of blue trowsers, mockinsons, blanket coat, and a red cap, made of scarlet cloth, lined with fox skins; and my poor fellows in leggings, breech cloths, and leather coats; and not a hat in the whole party. This appearance was extremely mortifying to us all, especially as

soldiers; and although some of the officers used frequently to observe to me, "that worth made the man," with a variety of adages to the same amount, yet the first impression made on the ignorant is hard to eradicate; and a greater proof cannot be given of the ignorance of the common people, than their asking if we lived in houses, or in camps like the Indians; or if we wore hats in our country. These observations are sufficient to show the impression our savage appearance made among them."

The governor of Santa Fé, declining to pass a decision on Mr. Pike's conduct, sent him and his attendants forward to the general of the province, whose station was at the town of Chihuahua, situated a great way to the south. The general chose to retain the chief part of Mr. Pike's papers, under the impression of their containing information relative to the Spanish territory; but Mr. P. was enabled to preserve a proportion of them by secreting them about the persons and even in the guns of his soldiers. His journey through the Spanish territory was of extraordinary length; but the season had now become more favourable, and he met with tolerable accommodation at the houses of the Spanish priests. On one occasion, he had a remarkable instance of the zeal of these ecclesiastics in making converts:

"*7th March.*—Marched at nine o'clock through a country better cultivated and inhabited than any I had yet seen. Arrived at Albuquerque, a village on the eastern side of the Rio del Norte. We were received by father Ambrosio Guerra in a very flattering manner, and led into his hall, from thence, after taking some refreshment, into an inner apartment, where he ordered his adopted children of the female sex to appear, when they came in by turns. They were Indians of various nations—Spanish, French, and finally, two young girls who, from their complexion, I conceived to be English: on perceiving I noticed them, he ordered the rest to retire, many of whom were beautiful, and directed these two to sit down on the sofa beside me. Thus situated, he told me that they had been taken to the east by the Ietans, passed from one nation to the other until he purchased them, (at that time infants,) but they could recollect neither names nor language. Concluding they were my countrywomen, he ordered them to embrace me as a mark of their friendship, to which they appeared nothing loth. We then sat down to dinner, which consisted of various dishes, excellent wines, and, to crown all, we were waited upon by half a dozen of those beautiful girls, who, like Hebe at the feast of the gods, converted our wine into nectar, and with their ambrosial breath shed incense on our cups. After the cloth was removed, the priest beckoned to me to follow him, and led me into his sanctum sanctorum, where he had the rich and majestic images of various saints, and in the midst the crucified Jesus, crowned with thorns, but with rich rays of golden glory surrounding his head. The room being hung with black silk curtains, served to augment the gloom and majesty of the scene. When he

conceived my imagination sufficiently wrought up; he put on a black gown and mitre, kneeled before the cross, took hold of my hand, and endeavoured gently to pull me down beside him: on my refusal, he prayed fervently for a few minutes, and then rose, laid his hands on my shoulders, and as I conceived blessed me; he then said to me, 'You will not be a christian. O, what a pity!' O, what a pity!" He then threw off his robes, took me by the hand, led me out to the company, smiling; but the scene I had gone through made too serious an impression on my mind to be eradicated, until we took our departure an hour after, having received great marks of favour from the Father."

In our reports of Mr. Humboldt's work, we entered so fully into the general features of the Spanish territory in Mexico, as to render it unnecessary to dwell on the more limited details of Mr. Pike. Notwithstanding a prohibition from the Spaniards, he found means to note, every evening, the observations of the day: but his remarks, when they are not founded on subsequent reading, are necessarily confined to the result of personal observation. We pass over accordingly his local descriptions, (pp. 265. 334, &c.) and even his more explicit report (p. 377.) of the military force of Mexico, since recent events must have greatly altered the nature of its composition. It may, however, be instructive to our readers to learn some particulars of the method of deriving advantage from the immense herds of horses which run wild in the Mexican empire, particularly in the province of Texas:

"I observed on the prairie a herd of horses; when within about a quarter of a mile, they discovered us, and immediately approached, making the earth tremble under them; they brought to my recollection a charge of cavalry. They stopped and gave us an opportunity to view them. Amongst them there were some very beautiful bays, blacks, and grays, and indeed of all colours. We fired at a black horse with an idea of creasing him, but did not succeed: they flourished round, and returned again to view us. We then returned to camp. In the morning, for the purpose of trying the experiment, we equipped six of our fleetest coursers with riders, and ropes to noose the wild horses, if in our power to come amongst the herd. They stood until we approached within forty yards, neighing and whinnying, when the chase began, which we continued two miles without success. Two of our horses ran up with them, but we could not take them. Returned to camp. I have since laughed at our folly for endeavouring to take the wild horses in that manner, which is scarcely ever attempted even with the fleetest animals and most expert ropers."—

"The method pursued by the Spaniards in taking them is as follows: they take a few fleet horses and proceed into the country where the wild animals are numerous; they build a large enclosure, with a door which enters into a smaller enclosure: from the entrance of the large pen they project wings out into the prairie to a great distance, and then set up bushes, &c. to induce the horses when pursued to enter within

these wings. After these preparations are made, they keep a look out for a small drove; for if they unfortunately should start too large a one, they either burst open the pen or fill it up with the dead bodies, and the remainder run over them and escape; in which case the party is obliged to leave the place, as the stench arising from the putrid carcasses would be insupportable, and in addition to this, the pen would not receive others. But should they succeed in driving in a few, say two or three hundred, they select the handsomest and youngest, noose them, and take them into the small enclosure, then turn out the others. After which, by starving, preventing them from taking any repose, and continually keeping them in motion, they subdue them by degrees, and finally break them to submit to the saddle and bridle."

The author is of opinion that the inhospitable ridge of mountains, which bounded his journey to the west, is the highest ground of this part of the continent. The Arkansaw being navigable by proper boats till within two hundred miles of its source, the extent of land carriage, on merchandise destined for the waters flowing westward across the continent to the Gulf of California, would not (p. 223.) much exceed that distance. Naturalists have been at a great loss to account for the want of timber along vast tracts of country lying between the Mississippi and the western ocean: but it seems highly probable that these regions never were wooded, the soil being in general too sandy to retain moisture. Nor are the rivers of considerable magnitude, except in winter, the ground in many parts being dried and parched during the warm season, and presenting a surface of sand rolling like an African desert in all the fanciful forms of the waves of the sea. One good consequence, however, may arise from the barren nature of these solitudes;—we mean, a stoppage to the endless wanderings of the frontier-settlers of the United States. Hitherto, one new province after another has been traversed, with as much impatience as if no part of the settled country afforded the means of acquiring a comfortable livelihood. If this rage for rambling cannot be relinquished, let its votaries at least pay attention to the cautions which are necessary in taking up their abode in an uncleared country.

"In a country covered with timber, the new emigrants are generally sickly, which may very justly be attributed to the putrescent vegetable matter which they put into fermentation in clearing; and by remaining on the ground, inhaling all the air which arises from the effluvia, intermittents supervene, and bilious attacks, and in some instances malignant fevers. These remarks are proved by the observation of all the first settlers of our western frontiers, that those places which in the course of ten or fifteen years become perfectly healthy, are for the first two or three years quite the reverse, and generally cost them the loss of two or three members of their families. I pre-

sume that this dreadful effect might be remedied if the settlers would go with the working hands and fell the timber and destroy the vegetation in the spring, and in the fall when dry burn it, but not reside on the place for at least the first two years, in the course of which time the atmosphere would by these means not be affected by the morbid exhalations arising from the before-mentioned causes; and the place would be as healthy a residence as any other in the same climate."

We conclude our extracts by a summary of the Indian tribes inhabiting that part of Louisiana which was traversed in Mr. Pike's second journey:

Abstract of Indian Nations.

Names of Nations.	No. of Warriors.	No. of Women.	No. of Children.	No. of Villages.	Probable No. of Souls.
Osage - -	1,252	1,793	74	3	4,019
Kanses - -	465	500	600	1	1,565
Pawnees - -	1,993	2,170	2,060	3	6,223
Ietans - -	2,700	3,000	2,500		8,200
Total -	6,410	7,463	6,134	7	20,007

The degree of correctness with which these journals appear is, in some measure, owing to the care of the editor on this side of the water, Mr. Thomas Rees; the extent of whose interference is explained in an advertisement prefixed to the book, and exemplified in several amendments inserted (see p. 248, &c.) in the shape of notes. He might, however, have carried his editorial labours somewhat farther, and have corrected numerous negligences of style, such for example as (p. 256.) "the party *hove* in sight;" (p. 272.) "the old veteran;" and the stranger error still of calling a Spanish adjutant (p. 322.) "old and veteran." In general, however, though inelegant and even inaccurate, the language is suited to the plain character of the narrative. Mr. Pike is no dealer in superfluous description; nor does he expand his relation by a tedious accumulation of subordinate particulars. His attempts at general observations are less successful, and he was deficient in knowledge and compass of reflection; though he is nowise liable, even in passages ungracious to a British eye, (as pp. 387. 389.) to the charge of intentional partiality. It is with too much truth that he laments (p. 389.) the unfavourable impression towards England, that was excited among the Spaniards of Paraguay by the rapacity of Sir Home Popham.—Mr. Pike is evidently a man of warm

feelings, but at the same time not a little ambitious of showing them. In speaking of the young Indians who consented to accompany him from the source of the Mississippi to the American headquarters, he adds; "I determined that it should be my care never to make them regret the noble confidence placed in me, for I would have protected their lives with my own. I gave my new soldiers a dance and a dram; they attempted to get more liquor, but a firm and peremptory denial convinced them I was not to be trifled with." Again, on receiving a message from two of his unfortunate attendants, who, from inability to march, had been unavoidably left behind for a time in the dreary region near the sources of the Arkansaw, he says:

"They sent on to me some of the bones taken out of their feet, and conjured me by all that was sacred not to leave them to perish far from the civilized world. O! little did they know my heart, if they could suspect me of conduct so ungenerous! No, before they should be left, I would for months have carried the end of a litter, in order to secure them the happiness of once more seeing their native homes, and being received in the bosom of a grateful country."

The zeal and perseverance of this enterprising party received (see prefatory papers, pp. 11, 12. 16.) the cordial approbation of the American government; and Mr. Pike, from a lieutenancy, was promoted first to the rank of captain, and next to that of major.—As a topographical survey, his book is highly useful on the double ground of accuracy and perspicuity: but it can scarcely be accounted an amusing production, or interesting to those readers who are perpetually on the search for the pathetic and the marvellous.

The Queen's Wake: A Legendary Poem. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. 8vo. Pp. 353.

[From the Scotish Review.]

The Queen's Wake is the work of a person whose humble situation in life, and almost total want of education, render it a very extraordinary production. It is nothing new, in these days, to hear of shepherds and ploughmen writing poetry; but since Burns departed the scene, and Bloomfield has survived his original celebrity, it is rare enough to meet with a shepherd who can write in so elevated and polished a style as the work before us displays. The efforts of this new candidate for fame are the more deserving of our favourable consideration, that he does not, like many of

the same class, rest his claims to esteem upon any thing so vague and foolish as heaven-taught knowledge, or a natural inspiration; but comes before us upon the broad and rational ground of great perseverance and long practice. He is not one of those who have been suddenly quickened into life, and who usually sink as suddenly into oblivion. He presents the curious spectacle of a person who began to write almost as soon as he could read—who risked and sullied his fame by publishing long before his productions were fit for appearing before the public;—but who has had confidence enough in his own powers to uphold him against much discouragement, until he has at length reached to a degree of excellence which shows the folly of all calculation with regard to the progress of genius, and cannot fail to secure him a high and lasting place in the esteem of the world.

From some letters which were prefixed to a previous publication of Mr. Hogg's, entitled "The Mountain Bard," it appears that he held the humble occupation of a shepherd, in the forest of Ettrick, until within these few years, when the hope of gaining renown by his poetical talents drew him from his obscurity to the more genial sphere of the Scotish metropolis. His progenitors, too, were all shepherds of the country, and none of them appears to have ever risen higher than the situation of tenant. In their own circle, however, the Hoggs were a people of rather more than ordinary note. There is an old song of their exploits which bears this honourable mention of their prowess:

"And the rough Hoggs of Fauldshope,
That wear both wool and hair;
There's nae sic Hoggs as Fauldshope's
In all St. Boswell's fair.
* * * * * * *
But the hardy Hoggs of Fauldshope,
For courage, blood, and bane,
For the wild boar of Fauldshope,
Like him was never nane."

The poet is the second son of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, whom Walter Scott has made known to the world as the source of many of those traditionary ballads which enrich the "Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border." His father, like himself, was bred to the occupation of a shepherd, and served in that capacity until his marriage; when, having saved some money, he took a lease of the farms of Ettrick-house and Ettrick-Hall. In this undertaking he prospered well for several years, when a sudden fall in the market, and the failure of a person to whom he had sold the greater part of his stock, completely ruined him; he lost

his farm, and was reduced to his primitive situation of a shepherd to the flocks of another.

His son James, who was now about six years of age, had been but a short time at school, and this unfortunate event put a premature stop to his education. At the next Whitsunday after, he was hired to a farmer in the neighbourhood to herd cows, and in this menial situation he continued constantly till he was fifteen years of age. "There is one circumstance," he says very archly, "which has led some to imagine that my abilities as a servant had not been very exquisite—namely, that when I was fifteen years of age, I had served a dozen of masters." We should rather say, that it is the characteristic of genius to be restless, reluctant under servitude, and prone to change. It is a luxury to the slave to have even the liberty of changing his fetters. "During all this period," he says, "I neither read nor wrote, nor had I access to any books save the Bible. I was greatly taken with our version of the Psalms of David, learned the most of them by heart, and have a great partiality for them unto this day." "When fourteen years of age, I saved five shillings of my wages, with which I bought an old violin. This occupied all my leisure hours, and has been my favourite amusement ever since. I had commonly no spare time from labour during the day; but when I was not over fatigued, I generally spent an hour or two every night in rubbing over my favourite old Scotish tunes."

From the occupation of herding cows, he was at length elevated to "the more honourable one" of tending sheep. In this situation, his opportunities of acquiring information gradually extended, and were embraced with avidity. In his eighteenth year he obtained a perusal of the Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace, a metrical and fabulous work by Henry the Minstrel, and the Gentle Shepherd. But so little taste for poetry had the author as yet evinced, that he tells us, "though immoderately fond of them, he could not help regretting deeply that they were not *in prose*;" or at least "in the same kind of metre with the psalms, when he could have borne with them." At Whitsunday, 1790, being then in the nineteenth year of his age, he engaged as a shepherd with Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse; and to the penetration and liberality of this gentleman Hogg is perhaps entirely indebted for the progress he has made, and the public for one of the most poetical geniuses of the present day. Mr. Laidlaw possessed a good library, and being attracted by the inquisitive and thoughtful disposition of his young shepherd, gave him free access to a valuable store of information. "No sooner," says Hogg, "did I begin to read so as to understand, than, rather prematurely, I began to write." Such impatience to try his own strength indicated undoubtedly as much vanity as capacity; but had Hogg never *begun to write* till he was satisfied he could write well, he would, in

all likelihood, never have written at all, nor ever sought after those qualifications which were to enable him to write as he has done. His first effort in writing was poetical—an epistle to a friend, which he frankly owns was a piece of most fulsome flattery, and mostly composed of borrowed lines from Dryden's Virgil and Harvey's Life of Bruce. He soon, however, redeemed himself, in his own estimation, by "An Address to the Duke of Buccleuch, in behalf o' mysel an' ither poor fo'k," which he assures us was "really his own;" and ever since he has continued writing, as subjects presented themselves to his mind.

Mr. Laidlaw was the only person who, for many years, pretended to discover the least merit in the author's productions; he could never make a proselyte to his opinion, of any note, except one, who, in a short time, says Hogg, apostatized; but at length some of his pieces having been shown to the celebrated poet of the Border, that very adequate judge was as much struck as Mr. Laidlaw with the genius of the author, and entered, with equal earnestness, into the promotion of his literary views.

> "Blest be his generous heart for ay;
> He told me where the relic lay,
> Pointed my way, with ready will,
> Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
> Watched my first notes with curious eye,
> And wonder'd at my minstrelsy.
> He little ween'd a parent's tongue
> Such strains had o'er my cradle sung."

The sequel of Mr. Scott's patronage is not so pleasing; but we must not mar the 'vantage ground of our story, by touching upon jealousies which no man would wish to believe, and all must alike regret to see exposed to the public eye.

As yet Hogg had published nothing, although he had written much. The history of his first appearance before the public, which we shall give in his own words, is singular enough.

"Having attended the Edinburgh market on Monday with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to sell them all, I put them into a park till the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and have them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me than I put it in practice; when I was obliged to select not the best, but those that I remembered best. I wrote as many as I could during my short stay, and gave them to a man to print at my expense; and having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned into the forest, and saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were one thousand copies of them thrown off. I knew no more about publishing than the man of the moon; and the only way

tive that influenced me was the gratification of my vanity by seeing my works in print. But, on the first copy coming to my hand, my eyes were opened to the folly of my conduct. When I compared it with the MS. there were numbers of stanzas wanting, and others misplaced, whilst the typographical errors were without number."

Nothing, indeed, could be more ill advised and rash than this publication, and it was fortunate for the author's modesty, in after life, that it did not prove such a splendid blunder as he perhaps expected. It attracted little notice, and now that the subsequent fame of the author has made it known, scarcely deserves to be remembered.

In 1802, the "Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border" came into his hands, and being struck with the successful use which Mr. Scott had made of a number of old songs and traditions, which were familiar in no place more than in the forest of Ettrick, he was induced to set about a similar imitation of the ancient poets himself; and, having chosen a number of the most popular traditional facts, proceeded to interweave them into poetry. The fruits of his labours were some time after published under the title of *The Mountain Bard*. The work had merit enough to make the author pretty generally known, but merit of such a description, that we are persuaded the character he acquired by it was not to his advantage. As imitations of the old ballad style, the poems in this collection were singularly like their models; had they resembled them less, their merit would have been greater. Mr. Scott had succeeded well in the same path, not from grasping indiscriminately at whatever bore the mark of time, and being critically minute in his descriptions, but by selecting from the storehouse of antiquity those materials only which had either something in themselves, or were the source of such associations as made them suitable to the more refined perception of modern readers, and especially by avoiding, in his images and descriptions, that coarseness of fancy which more or less distinguishes all our elder productions in the ballad style. The faults which Mr. Scott shunned from good taste, Mr. Hogg was led into by inclination. From his situation in life, and very defective education, or rather total want of education, a certain vulgarity of conception was necessarily entailed upon him; and, with such a predisposition to be vulgar, it is not difficult to perceive that, in imitating models which were sufficiently vulgar in themselves, he might be betrayed into a general grossness of effect, much greater than if he had either followed his own taste exclusively, or merely copied the coarseness of his prototypes. Yet these reasons, however satisfactory they may now appear, were too much below the surface to be discerned by the public; and while, accordingly, the praise of genius *was very universally* allowed him, an impression seems to have gone

abroad that he possessed a degree of constitutional vulgarity which would prevent him from ever rising to eminence. The few years which have since elapsed have enabled the author to bring forward a most signal proof of the false grounds on which this estimate of his character had been formed. In the whole range of literature, we do not know that there is another example of such great and rapid progress to excellence. No person, we will venture to say, who has formed his opinion of the Ettrick shepherd from "The Mountain Bard," can have the faintest anticipation of the treasure he is to meet with in "The Queen's Wake." Instead of that vulgarity which once so justly gave offence, he will meet with a delicacy of sentiment and expression which would do honour to the most skilful master in the art of numbers; that imagination which seemed shackled down by local habits, he will behold soaring into the furthest regions of human thought; and, throughout the whole, he will perceive the most indubitable marks of a great, original, and truly poetic mind.

The plan of "The Queen's Wake" is not altogether new, but it is so well engrafted on a popular historical event, and illustrated by local circumstances, as to have all the value of originality. It is the same, in effect, with the plans adopted by Chaucer, Boccacio, and most other collectors of tales, for the purpose of giving connexion to a number of separate and distinct pieces by a sort of dramatic unity in the narration; but it is superior to any of them in the detail of expedients by which that effect is produced. A company of pilgrims travelling to St. Becket's shrine, and each telling his tale to beguile the dreariness of the way; or a lover flying with his mistress into the country to escape a plague which raged in the city, and enlivening their solitude with amatory songs and stories; or even a fair damsel compelled to tell a new tale every night to save herself from the scimitar of the executioner; are all inferior incidents to a royal wake, when the whole poets of a country, celebrated for its genius, are assembled in the presence of their queen and her court, and dispute for a prize to be given him who shall excel in legendary story. These are simply ingenious—this is important. The former interest us no further than as they give a degree of ease and connexion to the narrative; the latter excites an interest which attends us in every step—is interwoven with the stories themselves, and gives a unity of action to the whole. The scimitar which is suspended over the fair Arabian loses all its terrors when we witness the inexhaustible richness of her invention; but the royal harp, held forth as the prize to the Scotish bards, is an object on which our eyes are constantly and anxiously set, and which leads us to take a lively share in the hopes and fears of the different competitors. The idea of a poetical competition is, to be sure, old enough, for something of this

kind has prevailed in almost every nation which has reached to any degree of civilization—from the Greeks, who strove at the Olympic games, to our own ancestors, whose halls and palaces were wont to resound with the strains of rival minstrelsy; nor is its application to the present purpose altogether original, though undoubtedly well imagined. There is one production, the *Moallahat* of the Arabians, with which the English public are acquainted through the excellent translation of Sir William Jones, that bears a pretty near resemblance to it both in circumstance and design. At the annual fair of Ocadh in Arabia, a prize was long in use to be disputed by the principal bards of the nation, and a degree of ambition was thus excited among the different tribes of producing the best poet, which served to cherish and maintain that taste for works of fancy for which the Arabians have been so celebrated in after ages. The best of these productions, it is said, have been lost, and the *Moallahat* is a collection of all that are still extant.

The history of "The Queen's Wake" is nearly the same. The celebrated and unfortunate Queen Mary has just arrived from France to take possession of the throne of her native kingdom, and, while on her road to the palace of Holyrood, a number of minstrels from all quarters pour forth their rejoicings on the welcome occasion.

——"'Twas the notes of Scotish song,
Soft pealing from the countless throng;
So mellowed came the distant swell,
That on her ravished ear it fell,
Like dew of heaven at evening close,
On forest, flower, or woodland rose;
For Mary's heart, to nature true,
The powers of song and music knew;
But all the choral measures bland
Of anthems sung in southern land
Appeared a useless pile of art,
Unfit to sway or melt the heart,
Compared with that which floated by,
Her simple native melody."

Mary is so much delighted with the music, that she issues a proclamation for a royal wake to be held at the palace of Holyrood on Easter week, at which all the poets of the land are commanded to attend to assist with their minstrelsy, and a suitable prize is promised to the one who shall be most approved. This incident is not altogether imaginary, for we find Knox in his History mentions, that "fyres of joy were set furth at night, and a companie of maist honest men, with instruments of music, gave

ther salutation at hir chalmer windo; the melodie, as sche alledged, lyked her weill, and sche willed the sam to be continued sum nights eftir, with grit dilligence." The preparations for this trial of skill are told in a strain of great poetical feeling, and well calculated to engage the favour of the reader.

"Each glen was sought for tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of ravished maid, or stolen child
By freakish fairy of the wild;
Of sheeted ghost that had revealed
Dark deeds of guilt from man concealed;
Of boding dreams, of wandering spright,
Of dead lights glimmering through the night;
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir
Could waken pity, love, or fear,
Were decked anew with anxious pain,
And sung to native airs again."

The time of the festival being arrived,

——"Then was seen from every vale,
Through drifting snows and rattling hail,
Each Caledonian minstrel true,
Dressed in his plaid and bonnet blue,
With harp across his shoulders flung,
And music murmuring round his tongue,
Forcing his way, in raptures high,
To Holyrood his skill to try.
Ah! when at home the songs they raised,
When gaping rustics stood and gazed,
Each bard believed, with ready will,
Unmatched his song, unmatched his skill;
But when the royal halls appeared,
Each aspect changed, each bosom feared;
And, when in court of Holyrood,
Filed harps and bards around him stood;
His eyes emitted cheerless ray,
His hope, his spirit, sunk away.
There stood the minstrel, but his mind
Seemed left in native glen behind."

The expedient which the poet adopts to revive their drooping spirits is extremely characteristic; the queen appoints them to be entertained in the palace; and, that our readers may know what sort of thing a feast of poets is, we shall quote the author's description.

"The wine was served, and sooth to say,
Insensibly it stole away;

Thrice did they drain th' allotted store,
And wondering skinkers dun for more;
Which vanished swifter than the first—
Little weened they the poet's thirst.
Still as that ruddy juice they drained,
The eyes were cleared, the speech regained,
And latent sparks of fancy glowed,
Till one abundant torrent flowed
Of wit, of humour, social glee,
Wild music, mirth, and revelry."

The competition then commences, and is continued during three successive nights, during which it is said that thirty bards appeared, though only twelve of the pieces recited are preserved.

"Alas! these lays of fire once more
Are wrecked mid heaps of mouldering lore!
And feeble he who dares presume
That heavenly wake light to relume;
But grieved the legendary lay
Should perish from our land for ay,
While sings the lark above the wold,
And all his flocks rest in the fold,
Fondly he strikes beside the pen,
The harp of Yarrow's braken glen."

Each bard having sung his song, the determination of the prize is left to the majority of the court; but the author, in order to avoid showing a preference to any of the pieces contained in the volume, which is more especially proper, as, by a very pardonable anachronism, the Ettrick shepherd is himself one of the competitors, makes the queen appoint the three who have the greatest number of suffrages to make a second and definitive trial of their skill; when the prize is carried off by a tale which forms no part of the collection, and has been already long in possession of the public. The conclusion of the contest is thus elegantly told:

"The song that tuneful Gardyn sung
Is still admired by old and young,
And long shall be at evening fold,
While songs are sung or tales are told.
Of stolen delights began the song,
Of love the Carran woods among,
Of lady borne from Carron side
To Barnard towers and halls of pride,
And ended with Gilmorice' doom
Cut off in manhood's early bloom.
Soft rang the closing notes and slow,
And every heart was steeped in wo.

"The harp of Ettrick rung again,
Her bard, intent on fairy strain,
And fairy freak by moonlight shaw,
Sung young Tam Lean of Caterha'.

"Queen Mary's harp on high that hung,
And every tone responsive rung,
With gems and gold that dazzling shone,
That harp is to the Highlands gone.
Gardyn is crowned with garlands gay,
And bears the envied prize away.
Long, long that harp the hills among
Resounded Ossian's mounting song;
Waked slumbering lyres from every tree
Adown the banks of Down and Dee,
At length was borne, by beauteous bride,
To woo the airs on Garry side.

"When full two hundred years had fled,
And all the northern bards were dead,
That costly harp, of wondrous mould,
Defaced of all its gems and gold,
With that which Gardyn erst did play,
Back to Dunedin found its way."

The historical allusion in the concluding lines imparts a fine glow of reality to the fable. The author informs us in a note, upon the authority of Gunn in his book on the harp, that "Queen Mary's harp, of most curious workmanship, was found in the house of Lude, on the banks of the Garry in Athol, as was the old Caledonian harp. They were both brought to that house by a bride which the chieftain of Lude married from the family of Gardyn of Banchory, (now Garden of Troup.) It was defaced of all its gems, and Queen Mary's portrait set in gold, during the last rebellion."

It now behoves us to say something of the poems themselves; and, in doing so, it shall rather be our object to gather from them some general estimate of the author's powers, than to enter into their separate and individual merits. The diversity of talent displayed is indeed so great, that no example we could select could afford an adequate notion of the plan or execution of the rest. The broadest humour, and the most touching pathos, the simple and the wonderful, every variety of dialect and of measure, are alike the favourites of his pencil. His success in each is not, indeed, nearly equal, and he is perhaps least successful where he evinces the greatest effort. From the prevailing tone of the work, it is easy to perceive that the author's chief ambition is to astonish his readers by the boldness and grandeur of his conceptions; but, as far as our feelings and judgment dictate for us, we should be inclined to say, that he is most astonishing when he is most sim-

ple and most at ease. It is in his struggles to ascend that we meet most frequently with instances of bad taste and vulgar execution; and, while recreating in the "greenwood shaw," or on "flowery lea," that he has poured forth his choicest, and, we will venture to say, most popular measures. The grace which charms us here, consists in a rich mixture of imagery and sentiment, not unfrequently aspiring to the lofty, but always rising naturally, and managed with great skill—in language simple and chaste—and in an enthusiasm of manner which gives a glow of inspiration to the whole. It is true, that in consequence of the mistaken ambition of the author, there is no single piece which can be pointed out as altogether of this character; but there is not wanting abundance of detached instances to prove the justice of the preference we have given. Such is the beautiful prosopopæia with which the poem commences:

"Now burst, ye winter clouds that lower,
Fling from your folds the piercing shower;
Sing to the tower and leafless tree,
Ye cold winds of adversity;
Your blights, your chilling influence shed,
On wareless heart, on houseless head;
Your ruth or fury I disdain,
I've found my mountain lyre again.

"Come to my heart, my only stay!
Companion of a happier day!
Thou gift of Heaven! thou pledge of good!
Harp of the mountain and the wood!
I little thought, when first I tried
Thy notes by lone Saint Mary's side;
When in a deep untrodden glen,
I found thee in the braken glen,
I little thought that idle toy
Should e'er become my only joy!

"A maiden's youthful smiles had wove
Around my heart the toils of love,
When first thy magic wires I rung,
And on the breeze thy numbers flung.
The fervid tear played in mine eye;
I trembled, wept, and wondered why.
Sweet was the thrilling ecstacy;
I know not if 'twas love or thee."

The same touching strain recurs at the close of the second ballad, when the author is musing over the fate of the bards whose names are lost, while their songs are treasured in the esteem of the world.

"Yet have I weened, when these I sung
On Ettrick banks, while mind was young;

When on the eve their strains I threw,
And youths and maidens round me drew;
Or chanted in the lonely glen,
Far from the haunts and eyes of men:
Yes, I have weened, with fondest sigh,
The spirit of the bard was nigh;
Swung by the breeze on braken pile,
Or hovering o'er me with a smile.
Would fancy still her dreams combine,
That spirit, too, might breathe on mine;
Well pleased to see her songs the joy
Of that poor lonely shepherd boy."

In the story of "Old David," we have several examples of a still richer vein. The following description of evening, besides being wonderfully appropriate to a tale of fairy deeds, is not perhaps exceeded by any similar description in the English language for strength and vividness of colouring.

"That evening fell so sweetly still,
So mild on lonely moor and hill,
The little genii of the fell
Forsook the purple heather bell,
And all their dripping beds of dew,
In wind-flower, thyme, and violet blue;
Aloft their viewless looms they heave,
And dew-webs round the helmets weave.
The waning moon her lustre threw
Pale round her throne of softened blue;
Her circuit round the southland sky
Was languid, low, and quickly by;
Leaning on cloud so faint and fair,
And cradled on the golden air;
Modest and pale as maiden bride,
She sunk upon the trembling tide."

The author evinces here, as well as in a great many of his other descriptions, the mind and eye of a poet of the first order. At the same time that the drawing is true to nature, the selection and grouping of the objects are executed with the nicest discrimination, and breathe all the animation of the most glowing fancy. To the example we have now given, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of adding the following beautiful sketches.

"The boat across the tide flew fast,
And left a silver curve behind;
Loud sung the sailor from the mast,
Spreading his sails before the wind.

The stately ship, adown the bay,
A corslet framed of heaving snow,
And flurred on high the slender spray,
Till rainbows gleamed around her prow." P. 32.

" The day-beam, from his moonlight sleep,
O'er Queensberry began to peep;
Kneeled drowsy on the mountain fern,
At length rose tiptoe on the cairn,
Embracing, in his bosom pale,
The stars, the moon, and shadowy dale." P. 265.

The quotations which we have now given will show sufficiently that style of writing, in which, we think, the author is most generally successful; but, at the same time, we are far from meaning to imply, that, even in his bolder flights, he is not sometimes equally great and attractive. The ballads entitled " Kilmeny," and " The Witch of Fife," are not only astonishing for great stretch and fertility of fancy, but are managed with a degree of judgment and self-possession, which, saving one or two extravagancies, is quite unexceptionable. We regret that two ballads, which are perhaps the best in the volume, are presented to us in a form so antique, that we cannot venture upon so many excerpts as we could wish, without detaining the reader longer than he might be patiently inclined, to unravel their obscure orthography. One passage only we shall risk quoting; and, in order to prepare the reader for a due appreciation of its merit, we have only to request he will keep in view, that it is part of a burlesque description of the excursion of a troop of wizards from Kilmerrin kirk to Lapland, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of witchcraft.

" The first leet-night, quhan the new moon set,
Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
We saddled our naigis wi the moon-fern leif,
And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

Some horses ware of the brume-cow framit,
And some of the greine bay tree;
But mine was made o' ane humloke schaw,
And a stout stallion was he."

" And ay wi raide, and se merrily we raide,
Throw the merkist gloffis of the night;
And we swam the floode, and we daruit the woode,
Till we cam to the Lommond height."

" The second nychte, quhan the new moon set,
O'er the roarying sea we flew;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

And the bauld windis blew, and the fire flaughtis flew,
And the sea ran to the skie;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
And we gaed scouryng bye.

And ay we mountit the sea-green hillis,
Quhill we brushit thro' the cludis of the hevin;
Than sousit downright like the stern shot light,
Fray the liftis blue casement driven.

But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
And se pang was our pearily prowe;
Quhan we culdna speil the brow of the wavis,
We needilit them throu belowe.

As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
As fast as the midnycht leme,
We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale,
Or fluffit i' the floatyng faem.

And quhan to the Norraway shore we wan,
We muntyd our steadis of the wynd,
And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the woode,
And we left the shouir behynde.

Fleet is the roe on the green Lommond,
And swift is the couryng grew;
The reindeir dun can eithly run,
Quhan the houndis and the hornis pursue.

But nowther the roe, nor the reindeir dun,
The hinde nor the couryng grew,
Culde fly owr muntaine, muir, and dale,
As owr braw steedis they flew.

The dales war deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
And we rase to the skyis ee-bree;
Quhite, quhite was ouir rode, that was never trode,
Owr the snaws of eternity!

And quhan we cam to the Lapland lone
The fairies war all in array;
For all the genii of the north
War keepyng their holeday."

The catastrophe of the ballad of "Macgregor," which is founded upon a vow the chieftain of the Macgregors had made to meet a certain spirit at nightfall by the brook of Glengyle, deserves also to be quoted, as an example, in a purer style, of the author's powers in describing the grand and awful.

" All silent they went, for the time was approaching,
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill;
Young Malcolm at distance, couched, trembling the while—
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glengyle.
Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem."

" Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen;
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glengyle."

" Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

" Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;
'Macgregor! Macgregor!' he bitterly cried;
'Macgregor! Macgregor!' the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away;
Macgregor is vanished for ever and ay!"

In this extract we have purposely omitted the description of the lady's light-sailing skiff; for, after Shakspeare's inimitable picture of Queen Mab, we doubt much if there is any originality, and we are convinced there is abundant extravagance, in telling us that

" Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast," &c.

We have as yet said nothing of the incidents of the different tales, or the manner in which they are managed, which, in a collection of this kind, are undoubtedly circumstances of no inferior

consequence. The author's success in these respects is not perhaps so great as in others. In judging here, the criterion by which all men will be directed is the degree of interest which the tales excite; and it cannot be said that the interest is in general extremely great. We are perfectly satisfied, however, that whatever deficiency exists in this respect, does not arise from any want of capacity, but from a misapprehension of the proper means, and a want of experience in the various ways of affecting the heart; for the volume before us is not wanting in instances of most interesting and pathetic narrative. The ballad of *Mary Scott* is of itself sufficient to vindicate a place for the author among the most eminent and successful of ballad writers; the Witch of Fife, Kilmeny, and M'Kinnon the Abbot, must also be allowed to possess, independently of the poetry, no inconsiderable claims to attention. The primary error in the rest of the collection we conceive to be, that while the general conception of each tale is good, and frequently bold in the extreme, the limits the author has prescribed to himself are not at all adequate for following out that conception properly, and giving it due effect. All the stronger passions of the mind, more especially those of terror and pity, delight in the parade of circumstance; it smooths their way to the heart, while it increases their ultimate impression; it polishes the dart only that it may pierce the deeper. Scenes which, presented to the view, devoid of all embellishment and accompaniment, could excite nothing but disgust or incredulity, come to make a strong and durable impression, when our curiosity is excited by an ingenious complication of incidents, and our minds are charmed by picturesque description, and sublime or pathetic sentiment. The mere fact of a lover dying from excessive joy, upon being unexpectedly restored to the arms of his mistress, is too extravagant to be at once believed, or to excite any other emotions, were it actually authenticated, than surprise. We must be prepared to yield it credit by some knowledge of the parties, and the circumstances of their attachment; we must be strongly interested in their fate, before we can feel pity for their calamity. In the tale of Malcolm of Lorn, we meet with such a catastrophe without almost any adjunctive circumstances. An account of the parting of the lovers, and the return of the relenting fair, is all that we have to prepare us for the sudden death of Malcolm, whose faint-heartedness, after all, leaves the lady, who had come back on purpose to be married, in rather an unpoetical situation. Why is the ballad of Mary Scott so interesting beyond all the rest?—Chiefly on account of the rapid succession of incident—the suspense which hangs over the fate of the hero and heroine—and the artful transition in the close from the profoundest sorrow to the most rapturous pleasure. This ballad is of course a great deal longer than any of the rest;

but we should have been well content that the volume had contained fewer ballads, if it could have been the means of giving us more in the style of Mary Scott. There is another circumstance which has assisted not a little to mar the interest of a number of the tales, even the best of them;—and it is the extreme degree of obscurity in which they are intentionally involved. The author has, no doubt, heard that obscurity is nearly akin to sublimity, and been taught, by good example, to catch only at the grander features of the event he describes; but one so deeply versed in legendary lore should have known, that to be simple, rather than obscure, is the most striking characteristic of the ancient ballad; and we must add, that, to be intelligible in the description, however careful in the selection of objects, is a rule founded on the justest principles, and applicable in all circumstances. In every case where it is the object of a writer to interest and affect his readers, the more distinctly they can comprehend those things by which they are to be affected —or, to speak with greater precision, the more distinct the impression made upon them is, the better. That obscurity which is said to distinguish the sublime, consists more in the medium through which an object is viewed, than in the effect it produces. It is the clear obscure of painters—the twilight of vision rather than the twilight of the mind. It is admissible only when it aids the general purpose in view, as in cases of terror and wonder, and is an egregious fault when it obstructs or perplexes it. The system upon which the author of these tales proceeds in too many instances is in direct contradiction to these principles. Instead of the facts unfolding themselves naturally and distinctly, the reader is left to gather the story from a series of incoherent questions without answers, and emblematical signs without explanation. It is a style not much removed from the rude manner of the Indians, who, for want of language and of letters, convey their thoughts in hieroglyphical pictures altogether. We refer to the ballad of "Young Kennedy" as a sufficient example of this perverted mode of writing. It must be gratifying to the reader, however, to reflect that this is evidently not the author's natural element. The author has only to follow the natural bent of his genius, and he will always write well. In simple pathos, we know of no writer who appears to possess so completely all the elements of that touching species of writing: Equalled he may be, but there is none of whom we have reason to hope so much.

Other faults—not a few—are undoubtedly to be found in the volume before us; but they are the errors of ignorance and simplicity, and demand indulgence fully as much as censure. With a wonderful exuberance of fancy, there is everywhere a sensible want of variety. The thoughts and images are all drawn from the visible world, and are not sufficiently mixed up with circumstances

of human life, or the acquisitions of human knowledge. There is more imagery than sentiment—more ornament than matter. The author has described the school of nature, in which he has been reared, with great truth and brilliancy, in the following lines:

" The Bard on Ettrick's mountains green
In nature's bosom nurs'd had been,
And oft had mark'd in forest lone
Her beauties on her mountain throne;
Had seen her deck the wild-wood tree,
And star with snowy gems the lea:
In loveliest colours paint the plain,
And sow the moor with purple grain.
By golden mead and mountain sheer,
Had viewed the Ettrick waving clear,
Where shadowy flocks of purest snow
Seem'd grazing in a world below.
Instead of ocean's billowy pride,
Where monsters play, and navies ride,
Oft had he view'd, as morning rose,
The bosom of the lonely Lowes,
Plough'd far by many a downy keel,
Of wild duck and of vagrant teal.
Oft thrill'd his heart at close of even,
To see the dappled vales of Heaven,
With many a mountain, moor and tree,
Asleep upon the Saint Mary.
The pilot swan majestic wind,
With all his cygnet fleet behind,
So softly sail, and swiftly row,
With sable oar and silken prow.
Instead of war's unhallowed form,
His eye had seen the thunder storm
Descend within the mountain's brim,
And shroud him in its chambers grim.
Then from its bowels burst amain
The sheeted flame and sounding rain,
And by the bolts in thunder borne,
The Heaven's own breast and mountain torn.
The wild roe from the forest driven;
The oaks of ages peel'd and riven;
Impending oceans whirl and boil,
Convulsed by nature's grand turmoil."

The redundancy of imagery to which we allude, has been greatly increased by that habit of comparison which is no less common to persons who have been bred in the solitude of nature, without much intercourse with men or books. One image is seldom sufficient to express or illustrate what they wish, and a multitude of

other images must be brought forward, all bearing different degrees of comparison—some being simply like to it, others a degree liker, and the last just the thing. Not unfrequently, too, these image hunters will get playful in their own way; for, after giving an indistinct anticipation of something important, in order to show their own fertility, and to try our curiosity a little, they will run over a long list of supposable circumstances, and very archly leave their readers to guess which of all these is the thing in question. Mr. Hogg is fully as culpable as any of his fraternity in this bantering manner of description. The following is one out of many passages, where it has betrayed him into very deliberate nonsense:

" The abbot from his casement high
Look'd out to see the peep of day;
The scene that met the abbot's eye
Fill'd him with wonder and dismay.
'Twas *not* the dews of dawning mild,
The mountain's hues of silver gray;
Nor yet the Ettrick's windings wild,
By belted holm and bosky brae;
Nor moorland Rankleburn, that rav'd
By covert, clough, and greenwood shaw;
Nor dappled flag of day, that wav'd
In streamers pale from Gilmans-law:
But many a doubted ox there lay
At rest upon the castle lea;
And there he saw his gallant gray,
And all the steeds of Torwoodlee."

Now, we must beg to remark, that it could never enter any man's head to suppose that it was " the dews of dawning mild," " Ettrick's windings wild," or any thing else in the negative part of the description, that filled the abbot with *dismay*; and though it is no doubt extremely witty in the poet, it makes the abbot look very foolish to suppose that he could mistake the silver gray of the morning for his own gallant gray, or a bosky brae for a herd of oxen.

Like all other persons, too, not far advanced in information, the author is a great deal too much given to wonder and astonishment. If he wishes to acquire that mastery over the minds of his readers, which results from being convincing and pleasing at the same time, he must learn to curb that aspiring after the grand which pervades his poetry, and leads him too often into the wildest extravagance. A mountain *disturbing the moon in passing by—a bee playing upon a bugle—an angel travelling on skaits*—and a number of

other conceptions which we could enumerate, are mere caricatures upon nature.

There is one thing which must be allowed of the volume before us, and which can seldom be said of the production of a person so little favoured by education;—it is free from vulgarity. Our astonishment, we confess, has been greatly excited by the delicacy of thought, and still greater delicacy of expression, which everywhere pervade it, and which are evidently more the dictates of the writer's own genius, brightened and matured by constant exercise, than the result of any knowledge which he can have acquired of the various models in either ancient or modern literature. The reader may be pleased to see an instance of the progress which the author has made from coarseness to refinement since the period of his last publication. The following is a description of a female in the style of *The Mountain Bard*:

"An' Nelly was a bonny lass,
Fu' sweet and ruddy was her mou';
Her een war like twa *beads of glass*,
Her brow was white like *Cheviot woo*,
Her cheeks war bright as heather bells,
Her bosom like December snaw,
Her teeth as pure as *egg-shells*,
Her hair was like the hoody craw."

How exquisitely different is the description of the heiress of Locherben, weeping over the body of her brother, who had fallen at the battle of Dumlanrig.

"Is it a sprite that roams forlorn?
Or angel from the bowers of morn,
Come down a tear of heaven to shed
In pity o'er the valiant dead?
No vain, no fleeting phantom this!
No vision from the bowers of bliss!
Its radiant eye and stately tread
Bespeak some beauteous mountain maid;
No rose of Eden's bosom meek
Could match that maiden's moistened cheek;
No drifted wreath of morning snow,
The whiteness of her lofty brow;
Nor gem of India's purest die,
The lustre of her eagle eye.

"When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
First stretched the arm to deeds of sin;
When passion burned, and prudence slept,
The pitying angels bent and wept.

But tears more soft were never shed,
No, not when angels bowed the head;
A sigh more mild did never breathe
O'er human nature whelmed in death,
Nor wo and dignity combine
In face so lovely, so benign,
As Douglas saw that dismal hour,
Bent o'er a corpse on Cample moor—
A lady o'er her shield, her trust,
A brave, an only brother's dust."

It gives us real pleasure, upon the whole, to reflect, that of all we have stated as exceptionable in the author's poetry, there is nothing which may not in like manner be expected to give way to more enlarged views of human nature, and to a more cultivated taste in letters; and if the strictures which we have made shall be of any service in pointing out to the author the straight-onward way to excellence, criticism will then have performed its most pleasing, because its most useful, purpose. The author evidently possesses all the materials of a great poet, and a susceptibility of improvement adequate to the very highest efforts. Free from that extreme conceit which too often obstructs the way of self-taught geniuses, it is gratifying to see that no censure has ever had the effect of making him adhere with pertinacity to his errors, nor any praise induced him to relax in his exertions to do better. This is truly a noble quality, and one which leads us to anticipate every thing we could wish from his future labours. But let the reader not forget how much his hope and stay in these labours consist in the applause and support of the public; he has thrown himself upon its protection, and we trust that his merits, his difficulties, and the promise of his talents, will not fail to make their due impression. No man, we are persuaded, who has a right feeling for genius and worth, can read the following farewell address of the author to his native Ettrick without sympathizing in his regrets, and entertaining an earnest desire to brush away that melancholy which the uncertainty of his prospects seems so naturally to excite.

"O Ettrick! shelter of my youth!
Thou sweetest glen of all the south!
Thy fairy tales, and songs of yore,
Shall never fire my bosom more.
Thy winding glades, and mountains wild,
The scenes that pleased me when a child,
Each verdant vale, and flowery lea,
Still in my midnight dreams I see;
And waking oft, I sigh for thee.
Thy hapless bard, though forced to roam
A far from thee without a home,

Still there his glowing breast shall turn,
Till thy green bosom fold his urn.
Then, underneath thy mountain stone,
Shall sleep unnoticed and unknown."

Unnoticed he shall not, as long as there is an honest chronicler left to record the exertions of humble and unassisted genius to raise itself from obscurity to a place in the volume of fame; and unknown he never can be, while a taste remains for genuine and unaffected sentiment—for bold and original thought—dressed in all the most witching charms of poetry.

The Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, during the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, *and* 1803. *Written by himself, in the Persian language. Translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. M. A. S. Professor of Oriental Languages in the Hon. East-India Company's College, Herts.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 738.

[From the Monthly Review.]

ALTHOUGH we have long ago had various works under the title of Persian Spies, and other assumed Asiatic designations, the present is, we believe, the first authentic book of the kind. A tour in Europe, by an Orientalist, for the purpose of observing and reporting national manners, is so unexpected a novelty as to possess the strongest claim to the attention of the curious; and this claim acquires additional force when the traveller is found to be a man of considerable experience and knowledge of the world. Fortunately, this work was ushered into notice under circumstances which leave no doubt of its authenticity. The writer was personally known to thousands during his abode in London in 1800 and 1801; and however Professor Stewart may have improved the style and arrangement in translating the narrative, his character affords satisfactory security against any suspicion of interpolation. Under these circumstances, the Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb possess interest both on the ground of originality and on that of utility; and those of our readers, who have not had an opportunity of perusing the volumes, will probably receive with satisfaction the brief abstract which we shall now endeavour to give.

Abu Taleb, or, as he is here termed, Mirza Abu Taleb, was born at Lucknow, in 1752, of Persian parents, and was employed early in life as a district collector of revenue under the govern-

ment of Oude: but, in the progress of the dissensions in that country after the year 1780, he was left without protection from political enemies, and found it necessary to repair to Bengal. Here, notwithstanding the favourable disposition of Lord Cornwallis, Sir John Shore, (now Lord Teignmouth,) and others, he remained, year after year, without employment. His dependents, seeing no prospect of his getting into office, successively left him; and at last, in 1799, an English gentleman, his intimate friend, having invited him to accompany him to Europe, the dejected Persian accepted the offer, in the gloomy anticipation that in a "journey so long and replete with danger, some accident might occur to deliver him from the anxieties of the world and the ingratitude of mankind." Impatient to leave Calcutta, they embarked on board a Danish Indiaman; in which, besides obtaining only indifferent accommodation, they unfortunately had to deal with a selfish unprincipled captain. Their situation was not improved by having as a shipmate a "Mr. G——d, a very passionate and delicate gentleman," the *quondam* husband of Madame Talleyrand. Abu Taleb afterwards met this person at Paris, soliciting an official appointment through the lady's interest; a point which he actually carried, having received a nomination under the Dutch government at the Cape.

After a disagreeable passage, attended with considerable danger, the Danish ship anchored in False Bay at the Cape; and the passengers, disgusted both with the vessel and the captain, proceeded to Cape-town. Here Abu Taleb had the first opportunity of seeing a city built in the European style. He was highly pleased with it; and, though nowise partial to the character of the Dutch inhabitants, he found means to pass some time between town and country in a course of agreeable and useful observations. Taking his passage from the Cape to Europe on board a British vessel, he was enabled to see Saint Helena by the way, and arrived in the latitude of the English channel in the beginning of December, 1799.

In the case of a traveller to whom European sights and manners were so strange, it is of some importance to take notice of the first impressions. The Cove of Cork was the place at which Abu Taleb first set his foot on European ground; and the extent and circular form of the bay, the verdure of the hills, the appearance of the town on one side, and the neat houses and romantic cottages on the other, with the forts and the number of surrounding vessels, conveyed to his mind the most pleasing sensations. At Cork he was struck with the elegance of the shops, but disappointed by the low situation of the town, and the dirtiness of the streets; which last appearance, however, was owing, in a great measure, to the season of the year. On entering his hotel, he was

gratified with the commodious extent of the apartments and the prompt attention of the servants, which formed a complete contrast to the slowness of his countrymen. The regularity of the houses, and their height, but particularly the glass in the windows, were all objects of attention to an Asiatic traveller. The next occurrence was a visit to the country-house of a gentleman:

"I was particularly pleased with his cook-room, it being the first regular kitchen I had seen: the dressers for holding china, the racks for depositing the dishes after they were washed, the pipes of cold and boilers of hot water, which, merely by turning a cock, were supplied in any quantity that could be required, with the machinery for roasting meat, which was turned with smoke, all excited my admiration."

Aware of the multiplicity of servants required by our countrymen in India, Abu Taleb declares that his Irish friend lived as comfortably on his small property of a few hundreds a-year, as an English gentleman in India could do on an annual income of a lack of rupees. (12,500l.) He proves himself, throughout his journey, to be remarkably attentive to the ladies, and the first specimen of that disposition is given in his account of the nieces of this gentleman's family.

"These ladies during dinner, honoured me with the most marked attention; and as I had never before experienced so *much courtesy from beauties*, I was lost in admiration. After dinner these angels made tea for us; and one of them having asked me if it was sweet enough, I replied, that, having been made by such hands, it could not but be sweet. On hearing this all the company laughed, and my fair one blushed like a rose of Damascus."

When travelling from Cork to Dublin in the mail-coach, he was highly amused at the readiness with which the people of the inns, on hearing the sound of the horn, prepared the fresh horses, and avoided delay: but he was greatly mortified at the shortness of time allowed for meals on the road. He was remarkably delighted with the view, transient as it was, of Kilkenny, and employed the interval allowed to breakfast in catching a glance of the river, as well as of the gardens and orchards on the opposite side.

At Dublin, his attention was attracted by the regularity of the streets, the elegance of the houses and furniture, and particularly by the singular union of utility and ornament in our grates, or, as he terms them, "the steel and brass machines for holding fire." The shops of the jewellers and haberdashers, and the splendid appearance, at night, of long ranges of lighted lamps, formed in his eyes new and captivating objects. The beauty of the Phœnix-

park, and the delightful prospect in Dublin-bay, afforded him much gratification, and made him exclaim that he no longer wondered that our countrymen in India should consider that region merely as a temporary sojourn. In delineations of national character, we have seldom met with a more downright or explicit writer than Abu Taleb. Though very far from giving the Irish the praise of prudence and judgment, he pays a merited compliment to their attention to strangers; and he remarks that they understood his signs and broken English much better than their fellow-subjects on this side of the Channel:

"The Irish, by reason of their liberality and prodigality, seldom have it in their power to assist their friends in pecuniary matters: they are generally in straitened circumstances themselves, and therefore cannot, or do not, aim at the comforts and elegance of the English; neither do they take pains to acquire riches and honours like the Scotch, by limiting their expenses when in the receipt of good incomes, and paying attention to the Great. In consequence of this want of prudence they seldom attain to high dignities, and but few of them, comparatively, make much progress in science. Their great national defect, however, is excess in drinking. The rich expend a vast deal in wine; and the common people consume immense quantities of a fiery spirit called *whiskey*."—

"The Irish *women* have not such elegance of manners, nor the handsome eyes and hair of the English; neither are they as tall nor so good figures as the Scotch; but they have much finer complexions, are warm in their affections, lively, and agreeable.

"For some time after my arrival in Dublin, I was greatly incommoded by the common people crowding round me, whenever I went out. They were all very curious to see me, but had no intention of offending me. Some said I must be the Russian general who had been for some time expected; others affirmed I was either a German or Spanish nobleman; but the greater part agreed that I was a Persian *prince*. One day, a great crowd having assembled about me, a shopkeeper advised me to walk into his house, and to sit down until they should disperse. I accepted his kind invitation, and went into the shop, where I amused myself by looking at some penknives, scissors, &c. The people, however, thronged so about his windows that several of the panes were broken; and the crowd being very great, it was in vain to ask who had done it.

"About a fortnight after my arrival, there fell a very heavy shower of snow. As I had never before seen any thing of the kind, I was much delighted by it. The roofs of the houses and tops of the walls were soon covered with it, and in two or three days the fields and mountains became a white surface, as far as the eye could reach. During the time it continued to snow, the cold was not very great; but when it ceased, notwithstanding I had all my doors and windows shut, and had three blankets on my bed, I felt the frost pierce through *me like* an arrow. The fire had scarce any effect on me; for while I

warmed one side I was frozen on the other; and I frequently burned my fingers before I was aware of the heat. At length I discovered that the best remedy was walking; and during the continuation of the frost I walked every day seven or eight miles. I was apprehensive that my health would have suffered from the severity of the climate; but, on the contrary, I had a keen appetite, and found myself every day get stronger and more active.

"I recollect that in India, when I only wore a single vest of Dacca muslin, if I walked a mile, I was completely tired; but here, when my clothes would have been a heavy load for an ass, I could have run for miles without feeling the smallest fatigue."

After having remained nearly two months in Dublin, the Persian traveller proceeded, by Holyhead and Chester to London. Here he was greatly puzzled to find suitable lodgings, a hot and a cold bath being primary requisites in his consideration. Margaret Street, Upper Berkley Street, Rathbone Place, and Ibbotson's hotel, were successively his places of abode; the last of which proved very convenient, but was unluckily beyond the reach of his finances. He was in the habit of visiting all places of public amusement, and found himself so exhilarated by the coolness of the climate, and the attention of his friends, that he "followed the advice of the divine Hafiz, and freely gave himself up to love and gayety." He made frequent excursions to the country, and visited Windsor, Oxford, and Blenheim; at which last, the extent and beauty of the grounds struck him so forcibly, as for a time to "efface all other objects from his recollection." London, however, was the chief scene of his residence, and the field of his observations. He attended clubs, balls, and even masquerades.

"I one day received an *invitation card* from a lady, on which was written, only, 'Mrs. —— at home on ———— evening.' At first I thought it meant an assignation; but, on consulting one of my friends, I was informed that the lady gave a *rout* that night; and that a rout meant an assemblage of people, without any particular object; that the mistress of the house had seldom time to say more to any of her guests than to inquire after their health: but that the servants supplied them with tea, coffee, ice, &c.; after which they had liberty to depart, and make room for others. I frequently afterwards attended these routs, to some of which three or four hundred persons came during the course of the night."

He was greatly pleased with the goodness of our roads and stage-coaches, but found very different feelings excited by the wonderful prices of our provisions. "In England," he says, "a good appetite is a serious evil to a poor man." With all his susceptibility of female charms, Abu Taleb approves of keeping the

ladies under "salutary restraints," and even seems satisfied with that ungracious part of our statute-book which permits a "man to beat his wife with a stick, provided he does not endanger the breaking of a limb." He was much surprised at the freedom of the lower orders towards their superiors; and at the comfortable condition of the servants, who, he says, (p. 264.) "sleep not on the floor but on raised beds, and are as well clothed as their masters." Adverting to the numerous servants who accompany a gentleman out of doors in India, he adds, "I can scarcely describe the pleasure I felt, upon my first arrival in Europe, in being able to walk out unattended, to make my own bargains in the shops, and to talk to whom I pleased; so different from our customs."

The traveller next comes to the important point of our national character, and gives us fresh proofs of his rigid impartiality. Beginning with the lower orders, he laments their unlucky propensity to appropriate to themselves the property of others, in consequence of which he found that "we were obliged to keep our doors shut, and not to permit an unknown person to enter them." His next objection regards our national pride. "Elated," he says, "with a long continuance of power and good fortune, we entertain no apprehension of adversity." A third charge, more serious still, applies to our deficiency in religious faith, and an inclination among many to philosophy, or freethinking. In addition to these imputations, he accuses us of a want of courtesy to our inferiors, as well as of an unnecessary and troublesome luxury in our mode of living. The Arabs and Tartars, he remarks, (vol. 2. p. 36.) made their conquests neither by dint of numbers, nor by superiority of armour, but by the paucity of their wants. An "English gentleman living at the court end of the town, when reproached with waste of time, will reply, 'How is it to be avoided?' I answer, curtail the number of your garments; render your dress simple; wear your beards; and give up less of your time to eating, drinking, and sleeping."—He is by no means pleased that we should not be more ready to acknowledge our national defects, and he dislikes all palliatives; such as that "no nation was ever exempt from vices," or "so long as we are not worse than our neighbours, there is no danger," &c. This reasoning, he adds, is false: for fire, whether in summer or winter, is still inflammable; and the smothered flame will break out, in the sequel, with double violence. He is particularly severe on the unfortunate authors who run, he says, to the press as soon as they have acquired a smattering of a subject:

"The portion of science and truth contained in many of these books is very small; besides it is more difficult to eradicate an erro-

neous opinion once contracted than to implant correct ideas in a mind uncultivated. Far be it from me to depreciate the angelic character of Sir William Jones; but his Persian grammar, having been written when he was a very young man, is, in many places, very defective; and it is much to be regretted that his public avocations, and other studies, did not permit him to revise it, after he had been some years in India."

On turning to the reverse of the picture, Abu Taleb is by no means backward in giving us credit for a number of good qualities. Our high sense of honour, our readiness to hazard life in order to wipe off slander, our regard to principle in the pursuit of ambition, our charity to the lower orders, and our preference in many respects of things useful to things brilliant, are all points new to this Asiatic observer, and entitling us, in his opinion, to much praise. Yet, after this commendatory description, he falls into bad humour at several of our customs. The surprising number of our turnpikes, and still more the endless demands on the pocket of a stranger who visits our cathedrals, or "tombs of the kings," are by no means to his taste. A more serious objection regards the use of feather beds; "All my other Indian customs (he says) I laid aside without difficulty, but sleeping in the English mode cost me much trouble. In the depth of winter the softness of a feather bed is bearable; but as the weather becomes warm, it is productive of great relaxation."

It is some satisfaction for these serious rebukes, that the manners of the French attracted a still larger share of the author's disapprobation. After having resided between two and three years in London, he bade adieu to that "beloved city," and passed over, in 1802, into France. Here the clumsiness of the stage-coaches reminded him of a Hindoostany carriage drawn by oxen; and the cows and other animals were thin and poor, appearing like those of the east, although the soil and climate were evidently better than in England. The coarse looks of the country-women, and the filth of the inns as well as of the Parisian coffee-houses, formed additional objects of unpleasant contrast to the scene which he had just left. It was in vain that he sought in Paris a clean and retired lodging; he could obtain no reception but in buildings of many stories in height, and containing perhaps fifty persons in their various apartments. The lofty grandeur, however, of these stone edifices on the outside, formed some kind of counterpoise to the want of comfort within; while the number of hot and cold baths, and particularly the convenience of those which are constructed on boats moored in the river, was a source of high gratification; and the impression produced by the magnificent pictures in the Louvre was such as to make him think that the sights

in Dublin and London were little better than playthings. In treating of the French character, he makes a very fair statement of both sides of the question:

"The public library of Paris contains nearly a million of books, in various languages, and upon all subjects. Its establishment is the most liberal I have anywhere met with, as the people are permitted to enter it gratis, and have not only permission to read there the whole day, but to make extracts, or even to copy any book in the collection."—

"Whilst travelling, or when dining at French ordinaries, I was frequently surprised to see with what good humour the gentlemen put up with bad food, and worse wine; and whenever I complained, they took great pains to persuade me the things were not so bad, or that the master of the house was not in fault. The French appear always happy, and do not vex themselves with business; for immediately after dinner, they walk out, and amuse themselves, till midnight, in visiting the gardens, and other places of recreation.—

"In some instances, I think the French have too much apathy and want of exertion, and that the servants take advantage of the forbearance of the better classes. In a London coffee-house, if a gentleman calls for *breakfast*, the waiter will at once bring him all the requisites on a tray, and afterwards eggs or fruit, if called for. This he does to avoid running backward and forward; to which the English have a great objection. But in Paris, although the waiter perfectly knows by experience what articles are requisite, he will first bring the coffee, then the sugar, a third time the milk, and before you can possibly breakfast, he must have made half a dozen trips to the bar."—

"On beholding these inert qualities in the French, I was convinced that, notwithstanding their numbers, skill and bravery, *they will never gain the superiority over the English;* who, although inferior in strength of armies, are persevering, and indefatigable in resources and contrivances. It really astonishes me how the French, being so deficient in energy and perseverance, should have acquired so much fame and power.

"The French women are tall, and more corpulent than the English, but bear no comparison with respect to beauty. They want the simplicity, modesty, and graceful motions of the English damsels. They were also painted to an excessive degree, were very forward and great talkers. The waists of their gowns were so short and full bodied, that the women appeared humpbacked; whilst the drapery in front was so scanty as barely to conceal half their bosoms. Although I am by nature amorous, and easily affected at the sight of beauty, and visited every public place in Paris, I never met with a French woman who interested me."

From Paris Abu Taleb proceeded southward by way of Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles; a journey during which he had ample reason to regret the convenience of English travelling. At Mar-

seilles he embarked for Genoa, and found the aspect of that city and its bay one of the most delightful which he had yet seen. The custom in Italy, of allowing the ladies to be attended by cicisbeos, appeared not a little extraordinary to this jealous Orientalist. He was in hopes of obtaining a sight of Florence, Rome, and Naples, but was deterred from undertaking the journey by the report of an epidemic fever which raged with great violence in the interior of Italy. At Leghorn, the closeness of the town, and the apparent selfishness of many of the inhabitants, rendered his stay uncomfortable; so that his Italian tour, limited as was its extent, afforded him very little satisfaction, otherwise than in gratifying his taste for music:

"The inhabitants of Genoa are all proficients in the science of music, and possess a greater variety of instruments than I have seen elsewhere. One night I was reposing on my bed, when I was roused by the most charming melody in the street I had ever heard. I started up, and involuntarily ran down stairs to the street door, but found it was locked, and the key taken away; I therefore hastened again to my room, and felt every inclination to throw myself out of the window; when, fortunately, the musicians stopped, and my senses returned.

"I had frequently been informed, in London, that the Italians excelled all the world in their skill in music; and I here acknowledge that the Indian, Persian, and Western Europe music, bears the same comparison to the Italian, that a mill does to a fine-toned organ.

From Leghorn he proceeded to Malta, where he was very agreeably surprised to find the language contain a great mixture of Arabic. Though the Maltese is chiefly compounded of Greek, Italian, and French, the pronounciation approaches very much to the Arabic, the letters S, Z, and T, being the same in both languages. His next voyage was to Constantinople, in the course of which he had a distant prospect of many classic scenes: but with these he was not strongly impressed, his knowledge of history being limited to the records of modern Persia and India. Athens he briefly describes as the "birthplace of Plato, of Diogenes the cynic, and of several other celebrated philosophers." Constantinople, as usual, was delightful at a distance, and very much otherwise on close inspection. He disliked the perpetual smoking of the Turks, the dirt of their inns, and their idle conversations carried on in their coffee-houses in a loud tone of voice. He remarked that, though the atmosphere of this metropolis is cold during a considerable part of the year, the Turks have no idea whatever of the benefit of taking exercise. A Pasha enters his hall of audience, in the morning, by a small door communicating with his harem, remains there during the day, and retires at night by the same door, without even looking into his garden. The load

by a Nemmander, or conductor, appointed by gover
journey, in itself unavoidably uncomfortable, was r
disagreeable by the character of his guide. From
to Bagdad is a distance of nearly 1,900 English mi
travelled over by him in somewhat less than tw
Bagdad, as at Bussora, he underwent, partly from
bility and partly from other causes, a repetition of
all of which, however, were forgotten in the hospi
of Governor Duncan at Bombay. Here a passag
for him on board a frigate going round to Calc
landed in August, 1803, after an absence of n
years.

The work is concluded by an Appendix, conta
tract on the treatment of women in Asia; a subj
suggested to Abu Taleb by the notion prevalent
the fair sex in the East live in a state of thraldom
vations are curious, chiefly as communicating the
strike the imagination of an Orientalist as productiv
in national habits. The Asiatic women appear to
greater liberty of the two; possessing, he says,
authority over the property of their husbands, and
vants, as well as over the education, the religion, ar
of their children. At the same time, the Asiatic
trouble in entertaining the guests, or attending to
the husband. If a divorce happens to take pla
mother does not, as in Europe, relinquish all her
husband, but carries away her daughters and he
step, indeed, which she will have little hesitation i
occurrence of a quarrel of less consequence than th
to a permanent separation. Polygamy does not e

of teasing her husband; such as "keeping dinner waiting for her coming to table; visiting her own friends frequently, and remaining day after day under their roof, though repeatedly entreated by her husband to return;" all of which, it seems, are put in practice for the sake of keeping a hold on the husband's affection. Another assertion of Abu Taleb, and one which, we confess, rather startled us, is, (p. 416.) that the "Asiatics appear by their manners to place a greater reliance on a wife's discretion than the Europeans." "Here," he says, "custom prevents a married lady from going abroad without the company of a friend, and to sleep from home would be at variance with all rule; whereas in the East a wife will go unattended to the house of a lady of her acquaintance, though their husbands should be strangers, and will remain there a week without its being thought any thing unusual." Next, as to the custom in Asia, of ladies not entering into the society of gentlemen, and not even seeing them, the motive, says Abu Taleb, is choice, not compulsion; because, in the East, the house-doors being kept open all the day, the females could not, without such a precaution, be free from incessant interruption, or find leisure for domestic employments. In Europe, were commodities as cheap and servants as numerous as in India, "we might (he observes) see a separate house, table, and equipage, for the wife." Finally, he thinks it would be the practice to keep females out of sight in Europe as much as it is in India, did not the coldness of the climate require exercise in the open air; while the necessity of participating in the active duties of life calls for a degree of experience on the part of a woman, which retired habits would not afford. In India, on the other hand, the duty of a wife is limited to the simple charge of taking care of her husband's property, and of bringing up her children.

This singular and amusing production was reduced into its present shape by the author, after his return to Calcutta in 1803, from a journal commenced at the outset of his travels, and regularly continued. The book being published in MS. according to the Persian method, a copy came, in 1806, into the possession of a British officer, who procured a correct transcript of it at Allahabad; and this transcript, being brought over to England, was put into the hands of Mr. Stewart, who declares that he has translated it as literally as the different idioms of the two languages would permit. With all his solicitude, however, to adhere to the plan of the original, he found it necessary to retrench certain poetical effusions in which the author was very fond of indulging; as well as long lists of his friends at the principal places which he visited. A dissertation on anatomy, and a formidably long description of a hot-house, were likewise viewed by Mr. Stewart in the light of excrescences; but these retrenchments, with a

partial transposition of the chapters for the sake of connexion, form the only deviations from the original. The style of the translation is easy and perspicuous; and, whether the merit be due to the Persian or the Englishman, a great variety of observations will be found compressed in a smaller compass than is usual in books of travels.

By a short note appended to the second volume, we are concerned to learn that Abu Taleb did not long survive his return to India. He was appointed a district collector in Bundlecund, and died in that situation in 1806. His property having been much reduced by his various disappointments, the East-India Company settled a pension on his wife and family.

Those passages of the narrative on which we have forborne to dwell, relate chiefly to occurrences in European politics, and to observations on matters of government; because, though Abu Taleb's information, considering his previous habits, is by no means despicable, we must be prepared for less accuracy on such topics than on those which fall under ocular observation. He is accordingly somewhat incorrect in his report (vol. 2. p. 100.) of the circumstances of Buonaparte's usurpation in 1799; as well as of the resignation in 1801 (vol. 1. p. 274.) of Mr. Pitt and the other *viziers*. He mistakes likewise (vol. 1. p. 89.) the Western Islands for the West Indies; and in treating (vol. 2. p. 205.) of ancient history, he finds himself so much out of his latitude as to call Troy the residence of a "celebrated philosopher and poet, named Homer." Respecting another topic, we mean the abuses consequent on the introduction of British law into India, his opinion, and the arguments urged in its support, (vol. 2. p. 9.) deserve to be read with attention. On arriving in London, he entertained a project of teaching Persian, under the sanction of government and the India Company: but the men in office delayed to give an affirmative answer until a considerable time had elapsed, and his resolution was taken to return home. We question, however, whether he would have been found to have possessed sufficient temper and steadiness for the permanent discharge of such a task.

For the Analectic Magazine.

THE IDEA OF A TRUE PATRIOT.

GRAVE observers, who, by looking steadily at the troubled ocean of life, sometimes see a little beyond the surface, will be often struck with surprise at beholding the influence which mere names exercise over the opinions of the majority of the human race. They will indeed almost be inclined to believe that the generality of men have no other criterion to distinguish virtue from vice, and that Brutus was in the right when, in the bitterness of disappointment at the failure of his attempt to free his country, he exclaimed, "O virtue thou art but a *name!*"

Observing this propensity in mankind to be governed by names, wise men, I mean those enlightened persons who had cunning enough to perceive the foibles of their fellow creatures, and knavery enough to take advantage of them, did, at a very early period, invent a nomenclature most admirably calculated to break down the barrier between virtue and vice, and to confound them in the minds of unenlightened men. It was thus that persecution became piety; ill nature, candour; avarice, prudence; cunning, wisdom; and self-interest, patriotism—till at last divers philosophers, observing the singular operation of these disguised vices, began to doubt the very existence of virtue.

When, for instance, they saw a man who chose to call himself a patriot abandoning himself to dishonourable intrigues, inventing and giving currency to falsehood, and outraging all those duties which compose the ligaments of society—losing sight of those honourable principles and feelings which constitute the true dignity of man, and debasing himself to the level of pitiful hypocrisy—when they saw all this, they came to the preposterous conclusion that there was no such thing as true patriotism. But the more enlarged and enlightened philosophy of the present day has furnished a remedy for these seeming incongruities, and, by a most happy distinction, reconciled private with public virtue, by demonstrating that they are entirely distinct, nay, often diametrically opposite to each other.

In no age or country, perhaps, has patriotism been so plenty as in this. In the most virtuous periods of Greece and Rome it is melancholy to observe the dearth of patriots, lawgivers, and wise men. Seven wise men living at one time in Greece, gave immortality to the age; Solon and Lycurgus, by making laws for a couple of insignificant cities, were held up as objects of infinite admiration; and such was the scarcity of patriots that they were obliged to enlist Timoleon who killed his brother, and the elder Brutus who killed his son, in order to eke out the number. These instances clearly indicate the great superiority of the moderns over those ancients who are so insolently held up by most writers as objects of imitation; for there is hardly a village of this country that does not contain a man at least as wise in his neighbours' opinion as Thales; and one single city, as we read, called Gotham, actually produced at one time three wise men equally renowned with those of ancient Greece. As for legislators and patriots, every board of aldermen can turn out half a dozen of the one, and the others are as plenty and as cheap as mackarel.

In proportion, however, as the sect of patriots grew more numerous, it branched out into a variety of schisms, insomuch that the purity of its original source became polluted, and it is now extremely difficult to distinguish the genuine from the adulterated patriotism. I will therefore lay down some rules by which the true patriot may be recognised at first sight by persons of ordinary sagacity. There are certain characteristic and peculiar marks which enable an accurate observer at all times to discern which is the perfect, and which is the mixed or degenerate breed of animals. As I profess to have this power in a high degree, having handled many patriots in my time, the following marks may be relied on by those who may be inclined to the purchase of this species of live stock.

The true patriot is one who uniformly prefers his own interest to that of his country, and who has enlarged his mind to a perception of this great moral truth, that public is almost always incompatible with private virtue. These opinions are the foundation of the quality I am about analyzing, and without it no patriotism can be genuine, any more than Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead can be relied on without the doctor's own signature. Let us now inquire how the combination of these two great qualities operates to *produce infinite* benefit to the community at large.

This attachment of the true patriot to his own individual interest is founded on a most subtle construction, which is doubtless the true one, of the celebrated political axiom, that "the good of the whole is the same as the good of all its parts." This, rightly understood, inculcates the doctrine, that every man ought exclusively to take care of himself, which is in fact the great law of nature. Assuredly if the good of society consists in the prosperity of all its parts, the true way to attain that good is for each individual to cultivate his own interest at the expense of that of every body else. The greatest possible number of people will then become prosperous, and thus the good of the whole will be achieved in the easiest and most effectual manner.

Nothing in fact so forcibly exemplifies the presumptuous folly of mankind as their making a sacrifice of individual interest to the general benefit; or the arrogance of that patriotism which has for its object the good of a whole community. Attempts like these bespeak an utter ignorance of the limited powers of man, who, so far from being able to make others happy, can scarcely, with all his exertions, attain to a moderate degree of comfort himself. From this salutary conviction of the circumscribed sphere of mortal action, has doubtless arisen that indifference to the prosperity of others, manifested by many good men and true patriots, who wisely perceiving it was as much as they could do to make themselves tolerably comfortable in this world, very properly abandoned all solicitude for the welfare of others.

But however this opinion may be reconcilable to the feelings of the wise, it would be manifest folly in the true patriot to admit for a moment in public that it influences his conduct. That kind of honour which is proverbial among thieves, and which I suppose consists in throwing off all disguise among themselves, may possibly prompt him to unfold to his fraternity the noble principle by which he is actuated, but it will by no means suit his exalted purposes to make it public. There exists among unenlightened men a singular prejudice in favour of disinterestedness, even when it approaches to prodigality, and the thoughtless spendthrift, who in their apologetic language is nobody's enemy but his own, is always preferred to the thrifty citizen, who is nobody's friend.

It is therefore necessary that the true patriot should cautiously veil from the piercing eyes of the world, this exclusive feeling of self-interest, and adopt some ostensible motive more congenial to

the feelings of those whom he intends to make the instruments of his prosperity. Now I believe it will be found that mankind when they adopt a disguise, generally choose one most different from their real physiognomy; or when they assume a character, for the purpose of practising on the credulity of mankind, take that which is most opposite to their natures. Thus the drunkard will endeavour to put on an air of demure sobriety; the glutton will affect temperance, and complain of his want of appetite; the hypocrite laments his incapacity to disguise any thing from the world; the mountebank, being generally a very silly fellow, attempts to pass for a conjurer; and the true patriot, being governed by the great motive of individual interest, affects the exclusive pursuit of the interests of others.

Distinguished philosophers have surmised that a great portion of the knowledge of mankind was probably derived from a profound observation of the habits and instincts of brutes. If this opinion, so complimentary to my fellow men, should be just, we may suppose that the practice alluded to was suggested by the example of the bird, which cunningly allures the attention of the unpractised urchin from its nest, by seeming to direct her anxiety towards the opposite quarter. Thus we find the true patriot disavowing, with obtrusive clamour, every other object than that which is the most opposite in vulgar estimation, to his real pursuit, and decoying the attention of unwary observers from that point where all his hopes are centred.

Perhaps to those whose minds are stinted to the mere comprehension of plain, every-day, homespun virtue, this species of disguise may appear like hypocrisy. But as there are pious frauds, so there is, in the eye of sound patriotism, a pious hypocrisy. It is when a man condescends to deceive others, for the purpose of advancing the public good, or his own, which has been proved the same. And here I must beg leave to observe, that there is a most unreasonable and vulgar prejudice against the hypocrite, who in fact produces great benefit to society, and, though good for nothing himself, is the cause of much good in others. The mere appearance of virtue, say the casuists, is salutary, because it often leads others to be really so; as the impostor Mahomet drew after him thousands of sincere votaries.

I now come to the second grand principle of the true patriot, to wit, that the public good almost always demands the sacrifice

of private virtue, or, in other words, that one cannot be a good man and a great patriot at the same time, according to the usual acceptation.

In the pursuit of great objects, such as promoting or destroying the happiness of a nation, the most profound reasoners have held it allowable, nay praiseworthy, to dispense, if necessary, with those ordinary rules of action which govern men in common circumstances. Thus a man may lawfully do that in the attainment of a kingdom with great glory to himself, which, if done to gain a farm, would utterly demolish his reputation, and forthwith bring him to the gallows. In the usual routine of private life, it is held a crime against the society of which we are members, to utter or to publish wilful falsehoods; to blacken the good name of our neighbour; to vilify a large portion of our countrymen; or to make it our daily labour to foment divisions, sharpen animosities, and nourish the most unkind antipathies among the different classes of our fellow citizens. Nothing, indeed, but the purest patriotism can justify these breaches of common law virtue, and none but a true patriot possesses the chymical power of changing, by an analysis that would confound the experimental science of Sir Humphrey Davy himself, these breaches of private duties into public benefits.

But the solution of this difficulty is easy enough; this seeming inconsistency arising altogether out of that opposition which exists between private and public virtue, which are by ignorant people so preposterously confounded together. The true patriot is however aware of this distinction; accordingly, despising the little everyday duties that are eternally in a man's way, he frames a more enlarged and liberal code of morality, admirably adapted to a lofty genius elevated above the petty prejudices that circumscribe the actions of little men. The noble maxim that "The end justifies the means" forms the guide of his conduct, and he does not scruple to become a bad citizen, and bad neighbour—a false friend, or an unprincipled betrayer, for the good of his country, or what is the same thing, the good of himself. But it is only the true patriot, and one, too, of the first order, who can rise to that degree of sublime public virtue, which consists in the sacrifice of those heart-subduing ties that take such fast hold of weaker men, and restrain them from effectually contributing to the individual-general prosperity.

Indeed it requires not only great strength of mind in the true patriot to enable him to practise this ardent species of virtue, but also great depth of reasoning to discover that it is really virtue, and that of the rarest kind, because its difficulties are increased by the opposition of early imbibed modes of thinking, as well as natural feelings. It was this sublime patriotism which enabled the elder Brutus to condemn his offspring to death, and inspired the younger one to stab his benefactor. These exploits have accordingly been made the theme of historic eulogy; and nothing furnishes a stronger proof of the injustice of fame, than that nobody has thought proper to celebrate the singular virtue of Peter the Great of Russia, who condemned his only son to death; or of Francis Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry the Fourth of France.—To be sure, the purity of the great Peter's act is sullied by the fact that the son deserved his fate; and Ravaillac is deprived of half the splendour of his achievement on account of his having had no tie of gratitude to restrain him. And besides the one was a Muscovite, the other a Frenchman, while Brutus had the fortune of being a Roman, a name which, through the caprice of history, has become inseparably connected with virtue.

But ignorant people, who only comprehend that simple virtue which depends on no refinement of reasoning, and requires no metaphysical logic to define, nor any careful chymical analysis to ascertain its quality, are altogether incapable of conceiving this exalted species of patriotism, which consists in the sacrifice of our noblest feelings. The only instance I remember of the kind in this country, is that of the famous Indian Chief Colonel Brandt, who put his son to death with as little compunction as either Brutus or Peter the Great. But the detractors from his merit say he was intoxicated at the time; if so, the palm must still rest with the Roman, who performed his sacrifice in cold blood.

With regard, however, to what may be considered the relative duties of man in his social and political capacity, and how, as the member of a community, his duty as a citizen is at war with his feelings as a mere individual, is a question of extreme nicety.—People who suppose that it is as easy to find out what is really virtue, as it is to practise it, argue with an utter ignorance of the subject. All the subtlety of the most acute genius is necessary to ascertain the almost imperceptible line of distinction between *moral turpitude* and true patriotism; or how far it is the duty of a

man to violate, in the character of a patriot, those principles which constitute his rule of action as a mere private man. That such a difficulty does really exist is demonstrated by the vast number of great books which have been written for the purpose of defining virtue, in which she appears in as many forms as Proteus, and is sometimes treated as a goddess, at others like an impostor. In these books dreadful are the conflicts between private and public duties, which seem, like the ancient English and Scotish borderers, to have been always at war, and committing depredations on each other's territories.

The true patriot having learned to distinguish between these conflicting duties, proceeds upon the only true principle, that of sacrificing the lesser virtues to the greater. Thus it is the duty of a man to speak the truth; to be faithful to his friend; and to deal justly to all mankind in common cases. But if the true patriot finds out, which in fact he can always do by the aid of his superior sagacity, that the government of his country is in the hands of the worst men in it, who will if let alone inevitably bring it to ruin; or, on the other hand, if he discovers that the party opposed to the administration only want to get the power into their hands to ruin the country themselves—in either of these cases it certainly becomes his duty to save it from destruction by every means in his power.

If, then, in the pursuit of this noble object, he descends to the most ignoble actions, and scruples not to violate the truth—to betray private confidence, to blast the good name of his neighbour—to resort to habitual calumnies, and, in short, descend to the level of unprincipled vice—still this dereliction of those principles which usually govern common minds, is precisely what constitutes the superiority of patriotism over every other virtue. It is no very extraordinary exertion to practise virtue, when it is attended with no violation of those feelings and attachments which are so closely connected with the human heart. But to enter into fellowship with fraud and hypocrisy; to break the early ties of youthful intimacy; to combat in the lowest arena of life, and to make a noble sacrifice of the respect of all men of honour, for the good of our country, is a species of virtue incontestably allied to excellence, inasmuch as it possesses the unalienable attribute of all perfection, that of most nearly approaching its opposite extreme.

It has long been held a great stretch of virtue to consent even

for a little while to shroud the character—to become the voluntary martyr of infamy, and to *appear* vitious, for the sake of some eventual good. What, then, is due to that exemplary patriot who condescends to *be* so, in the pure hope that public happiness, and the individual-general good, will at last spring from this disinterested sacrifice, even as the safety of Rome was achieved by devoting to destruction whatever was most precious among its citizens.

Men of the usual level of virtue are apt to be governed by the old maxim, that evil must never be done that good may come of it —a maxim which if strictly adhered to, would demolish all true patriots under the sun. Their very vocation consists in doing evil that good may come of it, and in nobly sacrificing private feelings, that is, the private feelings of others, to their conception of the public good. For instance, now, some men of good intentions but narrow views, would suppose they were acting the parts of true patriots by maintaining the truth, by inculcating a union of sentiment in points of importance among members of the same community; by doing every thing in their power to preserve their domestic peace; and by infusing into the minds of all within the sphere of their influence that national regard for our countrymen which forms the best cement of civil society. The genuine patriot, on the contrary, forthwith devests himself of these meaner principles that circumscribe the actions of little men, and, scorning that paltry candour which deals justice even to an enemy—that narrow-minded bigotry which adheres to the truth even when falsehood might subserve its interests—that treasonable friendship which clings even to the remains of expiring confidence, and hovers over the dying embers of affection—and that chicken-hearted candour which impels us to acknowledge that men who differ in opinion may be equally honest—he spurs on triumphantly to the attainment of that individual wealth, which has been demonstrated to be the only legitimate foundation of national prosperity. P.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

In the present times, when popular feeling is gradually becoming hardened by war, and selfish by the frequent jeopardy of life or property, it is certainly an inauspicious moment to speak in behalf of a race of beings, whose very existence has been pronounced detrimental to public security. But it is good at all times to raise the voice of truth, however feeble; to endeavour if possible to mitigate the fury of passion and prejudice, and to turn aside the bloody hand of violence. Little interest, however, can probably be awakened at present, in favour of the misguided tribes of Indians that have been drawn into the present war. The rights of the savage have seldom been deeply appreciated by the white man—in peace he is the dupe of mercenary rapacity; in war he is regarded as a ferocious animal, whose death is a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered and he is sheltered by impunity—and little mercy is to be expected from him who feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy.

It has been the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of this country, to be doubly wronged by the white men—first, driven from their native soil by the sword of the invader, and then darkly slandered by the pen of the historian. The former has treated them like beasts of the forest; the latter has written volumes to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize; the latter to abuse than to discriminate. The hideous appellations of savage and pagan, were sufficient to sanction the deadly hostilities of both; and the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted and dishonoured, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

The same prejudices seem to exist, in common circulation, at the present day. We form our opinions of the Indian character from the miserable hordes that infest our frontiers. These, however, are degenerate beings, enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its arts of living. The independence

of thought and action, that formed the main pillar of their character, has been completely prostrated, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are debased by conscious inferiority, and their native courage completely daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbours. Society has advanced upon them like a many-headed monster, breathing every variety of misery. Before it went forth pestilence, famine, and the sword; and in its train came the slow, but exterminating curse of trade. What the former did not sweep away, the latter has gradually blighted. It has increased their wants, without increasing the means of gratification. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, blasted the powers of their minds, and superinduced on their original barbarity the low vices of civilization. Poverty, repining and hopeless poverty—a canker of the mind unknown to sylvan life—corrodes their very hearts.—They loiter like vagrants through the settlements, among spacious habitations replete with artificial comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes, but they are expelled from the banquet. The forest which once furnished them with ample means of subsistence has been levelled to the ground—waving fields of grain have sprung up in its place; but they have no participation in the harvest; plenty revels around them, but they are starving amidst its stores; the whole wilderness blossoms like a garden, but they feel like the reptiles that infest it.

How different was their case while yet the undisputed lords of the soil. Their wants were few, and the means of gratifying them within their reach. They saw every one around them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, living in the same cabins, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments. No roof then rose, but what was open to the houseless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees, but he was welcome to sit down by its fire, and join the hunter in his repast. "For," says an old historian of New England, "their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those things they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate that rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all: thus do they pass their time merrily, not regard-

ing our pomp, but are better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of." Such were the Indians while in the pride and energy of primitive simplicity: they resemble those wild plants that thrive best in the shades of the forest, but which shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.

In the general mode of estimating the savage character, we may perceive a vast degree of vulgar prejudice, and passionate exaggeration, without any of the temperate discussion of true philosophy. No allowance is made for the difference of circumstances, and the operations of principles under which they have been educated. Virtue and vice, though radically the same, yet differ widely in their influence on human conduct, according to the habits and maxims of the society in which the individual is reared. No being acts more rigidly from rule than the Indian. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general maxims early implanted in his mind. The moral laws that govern him, to be sure, are but few, but then he conforms to them all. The white man abounds in laws of religion, morals, and manners; but how many does he violate?

A common cause of accusation against the Indians is, the faithlessness of their friendships, and their sudden provocations to hostility. But we do not make allowance for their peculiar modes of thinking and feeling, and the principles by which they are governed. Besides, the friendship of the whites towards the poor Indians, was ever cold, distrustful, oppressive, and insulting. In the intercourse with our frontiers they are seldom treated with confidence, and are frequently subject to injury and encroachment. The solitary savage feels silently but acutely; his sensibilities are not diffused over so wide a surface as those of the white man, but they run in steadier and deeper channels. His pride, his affections, his superstitions, are all directed towards fewer objects, but the wounds inflicted on them are proportionably severe, and furnish motives of hostility which we cannot sufficiently appreciate. Where a community is also limited in number, and forms, as in an Indian tribe, one great patriarchal family, the injury of the individual is the injury of the whole; and as their body politic is small, the sentiment of vengeance is almost instantaneously diffused. One council fire is sufficient to decide the measure. Elo-

quence and superstition combine to inflame their minds. The orator awakens all their martial ardour, and they are wrought up to a kind of religious desperation, by the visions of the Prophet and the Dreamer.

An instance of one of these sudden exasperations, arising from a motive peculiar to the Indian character, is extant in an old record of the early settlement of Massachusetts. The planters of Plymouth had defaced the monuments of the dead at Passonagessit, and had plundered the grave of the sachem's mother of some skins with which it had been piously decorated. Every one knows the hallowed reverence which the Indians entertain for the sepulchres of their kindred. Even now, tribes that have passed generations, exiled from the abodes of their ancestors, when by chance they have been travelling, on some mission, to our seat of government, have been known to turn aside from the highway, for many miles distance, and guided by wonderfully accurate tradition, have sought some tumulus, buried perhaps in woods, where the bones of their tribe were anciently deposited; and there have passed some time in silent lamentation over the ashes of their forefathers. Influenced by this sublime and holy feeling, the sachem, whose mother's tomb had been violated, in the moment of indignation, gathered his men together, and addressed them in the following beautifully simple and pathetic harangue—an harangue which has remained unquoted for nearly two hundred years—a pure specimen of Indian eloquence, and an affecting monument of filial piety in a savage.

"When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath this globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle, as my custom is, to take repose. Before mine eyes were fast closed, methought I saw a vision, at which my spirit was much troubled, and, trembling at that doleful sight, a spirit cried aloud—behold my son, whom I have cherished; see the breasts that gave thee suck, the hands that lapped thee warm and fed thee oft! canst thou forget to take revenge of those wild people, who have defaced my monument in a despiteful manner, disdaining our antiquities and honourable customs. See now, the sachem's grave lies like the common people, defaced by an ignoble race. Thy mother doth complain, and implores thy aid against this thievish people, who have newly intruded in our land. If this be suffered I shall not rest quiet in

my everlasting habitation.—This said, the spirit vanished, and I, all in a sweat, not able scarce to speak, began to get some strength and recollect my spirits that were fled, and determined to demand your counsel, and solicit your assistance."

Another cause of violent outcry against the Indians, is their inhumanity to the vanquished. This originally arose partly from political and partly from superstitious motives. Where hostile tribes are scanty in their numbers, the death of several warriors completely paralyzes their power; and many an instance occurs in Indian history, where a hostile tribe, that had long been formidable to its neighbour, has been broken up and driven away, by the capture and massacre of its principal fighting men. This is a strong temptation to the victor to be merciless, not so much to gratify any cruelty of revenge, as to provide for future security. But they had other motives, originating in a superstitious idea, common to barbarous nations, and even prevalent among the Greeks and Romans—that the manes of their deceased friends, slain in battle, were soothed by the blood of the captives. But those that are not thus sacrificed are adopted into their families, and treated with the confidence and affection of relatives and friends; nay, so hospitable and tender is their entertainment, that they will often prefer to remain with their adopted brethren, rather than return to the home and the friends of their youth.

The inhumanity of the Indians towards their prisoners has been heightened since the intrusion of the whites. We have exasperated what was formerly a compliance with policy and superstition into a gratification of vengeance. They cannot but be sensible that we are the usurpers of their ancient dominion, the cause of their degradation, and the gradual destroyers of their race. They go forth to battle, smarting with injuries and indignities which they have individually suffered from the injustice and the arrogance of white men, and they are driven to madness and despair, by the wide-spreading desolation and the overwhelming ruin of our warfare. We set them an example of violence, by burning their villages and laying waste their slender means of subsistence; and then wonder that savages will not show moderation and magnanimity towards men, who have left them nothing but mere existence and wretchedness.

It is a common thing to exclaim against new forms of cruelty,

while, reconciled by custom, we wink at long established atrocities. What right does the generosity of our conduct give us to rail exclusively at Indian warfare. With all the doctrines of christianity, and the advantages of cultivated morals, to govern and direct us, what horrid crimes disgrace the victories of christian armies. Towns laid in ashes; cities given up to the sword; enormities perpetrated, at which manhood blushes, and history drops the pen. Well may we exclaim at the outrages of the scalping knife; but where, in the records of Indian barbarity, can we point to a violated female?

We stigmatize the Indians also as cowardly and treacherous, because they use stratagem in warfare, in preference to open force; but in this they are fully authorized by their rude code of honour. They are early taught that stratagem is praiseworthy; the bravest warrior thinks it no disgrace to lurk in silence and take every advantage of his foe. He triumphs in the superior craft and sagacity by which he has been enabled to surprise and massacre an enemy. Indeed, man is naturally more prone to subtlety than open valour, owing to his physical weakness in comparison with other animals. They are endowed with natural weapons of defence; with horns, with tusks, with hoofs and talons; but man has to depend on his superior sagacity. In all his encounters, therefore, with these, his proper enemies, he has to resort to stratagem; and when he perversely turns his hostility against his fellow man, he continues the same subtle mode of warfare.

The natural principle of war is to do the most harm to our enemy, with the least harm to ourselves; and this of course is to be effected by cunning. That chivalric kind of courage which teaches us to despise the suggestions of prudence, and to rush in the face of certain danger, is the offspring of society, and produced by education. It is honourable, because in fact it is the triumph of lofty sentiment over an instinctive repugnance to pain, and over those selfish yearnings after personal ease and security which society has condemned as ignoble. It is an emotion kept up by pride, and the fear of shame; and thus the dread of real evils is overcome by the superior dread of an evil that exists but in the mind. This may be instanced in the case of a young British officer of great pride, but delicate nerves, who was going for *the first time* into battle. Being agitated by the novelty and

awful peril of the scene, he was accosted by another officer of a rough and boisterous character—"What, Sir," cried he, "do you tremble?" "Yes Sir," replied the other, "and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would run away." This young officer signalized himself on many occasions by his gallantry, though, had he been brought up in savage life, or even in a humbler and less responsible situation, it is more than probable he could never have ventured into open action.

Besides we must consider how much the quality of open and desperate courage is cherished and stimulated by society. It has been the theme of many a spirit-stirring song, and chivalric story. The minstrel has sung of it to the loftiest strain of his lyre—the poet has delighted to shed around it all the splendours of fiction—and even the historian has forgotten the sober gravity of narration, and burst forth into enthusiasm and raphsody in its praise. Triumphs and gorgeous pageants have been its reward—monuments, where art has exhausted its skill, and opulence its treasures, have been erected to perpetuate a nation's gratitude and admiration.—Thus artificially excited, courage has arisen to an extraordinary and factitious degree of heroism; and, arrayed in all the glorious "pomp and circumstance" of war, this turbulent quality has even been able to eclipse many of those quiet, but invaluable virtues, which silently ennoble the human character, and swell the tide of human happiness.

But if courage intrinsically consist in the defiance of danger and pain, the life of the Indian is a continual exhibition of it. He lives in a perpetual state of hostility and risk. Peril and adventure are congenial to his nature, or, rather, seem necessary to arouse his faculties and give an interest to existence. Surrounded by hostile tribes, he is always equipped for fight, with his weapons in his hands. He traverses vast wildernesses, exposed to the hazards of lonely sickness, of lurking enemies, or pining famine. Stormy lakes present no obstacle to his wanderings; in his light canoe of bark, he sports like a feather on their waves, and darts with the swiftness of an arrow down the roaring rapids of the rivers.—Trackless wastes of snow, rugged mountains, the glooms of swamps and morasses, where poisonous reptiles curl among the rank vegetation, are fearlessly encountered by this wanderer of the wilderness. He gains his food by the hardships and dangers

of the chase; he wraps himself in the spoils of the bear, the panther, and the buffalo, and sleeps among the thunders of the cataract.

No hero of ancient or modern days can surpass the Indian in his lofty contempt of death, and the fortitude with which he sustains all the varied torments with which it is frequently inflicted. Indeed we here behold him rising superior to the white man, merely in consequence of his peculiar education. The latter rushes to glorious death at the cannon's mouth; the former coolly contemplates its approach, and triumphantly endures it, amid the torments of the knife and the protracted agonies of fire. He even takes a savage delight in taunting his persecutors, and provoking their ingenuity of torture; and as the devouring flames prey on his very vitals, and the flesh shrinks from the sinews, he raises his last song of triumph, breathing the defiance of an unconquered heart, and invoking the spirits of his fathers to witness that he dies without a groan.

Notwithstanding all the obloquy with which the early historians of the colonies have overshadowed the characters of the unfortunate natives, some bright gleams will occasionally break through, that throw a degree of melancholy lustre on their memories.—Facts are occasionally to be met with, in their rude annals, which, though recorded with all the colouring of prejudice and bigotry, yet speak for themselves; and will be dwelt on with applause and sympathy, when prejudice shall have passed away.

In one of the homely narratives of the Indian wars in New England there is a touching account of the desolation carried into the tribe of the Pequod Indians. Humanity shudders at the cold-blooded accounts given, of indiscriminate butchery on the part of the settlers. In one place we read of the surprisal of an Indian fort in the night, when the wigwams were wrapped in flames, and the miserable inhabitants shot down and slain, in attempting to escape, "all being despatched and ended in the course of an hour." After a series of similar transactions, "Our soldiers," as the historian piously observes, "being resolved by God's assistance to make a final destruction of them," the unhappy savages being hunted from their homes and fortresses, and pursued with fire and sword, a scanty but gallant band, the sad remnant of the Pequod warriors, with their wives and children, took refuge in a swamp.

Burning with indignation, and rendered sullen by despair—with hearts bursting with grief at the destruction of their tribe, and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat, they refused to ask their lives at the hands of an insulting foe, and preferred death to submission.

As the night drew on they were surrounded in their dismal retreat, in such manner as to render escape impracticable. Thus situated, their enemy "plied them with shot all the time, by which means many were killed and buried in the mire." In the darkness and fog that precedes the dawn of day, some few broke through the besiegers and escaped into the woods: "the rest were left to the conquerors, of which many were killed in the swamp, like sullen dogs who would rather, in their self willedness and madness, sit still and be shot through, or cut to pieces," than implore for mercy. When the day broke upon this handful of forlorn but dauntless spirits, the soldiers, we are told, entering the swamp, "saw several heaps of them sitting close together, upon whom they discharged their pieces, laden with ten or twelve pistol bullets at a time; putting the muzzles of their pieces under the boughs, within a few yards of them; so as, besides those that were found dead, many more were killed and sunk into the mire, and never were minded more by friend or foe."

Can any one read this plain unvarnished tale, without admiring the stern resolution, the unbending pride, and loftiness of spirit, that seemed to nerve the hearts of these self-taught heroes, and to raise them above the instinctive feelings of human nature? When the Gauls laid waste the city of Rome, they found the nobles clothed in their robes, and seated with stern tranquillity in their curule chairs; in this manner they suffered death without an attempt at supplication or resistance. Such conduct in them was applauded as noble and magnanimous; in the hapless Indians it was reviled as obstinate and sullen. How much are we the dupes of show and circumstance!—How different is virtue, arrayed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue, destitute and naked, reduced to the last stage of wretchedness, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness.

Do these records of ancient excesses fill us with disgust and aversion? let us take heed that we do not suffer ourselves to be hurried into the same iniquities. Posterity lifts up its hands with

horror at past misdeeds, because the passions that urged to them are not felt, and the arguments that persuaded to them are forgotten; but we are reconciled to the present perpetration of injustice by all the selfish motives with which interest chills the heart and silences the conscience. Even at the present advanced day, when we should suppose that enlightened philosophy had expanded our minds, and true religion had warmed our hearts into philanthropy—when we have been admonished by a sense of past transgressions, and instructed by the indignant censures of candid history—even now, we perceive a disposition breaking out to renew the persecutions of these hapless beings. Sober-thoughted men, far from the scenes of danger, in the security of cities and populous regions, can coolly talk of "exterminating measures," and discuss the *policy* of extirpating thousands. If such is the talk in the cities, what is the temper displayed on the borders. The sentence of desolation has gone forth—"the roar is up amidst the woods;" implacable wrath, goaded on by interest and prejudice, is ready to confound all rights, to trample on all claims of justice and humanity, and to act over those scenes of sanguinary vengeance which have too often stained the pages of colonial history.

These are not the idle suggestions of fancy; they are wrung forth by recent facts, which still haunt the public mind. We need but turn to the ravaged country of the Creeks to behold a picture of exterminating warfare.

These deluded savages, either excited by private injury or private intrigue, or by both, have lately taken up the hatchet and made deadly inroads into our frontier settlements. Their punishment has been pitiless and terrible. Vengeance has gone like a devouring fire through their country—the smoke of their villages yet rises to heaven, and the blood of the slaughtered Indians yet reeks upon the earth. Of this merciless ravage, an idea may be formed by a single exploit, boastfully set forth in an official letter that has darkened our public journals.* A detachment of soldiery had been sent under the command of one General Coffee to destroy the Tallushatches towns, where the hostile Creeks had assembled. The enterprise was executed, as the commander in chief† ex-

* Letter of Gen. Coffee, dated Nov. 4, 1813. † General Andrew Jackson.

presses it, *in style*—but, in the name of mercy, in what style! The towns were surrounded before the break of day. The inhabitants, starting from their sleep, flew to arms, with beat of drums and hideous yellings. The soldiery pressed upon them on every side, and met with a desperate resistance—but what was savage valour against the array and discipline of scientific warfare? The Creeks made gallant charges, but were beaten back by overwhelming numbers. Hemmed in like savage beasts surrounded by the hunters, wherever they turned they met a foe, and in every foe they found a butcher. "The enemy retreated firing," says Coffee in his letter, "until they got around and in their buildings, where they made all the resistance that an overpowered soldier could do; they fought as long as one existed, but their destruction was very soon completed; our men rushed up to the doors of the houses, and in a few minutes killed the last warrior of them; the enemy fought with savage fury, and met death with all its horrors, without shrinking or complaining; not one asked to be spared, but fought so long as they could stand or sit. In consequence of their flying to their houses, and mixing with the families, our men in killing the males, without intention, *killed and wounded a few of the squaws and children.*"

So unsparing was the carnage of the sword, that not one of the warriors escaped to carry the heart-breaking tidings to the remainder of the tribe. Such is what is termed executing hostilities *in style!*—Let those who exclaim with abhorrence at Indian inroads—those who are so eloquent about the bitterness of Indian recrimination—let them turn to the horrible victory of General Coffee, and be silent.

As yet our government has in some measure restrained the tide of vengeance, and inculcated lenity towards the hapless Indians who have been duped into the present war. Such temper is worthy of an enlightened government—let it still be observed—let sharp rebuke and signal punishment be inflicted on those who abuse their delegated power, and disgrace their victories with massacre and conflagration. The enormities of the Indians form no excuse for the enormities of white men. It has pleased heaven to give them but limited powers of mind, and feeble lights to guide their judgments; it becomes us who are blessed with higher intellects to think for them, and to set them an example of humanity. It is

the nature of vengeance, if unrestrained, to be headlong in its actions, and to lay up, in a moment of passion, ample cause for an age's repentance. We may roll over these miserable beings with our chariot wheels, and crush them to the earth; but when war has done its worst—when passion has subsided, and it it is too late to pity or to save—we shall look back with unavailing compunction at the mangled corses of those whose cries were unheeded in the fury of our career.

Let the fate of war go as it may, the fate of those ignorant tribes that have been inveigled from their forests to mingle in the strife of white men, will be inevitably the same. In the collision of two powerful nations, these intervening particles of population will be crumbled to dust, and scattered to the winds of heaven. In a little while, and they will go the way that so many tribes have gone before. The few hordes that still linger about the shores of Huron and Superiour, and the tributary streams of the Mississippi, will share the fate of those tribes that once lorded it along the proud banks of the Hudson; of that gigantic race that are said to have existed on the borders of the Susquehanna, and of those various nations that flourished about the Potowmac and the Rappahanoc, and that peopled the forests of the vast valley Shenandoah. They will vanish like a vapour from the face of the earth—their very history will be lost in forgetfulness—and "the places that now know them will know them no more forever."

Or if perchance some dubious memorial of them should survive the lapse of time, it may be in the romantic dreams of the poet, to populate in imagination his glades and groves, like the fauns, and satyrs, and sylvan deities of antiquity.—But should he venture upon the dark story of their wrongs and wretchedness—should he tell how they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled—driven from their native abodes and the sepulchres of their fathers—hunted like wild beasts about the earth, and sent down in violence and butchery to the grave—posterity will either turn with horror and incredulity from the tale, or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers.—"We are driven back," said an old warrior, "until we can retreat no further—our hatchets are broken—our bows are snapped—our fires are nearly extinguished—a little longer and the white men will cease to persecute us—for we will cease to exist!"

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

CONVERSATIONS AT WIMBLEDON; OR THE OPINIONS OF THE LATE HORNE TOOKE UPON MANY SUBJECTS OF LITERATURE, POLITICS, &c. &c.

[From Stephens's "Memoirs."]

Early in 1810 Mr. Tooke's various disorders had suddenly assumed such a violent appearance, that his physicians were alarmed, and all his friends supposed his dissolution to be at hand. On this trying occasion, the tender assiduity of his daughters, by administering to all his wants, contributed not a little to sooth his mind and assuage his sufferings.—They constantly attended his pillow, anticipated his wishes, and did every thing that filial piety could dictate to alleviate the pressure of disease.

On this occasion the patient did not seem desirous of prolonged existence; he was actually devoid of that *volition* deemed so necessary to recovery. Frequently urged to exert a wish, at least, to return to life and to the world, he for a long time persisted in his resolution to die, and seemed to be as fully determined as that celebrated Roman who declined all manner of nourishment, and even refused to accept of existence when in his option, although pressed and entreated by a near relation.

At length, however, he appears to have yielded to the entreaties of his friends and relatives; and nature having, at the same time, spontaneously interposed, after a severe but successful struggle, life, which seemed at one time to have ebbed nearly to the last drop of existence, now flowed in upon him in a genial current. He prophesied, however, from the first, that the change so much desired would not prove of long continuance, and considered himself merely as a traveller on a journey, detained unwillingly and against his better reason, in consequence of the pressing solicitations of others.

The moment he became convalescent, his mind imperiously and incessantly demanded employment. No sooner had the first coach arrived from London, than the newspapers were eagerly sent for. These, consisting of the Times and Morning Chronicle, were regularly read aloud, while his friends occasionally supplied him with others. But this only seemed to whet his inclination for intellectual nourishment; and appeared to be merely used as some epicures do oysters before dinner, who devour them for the purpose of creating an appetite. Books of all kinds were then called for, and read in his presence. So incessant was the demand, that the

young ladies, to make use of one of his own phrases, "were put in constant requisition;" and as they were unable to undergo such an incessant fatigue, auxiliary aid was at length called in.

Meanwhile, he delighted greatly in grapes, and partook of both English and foreign to a degree I had never before witnessed. With some of these his neighbour, Lady Rush, frequently supplied him; and he was always accustomed to evince the most grateful remembrance of her kindness. Jars, filled with the produce of the Portugal vines, were, at the same time, obtained from the importers in Thames-street; and, when these failed, a whole hot-house, belonging to Mr. Rolls of Chelsea, was bespoke, purchased, and devoured! The fruits of his garden, also, seemed to contribute not a little to his recovery, and after dinner he helped himself to his own fine *jargonel* pears with no sparing hand. I was accustomed during my occasional visits, silently to demand of myself, "what this stomach could be composed of?" and was almost forced to allow that if there ever was a constitution in which excess might be justifiable, that his was of this description.

MR. TOOKE AND HIS TOMB.

[Copied *verbatim* from a manuscript note.]

On October 7, 1810, I rode to Wimbledon—a fine day—about one o'clock arrived at the gate, expecting to find Mr. Tooke in a very dangerous situation, but was told by the gardener, with a smile, that I should be surprised. And I really was so, for in the course of a few minutes, I beheld him carried by two men servants to a garden chair placed on wheels, and after he had been duly seated, I went up to salute him and his company.

He expressed great satisfaction at my arrival, and dismissing his retinue, with Sir Francis Burdett pulling before, and the Misses Harte and his nephew assisting behind, we advanced in procession along a broad gravel walk towards the kitchen garden.

On our arrival there, he desired me to measure a stone placed above a *cenotaph*, for which purpose he had brought two black rods, properly graduated, being such as are used by surveyors.—It formed an oblong square or parallelogram, of Irish marble, black, glossy, and unique, being the first ever imported into this country; and on my expressing some degree of surprise, mixed with approbation, at the introduction of this noble block from the sister island, he seized that opportunity to express his respect for Mr. Chantrey, whose zeal, on the present occasion, appeared to have gratified him exceedingly.

The following were the dimensions: length, 7 feet 1 inch; breadth, 3 feet 6 inches; depth, 9 inches.

It was placed on the top of a tumulus, consisting of a brick

vault covered with turf, and erected in that portion of the detached kitchen garden, which is divided by a pretty high wall from the neighbouring common. I understood that it was meant to erect a summer-house above it, that the young ladies might have a view of the adjoining green, so that nothing gloomy should be attached to the spot.

After stating the measure as accurately as possible, he begged me to peruse the inscription, which was as follows:

JOHN HORNE TOOKE,
LATE PROPRIETOR,
AND NOW OCCUPIER OF THIS SPOT,
WAS
BORN IN JUNE, 1736,
and
DIED . . . . . .
IN THE YEAR OF HIS AGE,
CONTENTED AND GRATEFUL.

After I had read the epitaph aloud, he commented on the last line, and testified both his satisfaction at living so long, and his high sense of the divine goodness in permitting it. We then took a few turns along the principal walk, and conversed on a variety of subjects. Having returned to the parlour, dinner was soon after announced; it consisted of a turbot with lobster sauce, beef *en ragout*, and a capon. The liquors were Madeira and Port. The desert, as usual, was excellent, and all from his own garden, viz. walnuts, grapes, apples, bergamot pears, and imperatrice plums. The company, Miss Harte and her sister, Sir F. Burdett, Dr. Pearson, and myself.

The conversation, both before and after the repast, highly edifying and instructive—the subjects—the origin of the winds—the novelty of chimneys—the new mode of warming a room by steam—(this was pointed out and particularized by Dr. Pearson)—and the goodness and beneficence of the Deity, accompanied with pointed remarks by our host on the ingratitude of man. He then launched out into a whimsical enumeration of the advantages resulting from pain and illness, such as he himself had been lately subjected to. But on Mr. Robert Burdett's coming into the room, he with great address, and in a very apposite manner, returned to his former subject, and insisted on the wisdom, excellence, and omnipotence of God!

Mr. Tooke, in the course of this day's conversation, observed that he had an elder brother who died worth a great many thousand pounds. No one better knew the advantages resulting from sending *early fruit* to market, for he lived near Brentford, and excelled in this branch of horticulture; but he had conceived a strange project for obtaining *late fruit*, by means of wooden walls, which, however, did not answer so well as the other.

He was the principal, and, with one or two exceptions only, the sole speaker to-day. The word *talents*, he observed, was derived from the Roman expression for a coin; *genius* implied something arising out of the perfection of the senses; mental superiority sprung partly from this, and partly from experience, and a knowledge of facts. He insisted that children argued well, according to the *data* before them, even when the conclusion proved wrong. Our language resembled a harlequin's jacket—it was patched, piebald, and cut from that of other nations, but chiefly the Saxons.—He once wished to have composed a dictionary, in conjunction with Gilbert Wakefield, who was to have taken the Greek part of it, in order to show whence the various terms were derived.

He also spoke much about stereotype. Mr. Wilson, the printer, had been with him on this subject; but he considered it, however ingenious, as being a return to the ancient system of *blocks*, and he would not be *blockhead* enough to adopt it in his work. This was succeeded by a dissertation on engraving, and the praise of such artists as excel in it. "Sharpe," he said, "had executed the frontispiece to his Diversions of Purley, and not only improved the original drawing, but rendered the print superior to the painting."

Notwithstanding his acknowledged learning, so fond was he of the vernacular tongue, that he said he preferred it to all others.—The inscription intended for his tomb was accordingly written in that idiom; thus differing with Johnson, who affected the Latin exclusively, in such compositions, and preferring, with Milton, "our English, as the language of men, ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty."

A gentleman proposed to him that something should be added, so as to evince, in this last act, his attachment to freedom; but he declined any alteration whatsoever.

Among other singularities of this celebrated man, it is worthy of remark, that he not only composed his own epitaph and superintended the erection of his intended tomb, but actually became seriously and alarmingly ill, in consequence of a long exposure to the cold air on that occasion. This circumstance was evinced by several feverish symptoms, on the day subsequent to the completion of the vault, and thus the cares bestowed by him on its construction had nearly anticipated his dissolution, and made him an inhabitant of his new mansion several months before his time.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

Report made by M. Leschenault, travelling Naturalist, relative to a Lake of sulphuric acid, found on the eastern coast of the Isle of Java.

"Within a few days, I have returned from the journey I made to Mont Idienne. I have enjoyed one of the most imposing spectacles that nature could offer; not that benevolent nature affording to mankind plenty, happiness and repose, but nature in its most terrific form, exhibiting the image of disorder and destruction, while she secretly prepares that inflammable matter, which, perhaps, will one day desolate and overwhelm a fertile country. I would wish to transfuse into your soul a part of those sensations which I have experienced; but I feel that to paint my thoughts expression will fail me; my narrative, therefore, will be but a cold description of a spectacle great and imposing.

"The object of my journey was to inquire into the cause of the changes of the colour, and into the nature of the White River, called, in the language of the country, *Songi Pouti*, and to examine the volcano situated on the southeast side of the upper part of Mont Idienne. M. Vikerman, since he had been commandant of Bagnia Vangni, always intended to visit this volcano, from whence the company has obtained sulphur for its gunpowder. The natives never spoke of this exploration, and the difficulties and dangers attending it, but with horror. Every visit previously made to the summit of the mountain, had, hitherto, been fatal both to man and beast: the Dutch commandant, wishing to be acquainted with these difficulties and dangers, resolved to accompany me.

"M. Vikerman, M. Lisnet, (his son-in-law,) and M. Lois, (pilot of the port,) M. Hawersten, and myself, set out on horseback on the morning of the 18th September, 1805. We were accompanied by the *Pati*, the Intendant of the Police, and the *Inguebey*, the Chief of the District, with a number of Javanese and slaves, as servants, and to carry our provisions. We stopped and passed the night at Bantyar, a village, distant only three leagues from Bagnia Vangni, situated upon the lower side of Mont Idienne: the road to this place is rather steep; the country is fertile, well watered, and covered with forests, in the midst of which are some small villages.

"On the 19th we left Bantyar, and arrived in the evening at Ohonponoph, a valley which joins Mont Idienne to Mont Rantê: this is the resting place for those who visit the summit of Mont Idienne; it is about six leagues from Bantyar. Upon the road we saw a village newly established, named Litienne, peopled by some of the malefactors banished to hard labour in the pepper gardens. Good conduct in these people entitles them to be restored to their liberty. At a small distance we traverse the rivers Sevant, Boncho, and Pakis. The banks of the rivers are very steep, and, during

the rainy monsoon, they become the channels of impetuous torrents.

"From the village of Litienne to the river Pakis, the country offers nothing but a forest of bamboo. From thence to Ohonponoph we see no more bamboo, no more rivers nor fountains, but we traverse deep valleys hollowed out by torrents formed in the rainy season. The higher we ascend the more steep the mountain becomes; however, this part of it is shadowed by trees of a considerable height. Among a great variety of vegetables, we meet with fern-tree, cabbage-palm, and the small species of wild-areka, called by the Javanese *Lindpigi*. Under this colouring of vegetables, one cannot recognise the quality of the primitive soil, because it is nothing but a composition of the wreck of vegetation. The rays of the sun never enter this impenetrable forest; thus we breathe a cold and humid air, sensibly affecting the lungs. The trunks of the trees are covered with mosses, champignons, and the *epidendrum*, the parasitic fern, &c. The fallen vegetables soon putrify, the natural consequence of the concentrated and habitual humidity of the air.

"In the valley of Ohonponoph a few isolated trees are to be found, among which we remark the *casuarina equesetifolia*, and a new species of the oak. The soil all around is covered with high grass, which serves for nourishment of a number of deer which people the neighbouring forests. This grass serves also as a kind of thatch for covering the huts in which we reposed. When the sky is clear, the air is dry and thin; but very often the vapours exhaled during the day by the vast forests which cover Bagnia Vangni, fall in the night, and form a thick fog. A fog of this kind, cold and wet, accompanied with rain, some years since, in one night only, caused a man and fifty horses to perish. They had been sent to bring away sulphur for the company.

"We slept at Ohonponoph, and the next day M. Vikerman and myself went to visit the back of the mountains to the westward. Our object was to examine the White River, and the cause of its vicissitudes. This river has its source in Mont Rao; its course is rapid, and it runs in a northerly direction towards the mountains of Kneudan. Its water, at first, has the appearance of being milky; but if put into a glass it appears perfectly clear and transparent, and is without taste. In this state the natives assure us it fertilizes the country it passes through.

"The waters of the White River, when they issue from Mont Rao, run over a white clay, from which they derive their colour: the changes they undergo result from their junction with the other river, which they join about three leagues from their source. This sulphureous river, when it is not swelled by the rains that frequently fall in these mountains, is but inconsiderable, and in this situation is sometimes gradually absorbed by the sandy soil over

which it runs: but when no longer absorbed, and when it discharges its waters into the White River, the fish are killed; persons who drink of this river are seized with violent colics, and, as has been said before, vegetation on its borders perishes altogether.

"When I descended into the bed of this sulphureous stream, at the bottom of the volcano, it was not more than 18 inches broad, and about the same depth. In fact, it is seldom more than 25 feet broad and 2 deep. The height to which it has at any time attained, is easy to be distinguished by the traces of corrosion which it leaves upon the rocks, as well as by the want of vegetation.

"One evening, a little while after our return from Ohonponoph, the valley was covered with one of those unwholesome fogs of which I have spoken. It smelt so disagreeably, and was so dense that one could not see a light at the distance of 25 paces. Happily for us, a strong east wind carried it off about 9 o'clock at night, and thus cleared the atmosphere of these malignant vapours, which, if they do not occasion immediate death, often cause violent fevers, long in their duration and difficult to cure.

"To descend into the bottom which contains the volcano, it was necessary to use ladders made of bamboo; however, upon the border of the crater the travellers were extremely surprised at finding the excrements of tigers, especially as the rarefaction of the air is considerable, in consequence of the degree of elevation. Having safely reached the desired spot, this was the first time I saw the terrible magazines where nature prepares those revolutions which change the surface of this habitable globe. Whether fear or admiration predominated in my mind at this time, I cannot determine; but whatever may be the degree of a man's courage in these cases, when threatened by every object around him, the sentiment of self-preservation must predominate. Here the pensile rocks over our heads seemed ready to fall upon us; under our feet the ebullition of the combustible matter, with a noise like that of waves breaking against the shores, with the sharp and inflammable air which we respired, all contributed to the formation of sentiments bordering upon astonishment. However, having recovered my recollection, I approached the volcanic apertures through which the smoke issued; there are four of them on the eastern side of the volcano. The first opening is the largest; this is a hole perfectly round, about seven feet in diameter. By the side of this there is another, an imperfect resemblance of a grotto, from the bottom of which a thick smoke arises. These two openings are at some distance encircled by a kind of sulphureous efflorescence, resembling powdered gold: the sides of these openings appear to be decorated with a tapestry of small but brilliant crystals of sulphur. One may safely approach very near both

these apertures: but M. Vikerman and Lisnet, unacquainted with the nature of sulphureous vapours, entering one of these places, were seized with the exhalations, and escaped with difficulty from being overcome by them. In the meanwhile all our hands and faces appeared as red as blood.

"The two other apertures to the east of these are near each other: here the subterraneous roaring is much louder. Matter from these is discharged every ten seconds, which occasions a kind of hissing similar to that of water passing through the pipe of a fire-engine. The substances thrown out during the night appear to be inflammable, but otherwise during the day. In consequence of the heat of the ground, and the difficulty of access, it was impossible to obtain specimens of all the earths, cinders, rocks, &c. The visit, however, had very nearly been accompanied by a tragical event: M. Lisnet having approached too near the steep border of the lake, the incrustated ashes gave way beneath him, and he fell; and if a rock had not broken his fall, long before he reached the bottom, he must inevitably have perished.

"In the situation we had chosen we remained an hour and a quarter: the air we then breathed affected our eyes, our lips, our nostrils, and our lungs; even the soles of our shoes were burnt by the heat of the ground."

The author of this report expressed much regret for the want of a thermometer; for when at Batavia one of these instruments could not be procured at any price. The summit of Mont Idienne he estimated at 1,000 fathoms above the level of the sea. Some fragments of rock found at Batiol Mati, about a league and a half from Mont Idienne, which appeared to the author to be a half-melted lava, he has designated as a species of pouding.

A lake of sulphuric acid, found at the bottom of a *Souffriere*, being a new circumstance in geology, I have, says the author, transmitted to France half a bottle full of the waters of this lake, and of this an analysis has been made by M. Vauquelin.

IRISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[From Gamble's View of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland.]

THE people seem highly superstitious here. The country itself may give such a character—awful and majestic in its quiescent, but forlorn and dreary, howling with tempests, roaring with cataracts, and darkened with clouds, in its troubled moments, it may naturally be supposed to excite corresponding emotions in the natives. A fondness for the marvellous, a shuddering at the indistinct, a superstitious dread of futurity, have been remarked in almost all northern nations. But besides the physical influence

of climate, there has been in Ireland the moral influence of events. It was natural that the wild ideas of superstition should take possession of a people so accustomed to gloomy transactions, and that nursed to slaughter, and suckled as it were with blood, all their notions should be tinged with it. It was natural that they should turn to the phantoms of their imaginations, rather than to the objects of their reason, and that these ideas (gradually softening by time) should be handed down from generation to generation, even to the present one.

I have been led into these reflections by a conversation I heard last night, at a small party of elderly ladies. I select such parts of it as seem most illustrative. They were all religious women, and in respectable situations in life. One of them lamented the mischances that had befallen her, in a house she had taken—the chimney was twice on fire, the wind took a great part of the roof off, and she knew, before the winter was over, that it would either be burned or blown down.

"Your house must be frail," I said, "and perhaps you have careless servants."

"No, the house was a stout little one enough," she replied; "and as to her servants, they were no saints to be sure, but she believed no worse than her neighbours."

The reason why this good lady foreboded so much mischief to her house, and dreaded even that, like Aladin's palace, it might take a wandering fit and set off in pursuit of adventures, was, that on entering it first, she had walked straight forwards, instead of going backwards, and had omitted saying, what popular superstition considers indispensable, "God heap blessings on this house; God give us comfort in this life, and happiness in that which is to come"—carrying, at the same time, salt in one hand and a little meal in the other.

We talked of the Banshee, an imaginary being, as I have before remarked, who gives warning of death, by wandering about the house in which it is to happen, and uttering the most plaintive cries. I doubted its existence.

"I will prove it to you," said one of the ladies, "unless," added she, smiling, "you doubt my veracity." I assured her I was convinced she had no intention to deceive, though, like every human being, she was liable to be deceived herself.

She was one night sitting up reading to a young man who was ill of some lingering sickness; they heard a piteous sound like the cry of a woman in distress. The young man started up and asked what it was.—"O, nothing," said she, "but the cry of a dog."

"O no, no," replied he, "I know the sound too well—that cry always follows our family, when any of them are going to die; and I am sure I have not many days to live."

A lady of her acquaintance, a very religious woman, sent her son to be educated at Glasgow. A few nights after his departure, there was a dreadful storm of wind and rain. About two in the morning the mother was awakened by a wild shriek at her window. She started up, and exclaimed, "Now my son perishes! may God receive his soul!" As near as could be ascertained, he was drowned at the same hour. She persisted, however, (to use her own expression,) in bringing up one son to the Lord. She accompanied him to Glasgow herself, and had the pleasure of hearing him preach before she died.

I shall tell one more of their stories, and then be done. I shall compress it too. An old woman's tale is always long. She lives on recollection, as the young live on hope. Our misery in life is the present, our joy in the future, and the past.

A farmer, of the name of G——— had the misfortune to lose his sight. He had several children, but they were too young to manage the farm. It was, therefore, thought advisable to sell it, and he got admitted into Simpson's hospital, in Dublin, a most admirable institution for a number of blind and decayed persons.

His wife took a shop in the little town of S———, where she lived for some years, universally respected. She was considered not only a woman of great good sense, but of great piety likewise. The sorrow for her, therefore, was universal, when a paragraph appeared in the Dublin Evening Post, stating the death of her husband, which took place in the following manner:

A countryman speaking with a northern accent, was admitted one morning into the hospital to see G———. He introduced himself by saying he came from the same part of the country that he did, and thought he would be glad to hear some news of his relations. After chatting for some time, he invited him and another man, who slept in the same room, to go with him and have some drink. This they declined. Finding he could not prevail on them, he said they must at least eat together for acquaintance sake. "This cake is good," said he to G———, pulling a large piece out of his pocket, "and you won't like it the worse for being north-country cake; it was baked the night before I left home." The two men ate of it, and almost instantly the stranger went away. They were taken violently ill a short time afterwards, and both died that evening.

A female acquaintance of Mrs. G———'s went in to condole with her on this melancholy occasion. She found her sitting in all the stupefaction of grief, and rocking her body backwards and forwards, and from side to side.

She endeavoured to console her; she told her Heaven looked in pity on her sufferings, and would pour down vengeance on her husband's murderer, both here and hereafter.

"*What!*" shrieked out Mrs. G———, "would you not allow

her time for repentance?" "No," replied the other, "I would not—he gave no time for repentance. The Almighty punish him without mercy, as he showed no mercy himself."

"The Lord hear my prayer!" said the unfortunate woman, wringing her hands, and again rocking her body, "the Lord hear my prayer!" She, however, did not utter any. In the course of the same day, the officers of justice arrived from Dublin. They would have proceeded immediately to interrogate the widow, but the magistrate of the place gave her so high a character, and described so forcibly her sorrow, that they agreed to spare her the shock of speaking on such a business till the next day. It does not appear that they had any suspicion of her being the guilty person. They wished only to acquire such information as might direct their future proceedings.

Her friend, however, on reflecting on the above conversation, more particularly on the word *her* which she had inadvertently dropped, began to entertain some suspicion. She could not bear to express it herself, but sent a gentleman to tell her, if she was innocent *to stand her ground;* but if she was guilty to fly as fast as possible.

"I am guilty," said the wretched woman, and afterwards fell into strong convulsions, repeating, at intervals, as she could speak, "O the burning pains of hell! O the burning pains of hell!" When she was a little recovered, she confessed she had bought some arsenic, had baked it in the cake, and had prevailed on a tenant, by the promise of a large sum, to give it to her husband. Her reason she did not give. It is supposed she was attached to a gauger who lodged in her house, who she thought would marry her if she was at liberty to accept of his offer.

The gentleman disguised her as a servant, and sent her out of the house, carrying pails, as if going for water.

At night the servant maid went to get some turf for the fire, (which is often kept in a hole under the stairs.) She drew back and shrieked. A female form was lying there. It was her mistress, coiled up like a serpent, and howling like a wolf rather than a human being. She had wandered in the outskirts of the town all day, and when it was dark had entered unnoticed, and thrust herself in there.

Her friend was sent for. She overcame her reluctance, and saw the unfortunate woman. She reasoned with her, and brought her to such a state of composure as again to think of her escape. Mrs. G.——— would have clasped her in her arms at parting.

"Kiss me, kiss me," said she, "before I wander like Cain into the wide wilderness." The other started back as if she had trod on a viper. "No," said she, "I will not kiss you—since it is you who have done the horrid deed, I wish you should have time for repentance, but I will not kiss a murderess."

Of the hairbreadth escapes, though highly interesting, the wretched woman had during twelve days that she wandered amidst rocks and solitary glens, the bounds of this chapter will not allow me to speak. The officers of justice were close at her heels. They soon got on the scent, and never lost, though they could not come up with her. The nature of the country favoured her, as well as the humanity of its inhabitants. All abhorrence of Mrs. G———, the murderess, was drowned in pity for Mrs. G———, sorrowing and repentant, a wanderer without a habitation. A reward of a hundred pounds was offered for her apprehension. More than fifty persons might have obtained it—probably, not fifty times a hundred pounds would have prevailed on any of them to do what he would have thought so barbarous and inhuman a deed.

She came to B———, a small village, where the mother of her husband, a woman between seventy and eighty, resided. Some one told her that her daughter-in-law was there, and asked her what she would have done.

"*Dinna* harm her," said the good woman, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to Heaven; let her *gang* in peace—*gin* Heaven will give her time for repentance, I am sure I *wunna* refuse it to her."

Mrs. G——— at length got to a foreign country, where she now resides. The punishment to which the law would have sentenced her, had she been taken, would have been mild compared to that which conscience every day and every hour inflicts. She was saved in judgment, not in mercy—saved to suffer longer.

SOME ACCOUNT OF BERNADOTTE, CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

[From Dr. Thomas's Travels.]

A NEW Crown Prince was to be elected, and various candidates offered themselves. It is universally known that the choice fell upon Bernadotte, Prince of Ponté Corvo, who at that time had the command of a French army in the north of Germany, and who had begun his career as a private soldier in the French army. By what secret springs this election was conducted it was quite impossible to learn. But the nature of the choice, and the war with Great Britain, lead one strongly to suspect the all-powerful application of French influence. The Swedes all vehemently deny the existence of any such influence, and affirm that the election of Bernadotte was very much contrary to Bonaparte's wishes. But I do not believe that any one of those persons with whom I *conversed* on the subject, had any means of acquiring accurate *information*. The secret means employed were probably known

only to a very small number of individuals, and Bernadotte's consummate prudence, for which he is very remarkable, will probably bury the real truth for ever in oblivion, unless some unforeseen change in the affairs of Europe should make it his interest to divulge the secret.

There can be no doubt that Bernadotte was very popular both in Hanover and at Hamburgh, and that his behaviour to the Swedes, when he was applied to about concluding a peace with the French Emperor, had made a powerful impression in his favour. His great abilities were generally known, and Sweden stood greatly in need of a prince of abilities to raise her from the state of extreme feebleness into which she had fallen. It is affirmed in Sweden, that a coolness had for some time existed between Bonaparte and the Prince of Ponté Corvo, in consequence of Bonaparte, upon some occasion or other, throwing up to him his original rank of a private soldier. Such a story is well suited to the impetuous rudeness which characterizes Bonaparte; but it does not agree with the mild temper and consummate prudence of Bernadotte. To judge from appearances, he has not a good opinion of his own countrymen, for not a single Frenchman is employed either in the Swedish army, or in any other situation, and all the applications which have been made to him by Frenchmen have been uniformly refused. It was he that brought about a peace between Great Britain and Sweden. The French Emperor was hurt at his conduct, and in consequence took possession of Swedish Pomerania. When the Russian war began last summer with France, he went over to Obo, had a conference with the Emperor of Russia, and it is confidently asserted that he planned the campaign which proved ultimately so successful to Russia, and so disastrous to France. Yet all this while he has most carefully abstained from issuing any declaration, or involving Sweden in any active part against France. If Bonaparte prove, ultimately, successful, there can be little doubt that his conduct will admit of apology with Bonaparte, in consequence of the difficulty of his situation: while, on the other hand, if Britain and Russia prevail, he is gone far enough to secure the friendship of these two powers. Nothing, therefore, can be more skilful than the conduct which he has pursued. Indeed it may be questioned whether any other would not, in the present circumstances, have endangered his own situation, or the very existence of Sweden as a nation. Nothing would have been easier for him than to have induced Sweden to enter into an alliance with France. The Swedish nobility have all had a French education, and they have adopted a good deal of the manners and opinions of that volatile and unprincipled nation. The Swedes have been so long accustomed to an alliance with France, that it has become in some measure natural to the nation. They

have imbibed the opinions, which Bonaparte has divulged with so much industry, respecting the danger of Great Britain holding the dominion of the sea, and the injury which British commerce and British manufactures do to other nations. These opinions I admit to be inconsistent with the knowledge of the first principles of commerce, and even of common sense, and show a most miserable ignorance of the real interests and real state of Europe. Yet I have heard them gravely maintained by some of the most sensible men in Sweden. If to all this we add the severe treatment which they have met with from the Russians, and the natural jealousy which every nation must have of a powerful and encroaching neighbour, we shall not be surprised that the great body of the Swedes in the present war take the part of the French, and are secretly hostile to Britain and Russia. When I was at Stockholm this appeared very strongly marked. When any news arrived of successes gained by the Russians, the faces of every one you met indicated disappointment and uneasiness. When news arrived of successes gained by the French, every person was in ecstacy. I except from this the German and British merchants who reside in Sweden, and who constitute a small but respectable and wealthy body.

But had Bernadotte induced the Swedes to unite with France, the infallible consequence would have been, supposing Russia capable of standing her ground, that he would have been attacked by Great Britain and Russia, two powers that could with the utmost ease have divided and conquered the whole kingdom. On the other hand, had he united with Russia, and declared war against France, the consequence would have been, supposing Bonaparte successful, that he would have been driven from the Swedish throne, and reduced again to a private station. We must admit, therefore, that no part of the conduct of Bernadotte has hitherto laid open his real intentions—if he has any other intentions than to preserve his situation, and be regulated in his alliances by circumstances.

As soon as Bernadotte was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, some of the Swedish bishops went over to Denmark, and made him sign a renunciation of the Roman Catholic religion, and an acknowledgment that he had embraced the Lutheran tenets. At the same time he was baptized by the name of Charles John, (*Carl Johan.*) When he landed in Sweden, he was met by a nobleman sent by the Diet to receive him. As soon as they met they embraced. By some accident the two stars with which they were decorated caught hold of each other, so that when they attempted to separate, they found themselves entangled. "Monseigneur," said the nobleman, "nous nous sommes attaché." "J'espere," answered the Crown Prince without hesitation, "qu'il est pour

jamais." Soon after his arrival in Sweden, he sent his wife and his whole family out of the country, except his eldest son, Prince Oscar, a boy about fourteen years of age. It is well known that at present the rest of his family is in France. This step occasioned a good deal of speculation in Sweden, and much anxiety to know the reason of a conduct apparently so unnatural. A nobleman one day said to him, that the Swedes had always been accustomed to hear a great deal concerning the royal family; that they would of course be very inquisitive about his family, and on that account he wanted to know from his Royal Highness what answer he should give if any person asked him about the family of the Crown Prince: "In that case," replied Bernadotte, "you may say that you know nothing of the matter."

The Crown Prince seems in fact to be really the King of Sweden. Charles XIII. never appears in public, and he is so old and infirm that he is not probably able to manage the affairs of the kingdom, were he even so inclined. The first care of the Crown Prince was to restore the army, which had been destroyed during the unfortunate wars of the late King, and to bring it again to a state of respectability. The French mode of levying troops by conscription, which the late king had in vain attempted to introduce, was resorted to. The Swedish army, at present, amounts to 50,000 men, besides the supplementary troops, who may be 30,000 more; but are chiefly boys, or young men under twenty. All the troops are dressed in French uniform, and the French tactics have been introduced into all the regiments. I saw a review of about 6,000 Swedish troops. The orders were given by the Crown Prince himself, and the skill of the troops, and the rapidity of their movements, seemed to me to be very great. Every Swedish soldier has a house and a piece of ground assigned to him, by the cultivation of which he supports himself when not in the field. When called out he is supported by government. By this contrivance the Swedish army costs the country much less than it otherwise would do. The men are kept from vice, and their health and hardihood is probably promoted. When they are collected for drill, the first thing they do every morning on assembling is to sing a hymn. This practice they follow likewise when they go into action. It is said to have originated with Gustavus Adolphus.

The Crown Prince seems to be very popular in Sweden; every body spoke well of him. When he passed by the ranks of the Swedish troops, he was received with huzzas. He is a middle aged man, with a dark complexion, an agreeable expressive countenance; but a little disfigured by the size of his nose. He cannot express himself intelligibly in Swedish. The person who has the charge of his horses is an Englishman, who has been with him these eight years.

POETRY.

PATRIOTIC STANZAS.

[The following spirited verses were composed by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. and recited by him at a meeting of North Britons, in London, on Monday, 8th of August, 1803. The bursts of feeling in the second and third stanzas, are remarkably natural and energetic.]

Our bosoms we'll bare to the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crushed in its ruins, to die.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust.
God bless the green Isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would raise the old dead from their grave.
Then rise, &c.

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult a lov'd fair at our side?
To arms—O my country, to arms!
Then rise, &c.

Shall tyrants enslave us, my countrymen?—No—
Their heads to the sword shall be given;
Let a deathbed repentance await the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to heaven!
Then rise, &c.

ON THE CAPRICES OF FORTUNE.

From the Arabic.

Why should I blush that fortune's frown
Dooms me life's humble paths to tread;
To live unheeded and unknown;
To sink forgotten to the dead!

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
That surest shine or brightest rise,
The feather sports upon the wave,
The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.
Each lesser star that studs the sphere,
Sparkles with undiminished light;
Dark and eclipsed alone appear
The Lord of Day, the Queen of Night.

SEQUEL TO THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

[The following beautiful lines are said to have been written by a young lady of Edinburgh, of fourteen years of age.]

O! ye who so lately were blithsome and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away,
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet—the Butterfly's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance:
For see her thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of her friend!

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle who follows, as mournful as he!
And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave!

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn,
And the Moth, who was grieved at the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body, and silently kissed her!

The corse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And included in case which the Silk-worm had spun!
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier, out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs came the Butterflies all,
And six of the number supported the pall:
And the Spider came there in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frighten'd him back.

The Grub left his nutshell to join the sad throng,
And slowly led with him the Book-worm along,
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines to be placed on her tomb.

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave,
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallowed the mound which her ashes had made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow,
While under the leaf in the ev'nings of spring,
Still mourning her friend shall the Grasshopper sing.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

When things are done, and past recalling,
'Tis folly then to fret and cry,
Prop up a rotten house that's falling,
But when it's down, e'en let it lie.

O, patience, patience, thou'rt a jewel,
And like all jewels hard to find,
'Mongst all the various men you see,
Examine every mother's son,
You'll find they all in this agree,
To make ten troubles out of one.
When passions rage, they heap on fuel,
And give their reason to the wind.

Hark, don't you hear the general cry,
Whose troubles ever equall'd mine,
How readily each stander-by
Replies, with captious echo, "mine."
Sure from our clime this discord springs,
Heaven's choicest blessings we abuse,
And every Englishman alive,
Whether Duke, Lord, Esquire or Gent,
Claims as his just prerogative
Ease, liberty, and discontent.
A Frenchman often starves and sings
With cheerfulness and wooden shoes.

A Peasant of the true French breed,
Was driving in a narrow road
A cart with but one sorry steed,
And fill'd with onions, savoury load!
Careless he trudg'd along before,
Singing a Gascon roundelay—
Hard by there ran a whimpering brook,
The road ran shelving towards the brim,
The spiteful wind th' advantage took,
The wheel flies up, the onions swim—
The Peasant saw his favourite store
At one rude blast all puff'd away.

How would an English clown have sworn,
To hear them plump, and see them roll,
Have curs'd the hour that he was born,
And for an onion damn'd his soul!

Our Frenchman acted quite as well:
He stopp'd, and hardly stopp'd, his song;
First rais'd his Bidet from his swoon,
Then stood a little while to view
His onions bobbing up and down:
At last he, shrugging, cried "Parbleu,
Il ne manque ici que de sel,
Pour faire de potage excellent."

WOMAN.

Woman, dear woman, in whose name,
Wife, sister, mother, meet;
Thine is the heart, by earliest claim,
And thine its latest beat.

In thee the angel virtues shine,
An angel form to thee is giv'n,
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to heav'n.

From thee we draw our infant strength,
Thou art our childhood's friend;
And when the man unfolds at length,
On thee his hopes depend.

For round the heart thy pow'r hast spun,
A thousand dear mysterious ties:
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And nurse it for the skies.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

J. E. HALL, Esquire, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Maryland, is preparing for the press a treatise on "The office and authority of a Justice of the Peace, arising under the acts of the Congress of the United States, the Legislature of the State of Maryland, and the Common Law. Illustrated by a variety of precedents adapted to those Laws."

J. CUSHING, of Baltimore, has in the press a translation of Dr. J. Larrey's Memoirs of Military Surgery, and of the Campaigns of the French armies in Asia and Europe, from the year 1791 to 1812. By RICHARD W. HALL, M. D. professor of Midwifery in the University of Maryland. From the second Paris edit. In two vols. large 8vo.

Lately published, HALL'S DISTILLER, containing, 1. Full and practical directions for making and distilling all kinds of grain, and imitating Holland gin and Irish whiskey. 2. A notice of the different kinds of stills in use in the United States, and of the Scotch stills, which may be run off 480 times in 24 hours. 3. A treatise on fermentation, containing the latest discoveries on the subject. 4. Directions for making yest, and preserving it sweet for any length of time. 5. The Rev. Mr. Allison's process of rectification, with improvements, and mode of imitating French brandy, &c. 6. Instructions for making all kinds of cordials, compound waters, &c. also for making cider, beer, and various kinds of wines, &c. &c. &c. Adapted to the use of farmers as well as distillers. By Harrison Hall.

On this last work, the following encomium is passed by Professor Cooper, in his Emporium of Arts and Sciences. "If a few pages of chymical disquisition were omitted, and some practical directions given on the use of the hydrometer, this would be the best book I have seen on the subject. Indeed, I consider it such as it is. It supersedes a great deal of what I had to say on this manufacture, but I can make some additions when the proper time comes."

THE WESTERN GLEANER.—We have just received the first number of a scientific and literary work, entitled *The Western Gleaner*, published monthly at Pittsburgh, and edited by C. F. Aigster, M. D. It is with great pleasure that we hail this proof of the advancement of science and learning in this interesting portion of the union. The prospectus of the editor breathes the liberal and truly national spirit that should govern every work of the kind; the contents of his first number are highly satisfactory, and if he steadfastly adheres to the impartial plan he has laid down, and executes it with the ability of which he has already given tokens, it cannot fail to redound to his own credit, and the advantage of the Western Country.

IN PRESS—By Howe and Deforest, of New-Haven, The Elements of Algebra, being the first part of an introduction to the study of the Mathematics, adapted to the course of instruction in Yale College. By Jeremiah Day, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Yale College.

J. Wood pinxt. D. Edwin, sc.

ISAAC CHAUNCEY ESQ.R

of the United States Navy.

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Comedies of Aristophanes, viz. The Clouds, Plutus, The Frogs, The Birds. Translated into English, with notes.

[We have already inserted an article on this work from one of the minor reviews of Great Britain, and have likewise given a dissertation on Greek literature, from the Edinburgh Review. The following article, however, contains general remarks on the Greek stage, and is worthy of attention not merely as coming from so highly classical a source as the Quarterly Review, but from its being in a manner a rival dissertation to the one last mentioned.]

WHILE the tragic writers of Greece have been cherished by us with an eagerness bordering on enthusiasm, the only perfect remains of that celebrated country, in the opposite walk of comedy, have been consigned to comparative neglect and obscurity. Tragedy, indeed, as speaking a more general language than comedy, and uttering much the same kind of sentiments, whether by the mouth of a Medea, or a Lady Macbeth, might naturally be expected to be more popular than her sister muse, whose allusions must necessarily be more local and confined; yet it still appears unaccountable, that a people, possessed with so decided a taste for humour as the English, and keenly susceptible of personal

satire, should have done so little for an author, who yields to few writers either ancient or modern in both these qualifications.

More than three centuries have elapsed since the first edition of Aristophanes was printed; and during that period, the continent has produced a succession of commentators on his text: the Italians have made themselves masters of him by the translation (a very miserable one, we own) of the *Rositini, and the French by that of Poinsinet, while in England we have little more than the London edition of the Plutus and the Clouds, the Oxford edition of the Knights, the Acharnenses of Mr. Elmsley, enriched with the notes of Bentley, and different translations of one or other of the four plays, which are here collected. This is the more surprising, because the scholia on Aristophanes are reckoned among the most valuable of this species of writing; the poet himself too, we should think, presented a most inviting harvest to the philologist and the commentator: there were many words to be traced to their roots, many customs to be elucidated, many difficulties to be explained; various passages to be restored; dialogues which had escaped from their right owner to be returned; verses out of number, which required the hand of a metrical Procrustes; and an abundance of those delicious passages, at which commentators are accused of running riot. Had no specimen of the Greek comedy come down to us, there are few things, we believe, which would have excited greater regret. The scenical representations of a nation present us with so lively and exact a picture of the people themselves, that we can scarcely be said to possess *data* sufficient for forming a decided opinion upon the character of any nation, unless we have the exhibitions of their stage, both serious and comic, to assist our judgment.

The eagerness with which the octavo edition of Brunck, unsatisfactory as it is, has been purchased, is a sufficient proof, that it is not from a defect of taste in this country that the works of Aristophanes have been so much more talked of than read, and so much more read than understood. That he will ever be very generally popular here, we cannot undertake to say. When the drama of a country is poor, they are frequently content to borrow amusement from their neighbour; the Roman was for a long time diverted with Athenian customs in Roman language, and the Frenchman laughed at Spanish phrases and habits which he scarcely understood: but when their own literature affords dramatists of the highest excellence, few people will feel much indulgence for the elementary exhibitions of a foreign nation. This locality,

* The editor of Terucci's Italian translation of the Plutus and the Clouds says that the Rositini made their translation from a wretched transfusion of Aristophanes into Latin. We have no doubt that this was the case, for the translation itself is utterly unlike the original. Terucci has succeeded better, and his translation is enriched with some excellent notes.

which belongs so particularly to comedy and satire, must necessarily abate the relish of the unlearned reader for the writings of Aristophanes; and after every assistance, the difficulty of the original text must prove a great bar to all but finished scholars. Comic writers are the last authors to whom the student of a foreign language has recourse. There is necessarily so much idiom in them, the elliptic mode of speech is so continually recurring, and the transitions are so rapid, that the mind is startled at every turn, instead of sliding with ease into the subject, and catching the little niceties of the dialogue. A maxim in ethics does not lose its force while we are consulting Hederic or Scapula. Even the subliner emotions, excited by the writings of Euripides and Pindar, are not so likely to evaporate, while we pause to ascertain the precise meaning of a word, or a phrase, as the lighter shades of feeling excited by comedy. To be consulting the scholiast, when we ought to be carried away by the wit and spirit of the dialogue; to be searching in Bisetus, or Geraldus, whether we may laugh "by authority," soon exhausts the patience and fatigues the imagination.

There is one thing, on which we are particularly anxious to put the reader upon his guard, who is not familiar with the Grecian stage, and that is, not to come to the perusal of these plays with English feelings and English ideas about him. If he come fresh from his own drama, and expect a similar exhibition in that of the Grecian poet; if he look for intricacy of plot, for gradual development of character, for a leading story with a subordinate one attached to it, which at the same time shall help forward the main story and form a relief to it; above all, if he look for the delineation of that universal passion, whose innumerable varieties of tenderness and gayety, of whim and caprice, it is the delight of modern comedy to exhibit, he will find himself sorely disappointed. He will meet with characters, marked, it is true, with strong humour, but exhibiting few lights and shades; he will find a story that has no intricacies in it; and for love—he will see but little of it indeed, and that little he will wish to have expunged. The correct refinement of modern times, the considering of love as a sentiment and not as an appetite, with all the light *badinage* and amiable gallantry which this feeling engenders, the "dolci durezze, e placide repulse," were unknown to the ancients. Nothing, in fact, can be conceived more gross than the old comedy, as exhibited in Aristophanes and the small remains of his cotemporaries which have come down to us. The worst of things are called by the worst of names; and the meanest of our appetites and grossest of our necessities are perpetually called in to make sport for the audience, who, if we are to judge of them by those exhibitions, (and they certainly took a singular delight in them,) can have been

little better than semibarbarians.* The plot of the Lysistrata turns upon a proposal so gross, that we shall not insult our readers with it; and though the effects of it upon the dramatis personæ are ludicrous in the extreme, the poet deserves no indulgence for his shameless and unparalleled effrontery. The marginal references of some of our old moralities, and even mysteries, are sufficiently significant; but they are purity itself when compared with the licentiousness of the Athenian stage.

The grossness of the comic theatre of Greece forms a singular contrast with the gravity, the decorum, and the sustained elegance of the tragic poets of the same period; and we can scarcely conceive it possible that the same people who had listened with the warmest enthusiasm to the wild sublimities of Æschylus and the moral pathos of Euripides, could have not only endured, but encouraged and insisted upon the buffoonery and ribaldry of the comic writers. We can ascribe this depravity of taste to no cause so much as the little intercourse which subsisted between the two sexes, and the partial exclusion of women, that is, women of virtue, (for the restriction did not extend to the profligate part of the sex,) from entertainments of the theatre. Mr. Dunster has suggested, that the grossness of Aristophanes was merely an artifice, and that it served him as a sort of battery for making his assaults upon the vices of his countrymen with more effect. True, indeed, it is, that the higher the object which he has in view, and the greater the danger of bringing it before the audience, so much the lower frequently is the ribaldry to which he descends. When by the most ridiculous buffoonery he has put his audience entirely off their guard, then it is that he suddenly strikes the deadliest blow. To the better part of his audience his admonitions might have the ludicrous appearance of a Bacchus preaching sobriety from a tub; but to the vitious no reproof comes so home as that which they hear from persons who appear to think as little of virtue as themselves. After all, this post is scarcely tenable; the poet seems voluntarily to wallow in his filth; and if his muse is not an absolute prostitute, she at least seems always willing to meet the public half way.

Besides the embarrassments to which we have alluded, the unlearned reader will be encumbered with a new set of *dramatis personæ*, called the chorus, whom he will find possessed of a most persevering attachment to the stage, never forsaking the performers, and diving into every thought, which is within the conception and intention of the actors. To add to this seeming absurdity, he will find this exalted post allotted to creatures of a very inferior situation in the comic poets; to Frogs, to Wasps, to

* We must not, however, conclude too generally. It is well known that the philosophers rarely frequented the comic theatres, and their example, no doubt, was followed by the more respectable part of the citizens.

Birds, and even to Clouds. We might enlarge upon this topic; but enough, we think, has been premised to make it clear that Aristophanes was not a comic poet according to our ideas of that character: he may rather be termed a writer upon criticism, ethics and politics; and unless the reader come with these impressions to the perusal of him, he is not likely to make a fair estimate of his merits, or to imbibe that relish for his writings, which all true scholars feel.

Having endeavoured to throw some light upon the character of the dramatist, we shall add a few words on the materials from which he had to draw his comic pictures. There is no source of humour so fertile as vanity; in other words, as the affectation of pretending to be what we are not, and assuming a part for which we are not fitted either by fortune or nature. The endless subdivisions of employment in modern life must, from this cause, produce a never failing succession of fit subjects for the dramatist and the satirist. But in the earlier days of Greece, when Aristophanes wrote, this plentiful crop of pretenders did not exist. The Athenians had, it is true, like other people, their artisans, their hinds, and their merchants; but the collective character of the nation was that of soldiers and statesmen. They had no standing army, for which they paid their quota, nor a militia, for which they provided substitutes: every man was in his turn a soldier. Again, the Athenians did not express their political opinions once in seven years, and then leave them to be promulgated by the mouth of a representative; but every man was called upon continually to give his voice in the deliberative assembly himself. Such were the two great and leading occupations of the Athenians; upon these would all their ideas mainly turn, and to these would the productions of the stage, which always follows the public feeling, be directed. Accordingly, we find the plays of Aristophanes perpetually turning upon one or other of these topics, and more particularly upon that part of their civil jurisprudence which allotted the judicial situation to all ranks indiscriminately, and paid them a certain salary for their trouble. After the feelings more immediately connected with these pursuits, the Athenians were distinguished by a predominant passion for the amusements of the stage. The bounty of nature had bestowed upon them a triumvirate of tragic poets, whom it has been the pride of modern times to own as their masters; and a crowd of comic writers, whose wit seems to have been as powerful in exciting the gayer feelings, as the pathos and sublimity of the former in raising the grander emotions. These productions were *got up* with all the magnificence of which the age could boast. The whole expenses of the Peloponnesian war, it is said, did not cost more than the exhibition of three of the tragedies of Sophocles. The emulation of the writers kept pace

with the generosity of the managers. Plays were not then contracted for, as at present, by the gross; neither was the successful candidate rewarded merely by a benefit. The applauses and distinctions, which accompanied success, were so flattering, that some of their writers expired under them. Such were the people to whom the drama of Aristophanes was submitted, and we ought to have a proper idea of his audience, in order to judge of his merits. We are apt to view the Athenians, as they did themselves, through the magnifying glasses of Marathon and Platæa; but a more odious people, as to their internal economy, never existed. They were open to the grossest flattery; they were credulous, not like Englishmen, from an unsuspecting honesty, but, like Frenchmen, to whom their character is very similar, from vanity and self-conceit. They were fickle and inconstant in their tempers, melting one night into tears over the tragedies of Euripides, and the next, dying with laughter at the parodies of his incessant persecutor, Aristophanes. Of a high-wrought susceptibility, they set a fine upon Phrynicus, because his dialogue was too pathetic, and starved Anaxandrides because his invectives were too severe. Too acute to be insensible of high talents, and too envious to allow them their due sway, they persecuted the virtue which they could not but admire, and exalted the vice which they ridiculed and contemned: the vilest tyrants where they dared, and that was chiefly with the meritorious and the virtuous; and the meanest slaves to the bullies and blockheads, who ruled them by consulting their tempers, and administering to their favourite passions—praise of themselves and abuse of others. Such are some of the traits of the incomprehensible Athenians; the people who deserted Alcibiades, in the midst of a grave oration, to run after a bird; who erected a monument to Cratinus for his talents, and recorded nothing upon it but that he was a drunkard; who drove Aristides into banishment, because he was just, and rewarded the children of Chœriphilus with the freedom of their city, because their father sold excellent salt fish: the people, in short, who first listened with admiration to the precepts of Socrates, then allowed him to be made a public jest, then murdered, and last of all deified him. Such, we say, were the people whose amusements, morals, and politics, Aristophanes undertook to criticise, to amend, and to direct. It was a hazardous task; but of this he seems well aware. To arraign them seriously and severely was dangerous; to bend and crouch before them scarcely less so. Whenever, therefore, he has any important object in view—a sophist to expose—a public defaulter to arraign—a war to condemn—a peace to recommend, he generally commences with a scene of low buffoonery, or introduces some of their great people in a ludicrous situation, such as was peculiarly acceptable to the

levelling disposition of the Athenians. Having thus prepared his audience, he opens his battery; and the boldness with which he directs his assault, when we consider the powers of those subjected to his lash, places him on very high ground indeed. It is here that we feel the character of sublimity in our author, which Longinus applies only to the apt collocation of his words and sentences. His undaunted denunciations of public villany; his bold appeals in favour of his own patriotic intentions; his sudden and unexpected turns of wit, drawn from new and peculiar sources; his pointed, short and resistless sarcasm, are among the finest specimens of moral reprehension. The addresses of Dicæus and Adicus in the Clouds, are both grand in their display; the cutting satire with which the former gives up the contest, and throws himself upon the audience as a universal mass of villany, is more than grand; it is a stroke of true sublimity.

Of those who suffered from this writer's ridicule, there are three so conspicuous, that we cannot avoid saying a few words on each; we mean Socrates, Euripides, and Cleon. His motives for attacking the former are not sufficiently clear. The idle story of his being suborned by Melitus to write the comedy of the Clouds, and thus to pave the way for the death of Socrates, is refuted by the dates of his pieces, from which it appears that that event did not take place till more than twenty years after the performance of the play in question. Besides, though Aristophanes had a strong turn for the ridiculous, he does not seem to have had much malice in him: his satirical strokes are in general short and pointed; he sometimes fastens, indeed, upon the tender parts, but he exhibits none of the marks of a determined and cold-blooded satirist; he does not coolly gaze upon the wound which he has laid open, nor watch the agonies which he has excited. To a man who, like Aristophanes, saw things on the side of ridicule only, Socrates might easily appear little more than an officious meddler. The nature of his discourses too, which regarded ends more than means, and not unfrequently pleaded what was fallacious, in order to illicit what was true, laid him very open to witty mistake and misrepresentation. The aphorism of Donne respecting scriptural texts may not unaptly be applied to the *Socratici sermones:* "sentences in scripture," says he, "like hairs in horse-tails, concur in one root of strength and beauty; but being plucked out one by one, serve only for springes and snares." We have the greatest veneration for the name of Socrates; but we cannot see that personality in the Clouds which some have ascribed to it. It appears to us that the play was principally intended to retort the indignity thrown upon the comic stage by the sophists, in restraining its exhibitions; and that the character of Socrates (however petulantly and unjustly assumed) was little more than a name for the whole body of them collectively. The audience, who knew the men, appropriated the re-

spective charges, and while they appeared to be amused with the buffooneries of the great philosopher, were, perhaps, laughing at the follies and impieties of Hippo of Thrace, Democritus, Protagoras, &c.

The character of Euripides we must imagine to have particularly excited the spleen of Aristophanes. He is the cushion on which his wit reposes at all times.

The poet seems to have considered him as a piece of private property, always at hand. The warmest admirer of Euripides must be amused with the attacks of his witty and unwearied assailant. This mighty master of the drama, inferior to Shakespear only in those powerful touches which go at once to the heart, and to Racine for knowledge of his art, had yet points that laid him very open to ridicule. He was at times languid and affected; finical in his expressions and conceited in his ideas: he seemed to write too with a lofty contempt of his audience, and to demand their acquiescence as a master, and not their suffrages as a candidate for favour. His perverse morality, and diseased state of religious sentiment; his prolix, though eloquent messengers; his interminable prologues, preventing curiosity and anticipating surprise; his affectation of deep thinking, (visible even in the lowest of his dramatis personæ,) together with the occasional meanness of his phraseology, and the snip-snap of his dialogue, which is sometimes continued for a page or two together, all become in their turn the property of Aristophanes, who puts them in a thousand ridiculous lights. He is not, indeed, blind to his merits, but he is more than eagle-eyed to his defects; and he that has not Euripides at his finger-ends, must be content to lose a great share of the wit of Aristophanes.

Of all the characters whom our author brought upon the stage, none seems to have excited his detestation so sincerely as Cleon; and the glee with which he records his victory over this turbulent demagogue, comes from his very heart. The following picture of him seems to have pleased Aristophanes, for he has repeated it in two of his comedies, the Wasps, and the Peace.

> When first your poet undertook this trade
> Of dealing out instruction, men were not
> His game, but monsters; huge leviathans
> That ask'd the mettle and appliances
> Of Hercules, to quell them: first he grappled
> With that fell portent, that huge, saw-toothed beast,
> Licked into fashion by the slavering tongues
> Of sycophants accurst; whose eyes shot fire
> Fierce as the flames of Cynna, and whose voice
> Rose hoarser than the raging whirlpool's, when
> The birth-pains of the coming storm are on it.

A whale's ill savour, loins, that, Lamia-like,
Had never known the luxury of water,
These, with a camel's hinder parts, made up
Th' uncouth, distasteful compound, &c.—WASPS, 1030.

The comedy which our poet composed for the express purpose of bringing this obnoxious but dangerous demagogue before the people, is called the Knights. It is a strain of coarse but very powerful humour throughout, and will remind the English reader of the facetious history of John Bull by the Dean of St. Patrick. There is in fact a very close resemblance between these two writers; and had Swift turned his thoughts to the stage, and been allowed the privileges of the "old comedy," we are of opinion that the Greek poet would have been his model. The two writers are alike distinguished by their bitter satire; they have the same love for homely imagery, the same tendency to revel in those ideas which most people sedulously exclude from their thoughts: the Attic bard too possesses a slight portion of that misanthropic contempt for his species which so strongly marks the English wit, and both evince the same public spirit, and the same talent for pointing out the true interests of their country by comparisons so familiar, that the meanest understandings cannot mistake them. The character of Demus, by which the poet collectively characterized the Athenian populace, is so evident a prototype of Swift's John Bull, that our readers, we think, will not be displeased to see a translation of it. The play opens with a ludicrous dialogue between the two distinguished Athenian generals, Demosthenes and Nicias, who complain bitterly of the miseries which they had undergone since the introduction of a Paphlagonian tanner (Cleon) into the service of their common master, Demus. They talk at first of going over to the enemy: upon second thoughts, however, they determine to lay their case before the spectators; and Nicias having first begged the audience to show by their looks whether the subject was agreeable, and they, we suppose, assenting, his companion begins as follows:—and never, surely, was "the sovereign people" depicted with greater force and humour.

With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate
To have a testy, crossgrain'd, bilious, sour
Old fellow for our master; one much giv'n
To a bean* diet; somewhat hard of hearing:
Demus, his name, Sirs, of the parish Pnyx, here.
Some three weeks back or so, this lord of ours
Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,

* Alluding to the beans which the Athenians, who were a nation of judges, made use of in their courts. The poet continually ridicules the fondness of his countrymen for attending these courts.

Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with
As nimble fingers and as foul a mouth
As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows.
This tanner-Paphlagonian (for the fellow
Wanted not penetration) bow'd and scrap'd,
And fawn'd and wagg'd his ears and tail, dog-fashion;
And thus soon slipp'd into the old man's graces.
Occasional douceurs of leather-parings,
With speeches to this tune, made all his own.
"Good Sir, the court is up—you've judg'd one cause,
'Tis time to take the bath; allow me, Sir—
This cake is excellent—pray sup this broth—
This soup will not offend you, though crop full——
You love an obolus;* pray, take these three—
Honour me, Sir, with your commands for supper"—
Sad times meanwhile for us! With prying looks,
Round comes my man of hides, and, if he finds us
Cooking a little something for our master,
Incontinently lays his paws upon it,
And, modestly, in his own name presents it!
Then, none but he, forsooth, must wait at table;
(We dare not come in sight;) but there he stands
All supper time, and, with a leathern fly-flap,
Whisks off the advocates; anon the knave
Falls to his oracles, and, when he sees
The old man plunged in mysteries to the ears,
And scared from his few senses, marks his time,
And enters on his tricks. False accusations
Now come in troops; and, at their heels, the whip:
Meanwhile, the rascal shuffles in among us,
And begs of one, brow-beats another, cheats
A third, and frightens all. "My honest friends,
These cords cut deep, you find it—I say nothing,
Judge you between your purses and your backs.
I could, perhaps"—We take the gentle hint,
And give him all: if not, the old man's foot
Plays such a tune upon our hinder parts,
That flogging is a jest to 't, a mere flea-bite.

It would lead us too far to enter into the humorous scenes which follow; suffice it to observe, that in consequence of this play, Cleon was condemned to pay a fine of five talents: and the poet thus records his victory, in the Acharnians.

Out, out, upon it: I am sick, heart-sick:
My joys are few, heav'n knows! some three or four:

* This is bitter. The Athenian populace were paid three oboli, every time they attended the court to sit as judges. This drew them thither in crowds, and together, with their fondness for litigation, forms, as we have just observed, an inexhaustible source of satire for Aristophanes.

But for my plagues, they come in whole battalions,
In numbers numberless, like ocean's waves.—
Yet, I have had my touches too of joy.
Pure, genuine joy—when was't? stay, stay—'twas when
I saw those same five-talents, dropping from
The full gorg'd maw of Cleon. O, the sight
Was milk and honey to me!

Let it be remembered, to the poet's honour, that his vengeance ceased with the life of Cleon. In the Clouds, he observes, with honest pride,

I struck the living Cleon to the heart,
When all his pomp of greatness was upon him;
But never spurn'd I at his lifeless corse.

It is more than time to turn to the volume which has called forth these remarks. We have reason to think that the writer of the preface is mistaken in saying that excepting the duplicate versions of the Clouds and Plutus, by White and Theobald, no other translations of Aristophanes have been attempted in England, besides those before us. A translation of the Plutus was published by Thomas Randolph, the author of the Muse's Looking Glass, in 1651, under the quaint title of *Hey for Honesty! Down with Knavery!* This was succeeded by another quarto translation, in 1659, with the signature of H. H. B. A folio translation of the Clouds, by Stanley, may be found, we believe, in the History of Philosophy, Lond. 1708. Our wishes, we frankly confess, incline us to hope, that the writer is also somewhat incorrect in saying, that Aristophanes "begins to form a prominent part in the lecture books of our universities." We doubt whether it be so at Oxford; we are quite sure that it is not so at Cambridge. The fact is, that Aristophanes, though a great wag, is, at times, also a very wicked one; and it is not every one who plunges into mire, that has the good fortune, like the "essayist" in the Dunciad, to "bear no tokens of the sable streams," on emerging from it.

The present volume contains poetic versions of the Clouds and the Frogs, by Mr. Cumberland and Mr. Dunster; and prose translations of the Plutus, by Fielding and Young, conjointly; and of the Birds, "by a member of one of the universities." They are of such different degrees of merit, that the compound reminds us of the tyrant in Virgil, who bound together the living and the dead. Mr. Cumberland's is infinitely superior to the rest; it has naturalized Aristophanes among us, as far as it goes, and we question whether any other language can boast a translation at once so easy and so spirited. Mr. Cumberland never made a more fortunate hit than when he undertook the remains of the comic

poets: it settled his reputation upon a firmer basis than any of his original works; and his version of the Clouds formed an excellent finale to his smaller attempts of the same kind. To say the truth, he seems fully sensible of the value of what he had done; for he is very careful to mention the length of time which the undertaking required, and to hint that, after soliciting the assistance of many learned men, he was left to accomplish it single-handed.

The whole of this play is a masterpiece of dramatic skill, wit and effect:* the translation is so well supported throughout, that we might pitch upon any passage indiscriminately, and produce it as a specimen of the inimitable skill of the translator. If Mr. Cumberland fail anywhere, it is in the odes or chorusses, for he was not a very successful rhymer. We could produce a few instances where he has translated rather too freely, and a very few where he has either mistaken, or not quite equalled, his original; but we will not lessen the general excellence of his performance by any remarks upon smaller errors.

The plot of the Plutus is, we presume, familiar to the reader, having been given in one of the papers of the Spectator. It is translated with a close and servile adherence to the text, and will be the farthest of all things from reminding the reader of the author of Tom Jones. It is singular, that Fielding's humour, which shone so powerfully in the prose epic, should desert him whenever he attempted the drama. There is scarcely one of his comedies that does him credit but the Miser; and this play, with the exception of the character of Marianne, is taken from the Avare of Molière. Next to a literal translation of the text, Fielding's aim seems to have been to expose the mistranslations of Mad. Dacier, and her faithful copyist, Theobald. The lady certainly mistakes her author very frequently; and Theobald, as his witty persecutor remarks, shows that it was much easier to translate from the French than from the original. The notes are in

* It has been attempted in the enlarged edition of Brumoy's Greek Theatre, to prove a close resemblance, both in the subject and the conduct of the pieces, between the Clouds of Aristophanes and the Lettres Provinciales of Pascal; but we do not think with much success. Both writers, it is true, combat the sophists and false philosophers of the times, and their compositions are both models of writing in their respective ways. The "Probalisme" of Pascal may also be compared with the Dieeus and Adieus of Aristophanes. But here we think the comparison must end. If the two writers drew their weapons from the same armoury, they were at least of a very different temperament. Aristophanes applies to one person what were the scattered opinions of many. Pascal ascribes to the Jesuits collectively, tenets which, according to Voltaire, were maintained only by a few. The light raillery of Aristophanes cannot be compared with the powerful irony of Pascal, nor the open scoffs and undisguised effrontery of the Athenian, with the bitter humility and stinging reserve of the Frenchman. We disbelieve Aristophanes, and are amused; we place implicit confidence in Pascal, and are shocked. Aristophanes, in the true spirit of comedy, touches chiefly upon points of behaviour which are to be avoided; Pascal mixes with his ridicule of what is wrong, the sublimest exhortations and persuasions to what is right; the former therefore excites unmixed gayety, while even the laughter of the latter inclines us to be serious.

general good, and evince that the translators had a keen perception of the beauties of their author, though they have done little towards making the reader partake of their feelings of enjoyment. The Plutus is a proof of what we advanced above—that Aristophanes might be considered as an ethic writer. Whoever will turn his thoughts to the various effects which the want, or the attainment of wealth has upon the human mind in its several situations, will find them here thrown into action; and instantly recognise them in the person or the conduct of the living Plutus, and those more immediately about him.

"The Frogs" was written, according to Frischlinus, with a view of averting the popular odium which had been drawn upon our poet by the tragedy of Palamedes, in which Euripides had covertly reproached the Athenians with the unjust murder of Socrates. To relish thoroughly the wit and humour of this diverting comedy, it is necessary that the reader should be fully master of the plays of Æschylus and Euripides, the two contending poets. This can hardly be acquired by a perusal of the translations of Potter and Woodhall; for though these versions, and more particularly the former, are highly respectable, the wit of the parody is entirely lost, while the mind is kept wavering by a language, which is the exact property of neither Æschylus nor Potter, and where the standard of comparison (which must be a death-blow to parody) is entirely changed. The English language, too, seems hardly equal to that sustained tone of elegance in which the ancient dramas are generally written. Indeed, no modern language that we are acquainted with, seems equal to this but the Italian, which, by the distinctness of its poetic diction, and power of altering the collocation of its words, is capable of producing much of that tension of the mind, to which no small part of the charm of the Grecian drama is owing. The tragedies of Alfieri are noble imitations of the Greek tragedy, and exhibit a considerable portion of that cold stateliness and *sostenuto* movement which distinguish the latter, but which, when transfused into our language, generally wear an appearance of stiffness or feebleness. We cannot bestow those praises upon the performance of Mr. Dunster, which the merits of Mr. Cumberland demanded from our hands. His translation is respectable, never sinking very low, nor ever rising to any extraordinary height. His chorusses we think equal, if not superior, to those of his compeer; but his performance, in general, appears tame and cold, after the vigorous and spirited copy of Mr. Cumberland. Mr. Dunster possesses neither the force nor the delicacy of hand of his rival, nor has he his skill of catching the nicer features of his original, and expanding them, as his Attic conciseness sometimes requires, upon his own canvass. The one exhibits the very face, and life-blood, and animation, of his original; the other

shows but the features of his author. We recognise, indeed, the man, but it is a waxen impression, cold and cheerless—not a transcript of the warm and living face, instinct with motion and intelligence.

The "Birds" is a singular performance, even among the eccentricities of Aristophanes, into which the poet has contrived to weave an innumerable quantity of ingenious allusions, quaint fancies, and pleasantries, such as no person but himself, we think, could have furnished. It is, however, among the least pleasing of the poet's performances, because it wants a central object, and, notwithstanding what the commentators say about Decelea, the *scopus dramatis* is rather uncertain. We have but little applause to bestow upon the translation. The most disagreeable feature in it is its colloquial coarseness. We can never imagine that if Aristophanes had written in English, he would have used such expressions as "dash me"—"you've got to thank me for that"—&c. &c.—In the midst of these and similar vulgarisms, the translator frequently catches himself up, with an air of stiffness and decorum, which produces a most ludicrous effect. It is like harlequin seized with a fit of the vapours in the midst of his buffooneries. The leading feature of Aristophanes is an irresistible propensity for seeing every thing in a ridiculous light; but in the hands of his translator he resembles a *thinking* gentleman, seduced into the amusement of a dance, who *crosses hands* with a sombre vivacity, and *goes down the middle* with a merry air of despondency. We doubt, besides, whether any prose translation can do justice to an author whose writings breathe every grace and every variety of rhythm, whose harmony is of the most complete and perfect kind, and whose choral odes not unfrequently take a flight, which even Sophocles and the Theban swan might be proud to follow. The translator has been rather unfortunate, too, in his choice of the Birds for this specimen of the *comico-prosaic*, as he calls the style in which the translation is attempted; because it contains some very beautiful specimens of choral harmony. He deserves credit, however, for the diligence with which he has consulted the authorities for explaining his text; and there is an occasional vigour in the translation, which leads us to argue more favourably of his future attempts. He has sometimes mistaken his text, for which the extreme difficulty of his author forms a very fair excuse: we shall remark upon one instance only, and that for the sake of our own respectable fraternity. The word ἀγῶνα (page 470.) does not mean the audience, but the judges, the critical overseers, who were to decide upon the merits of the respective performances, previously to their being selected for the prize of public exhibition. The translator, on any future occasion, will do well also to be aware of a familiar practice of Aristophanes, viz. that of making his names of places

carry a double meaning with them. Thus (p. 498.) the words Phanæ and Clepsydra are not only the names of towns, but have a reference to the water-glass used for regulating the speeches of the orators, and to the action of informing.

A name which, like that of Aristophanes, admitted all the varieties of wit, buffoonery, indelicacy, and personal satire, was almost sure to be applied to any who might tread nearly the same path of literature. Accordingly we find Molière sometimes called the Aristophanes of France; and learned men have traced an occasional resemblance between his writings and those of Ben Jonson. We have already given our own opinion, that of all the moderns, Swift comes nearest in his style of humour to the Athenian; not but there are certain strong marks of resemblance between him and the writers we have just mentioned. We beg, however, first to observe, that in mentioning such mighty masters of the drama as Molière and Ben Jonson, it is by no means our wish to set our author upon a level with them. Aristophanes is a great and a surprising genius; but he could not boast of that exquisite delineation of character, that chaste and varied humour, which give Molière one of the highest places in the modern drama; nor does he possess that full-drawn power of portraiture, that masculine vigour, that voluptuous revelry in his own ideas of magnificence, those rich overflowings, and, as far as mixed passions are concerned, those inimitable flights of invention and poetry, which belong to our immortal Ben: flights which generate a species of literary *freethinking*, and occasionally draw us from the exclusive worship of our dramatic idol, Shakspeare. There is no point in which the French and Grecian poets so closely resemble each other as that character of *bon-hommie*, which they delight in giving to their *dramatis personæ*, that mixture of good nature and drollery, of shrewdness and credulity, which alternately excites our kindness, pity, and contempt. The Dicæopolis, the Strepsiades, and the Taygetus of Aristophanes are very much of the same school as the Monsieur Jourdain, and the George Dandin of Molière. The Carion of the former is undoubtedly the prototype of the busy, meddling, loquacious Sganarelles and lackeys of the latter. Many of the scenes in the Malade Imaginaire, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, and the Mari Confondu might be quoted as proofs of the use which Molière has made of Aristophanes. The pleasantry (in which the Frenchman so much delights) of turning a succession of biting remarks upon the head of the first utterer, is also a favourite piece of sport with the Grecian. The exquisite talent of the French wit for pushing the same idea to its furthest point of giving pleasure, was possessed in no small degree by his great predecessor.

It might have been expected that Foote, who has been profess-

edly styled the English Aristophanes, and whose writings bore much the same relation to the "old comedy" which those of Molière did to the school of Menander, would come still nearer to the poet whose works we are considering. The flow of Foote's dialogue, which forms so easy and happy a medium between the flippancy of unpolished pertness and the nicer elegancies of gentlemanly refinement, may almost be compared to the Attic terseness of his predecessor. His characters, more detailed than those of the Grecian, are hit off with the happiest pleasantry and truth. His dramatis personæ, though not so indelicate as those of the Athenian, exhibit not a whit more of the tenderness and warm feeling of that passion which has become the soul of modern comedy; and they seem to live in an equally heathenish atmosphere with those of his great master, where no checks of conscience intrude, where to be gay is to be reasonable, and to be ingenious in knavery is a sufficient apology for dealing with it. But Foote wants the whim, and the wit, and the poignancy, of his rival; he has neither the variety nor the invention of Aristophanes: his command of language is great, but he has it not under that entire subjection which Aristophanes possessed, who compels it to minister to every change, and shade, and inflexion of his mind. Foote travelled rapidly, but his step has not the bound and elasticity of the Grecian; he has none of those bursts of poetry which his master frequently pours forth, nor any of those striking appeals which the more elevated objects of Aristophanes enabled him to make, and which, amid the lowest scenes of buffoonery, stamp a dignity upon his performances, and recall to the reader the great purposes to which his dramas were subservient.

The comedy of the "Wasps" furnishes a ground of comparison with the drama of modern times, as it has been selected by M. Racine for the model of his only comedy, "les Plaideurs." M. Racine has transplanted many of the Attic bard's witticisms with great success, and substituted, with admirable dexterity, the terms of the French bar for those of the Athenian. His trial of the dog is exceedingly well done: it wants, however, the merits of the original, in which, besides its actual adaptation to the business of the play, it has an allegorical reference to some passing events of that time. The dog Labes was evidently intended to be applied to Laches, and the cheese to the bribe which he had received. The scene between the Countess and Chicanneau is equal to any thing in the whole range of French comedy: still we must confess that the copy does not please us so much as the original. There is a charm in the carelessness and freedom of the Grecian's dishabille, which is wanting in the full dress of the Frenchman. There is a mechanic air too in the studied breaks and balances of the latter's versification, which, though pleasing at first, becomes at last

fatiguing. It appears as if the poet had composed the air and the music of his verses first, and put the words to them afterwards.

The committal of the dog, in this humorous comedy of the "Wasps," has been imitated by Jonson, in the Staple of News, and indeed no writer seems to have had Aristophanes more directly in his eye than our learned Ben. One great point of resemblance which we find between them, is Jonson's imitation of the Grecian poet in the continual introduction of himself upon the stage, the sarcasms upon his fellow-writers, and his praises and dispraises of the actors. These were topics which the Greek comedians never failed to present, and indeed particular parts of the chorus, called the Commatium and the Parabasis, were appropriated to these very purposes. These diatribes are exceedingly entertaining and curious, and exhibit a striking picture of the keenness and acrimony with which the writers of them pursued each other. The interludes of *Censure*, *Mirth* and *Tattle*, serve much the same purpose in Jonson's Staple of News. His witty introduction to that singular exhibition of low humour, Bartholomew Fair, with many other passages, might be produced as specimens of the same kind. Another point of resemblance is their love of allegorical persons, and a sort of metaphysical wit, where the same thing that is predicated of the person, will also apply to the passion or affections of the mind, of which the character is the predicament personified.

Our article has reached a great length, but we shall not be thought to have done justice to our author, if we do not exhibit some of those reflections on the female sex, from which a celebrated father of the church is said to have drawn his own invectives on the same subject. It must, however, be acknowledged, in justice to the gallantry of the poet, that he very seldom particularizes any of the female sex, as he does those of his own, but arraigns their vices in the gross. The Ecclesiazusæ is a burlesque upon Utopian forms of government, and may be safely recommended to the wild lovers of reform. It turns upon a project concerted by some Athenian dames, who accoutre themselves in the habiliments of their husbands, and who, repairing in this disguise to the ecclesia, or parliament-house, vote that the administration of public affairs should be put into the hands of the women. In a previous meeting, one of the lady-speakers supposes herself to be a man addressing the assembly, and she assigns the following humorous reasons for the propriety of expecting a better government of the state, when managed by females.

> In all things they excel us: chief in this,
> A reverence of old fashions: To a woman,
> They dip their fleeces in hot water—'twas

The mode in former days; fry their fish sitting.
'Twas so of yore; bear weights upon their heads,
'Tis a most reverend custom. Here's no change,
No innovation, no new-fangled doctrine;
And well was it for Athens, when old ways
Were yet in vogue! We, fools, must needs, forsooth,
Turn theorists, experimentalists;
And what's the consequence? the city's ruin!
They run to festivals—so did their grandams;
Ill-treat their husbands—'tis an ancient practice;
House a gallant—it was their mothers' use;
Keep the tidbits for him—'tis an old fashion;
Love a brisk glass—antiquity is for them;
Another thing—— tut! they have precedent.—
What need of more? Commit the reins to them;
And question not th' event: my life upon't,
You'll find yourselves the happiest men on earth.

In the Thesmophoriazusæ he is not less pleasant upon the sex. The thesmophoriæ were festivals held in honour of Ceres, at which none but freeborn women were allowed to be present. It had been intimated to Euripides, that the ladies, irritated by his reflections upon the sex, intended to consider, during this festival, what revenge they should inflict upon him. The poet, aware that these were enemies not to be despised, goes in a great fright to Agatho the poet, to consult what should be done. Mnesilochus, his father-in-law, accompanies Euripides, proposes to borrow a woman's garb of Agatho, and engages, in that disguise, to join the women who are celebrating the mysteries, and to speak stoutly in defence of his son-in-law. The scheme is approved, and the following scene admits the readers to the sitting. The meeting is conducted with all the mock solemnity of a general Athenian assembly. The herald proclaims silence by the sacred expression of Ευφημειτε, ευφημειτε! prays that the meeting may turn out to the benefit of the state and the parties concerned, and wishes that whoever of the lady-speakers should deserve best of the Athenian people, and her own sex, may be rewarded with the prize of victory. The chorus follows with a grave hymn; and the business commences with the usual interrogation, "Whose pleasure is it to speak?—Upon this Sostrata rises, and, after a short preface, observes that there was no crime of which the poet had not accused them. Nothing can be conceived more truly comic than the medley of humour and satire in which the long string of offences is brought forward to justify her accusation. A second speaker follows with fresh complaints, when Mnesilochus, who sees

the storm rising, gets up, as he had promised, to mitigate or avert its fury. He begins,

> Sad tales these, by my troth! I marvel not
> That they have touch'd you to the quick, and rous'd
> All that is woman in you. I profess,
> As I'm a mother, and regard my offspring,
> I hate the man to madness:—and yet, ladies,
> Now we're alone and none can overhear us,
> 'Twere not amiss, methinks, to check our spleen,
> And view the matter calmly. He has brought
> A scantling of our faults upon the stage,
> Such as might reach his hearing, or his knowledge,
> No peccadilloes, neither: what of that!
> Are there not others that he wots not of?
> For my part, ladies, I'm no innocent.
> My slips have not been one, nor two, nor three;
> That which sits heaviest on me, is the trick
> I play'd my spouse, when but three days a bride—
> Euripides ne'er said a word of this;
> Nor how, when better men are not at hand,
> A slave or muleteer will serve the purpose.
> He said, I grant ye, Phædra was a wanton:
> But what is that to us? He never told
> How Pornè spread her cloak before her husband,
> Bad him admire the colour, and the texture,
> While the gallant avail'd him of the screen,
> And slipt away unnoticed! I could mention
> A matron here, who feign'd a pregnancy,
> And bought a child, while her good man was trotting
> From street to street, kind heart! to fetch a midwife:—
> Home comes a pitcher, with a chopping boy:
> The signal given, "Retire!" the lady cries.
> The child, 'tis true, was kicking ripe, but then,
> The pitcher's belly was the sufferer.
> The proud and happy simpleton pack'd off,
> The pitcher's mouth is open'd, and the child
> Raises a lusty squall: with that, the beldame,
> (Malicious hag!) purveyor of the bantling,
> Runs out, and with a grin upon her face,
> "Joy, joy, Sir! you've a giant to your son!
> So like papa! eyes, lips—then, such a nose!
> A fir cone's nothing to it." Not a word
> Of this dropt from the poet.

The two remaining plays of Aristophanes, the Acharnians and the Peace, will serve to illustrate what we have advanced of the political purposes to which his comedies were applied. They were both written during the Peloponnesian war; the Acharnians in the sixth, and the Peace in the thirteenth year of that calamitous

period, and both contain the strongest exhortations to a general pacification.

The plot of the former, which is sufficiently improbable, turns upon a separate treaty of peace which Dicæopolis makes for himself, exclusively, with the Lacedemonians, and the indignation thereby excited in his townsmen. Aristophanes does not forget his old friend Euripides; but humorously introduces Dicæopolis to him, with a request that he would lend him the beggarly dress of Telephus, or some other tragic character, that he may plead his cause with more effect before the enraged Acharnians. The *parabases* of this play are written in a high style of patriotic virtue; they portray with much humour the *claptraps* of the theatres and other public assemblies of the day, and boldly ascribe the origin of the war to the resentment of Pericles at an indignity offered to his favourite mistress Aspasia.—The same object is pursued in the Peace, though with more dramatic effect. Trygæus, a worthy citizen, being much troubled with the afflictions which the Peloponnesian war had brought upon Greece, determines to go to heaven and expostulate with Jupiter upon the subject. For this purpose, after some ineffectual attempts by other means, he procures an enormous beetle, which he had been informed from Æsop's Fables, was the only winged creature that had ever reached the skies, and on the back of this new steed, he mounts up to heaven. There he meets with Mercury, who at first treats him rather scurvily; but being softened with a little present of butcher's meat, informs him that Jupiter was not at home, and that the other gods had also quitted their apartments, which were now occupied by the god Polemos, who had thrown the Lady Peace, of whom he was in quest, into a deep pit, the mouth of which was covered with large stones, that no one might get to her. Two allegorical personages, War and Tumult, are then introduced upon the stage with a prodigious mortar, in which, it seems, it was their amusement to pound the cities that fell under their resentment. One of them goes out to fetch a pestle, and Trygæus takes advantage of his absence to collect a band of clowns and artisans, and drag up Peace from her place of confinement. This scene furnishes the poet with some sarcastic observations upon the different states of Greece. Trygæus then descends with his prize to earth, meeting with nothing by the way but the souls of a few dithyrambic poets, who were taking the air in search of food for their effusions. The remaining part of the play is employed in laughing at the soothsayers, armourers and others, who had an interest in continuing the war. There is a quaint homeliness, a rude but heartfelt joy, in the exultation of the Chorus at the recovery of Peace, which is far from unpleasant:

> Happy I, that know no care,
> *Helm*, nor shield, nor coarse camp-fare!

Wars to me no pleasure give!—
Then alone I seem to live,
When, a merry day to make,
My fireside seat, at home, I take:
There, with friends, the hours to pass,
Brimming high the sparking glass;
On the hearth a beech-log lying,
On the embers chick-peas frying,
While the crackling wood betrays,
The drying heats of summer days.
Then, if Thratta's cheek I press,
While my wife retires to dress,
If her rosy lip I touch,
O, Jove! 'tis rapture over much.
In troth, it is a super-dainty thing,
When seeding time is o'er, and rain, thank heaven,
Falls without stint, to see a friend drop in,
And in a frank, and hearty way, salute us.
"When shall we make a day, Comarchidas?"
There's nothing like a cup of chirping liquor,
When Jove, as now, takes care to drench our fields,
And set our crops a growing. Bustle, maids;
Fry us some beans—three bushels, do you hear?
And add a little wheat; 'twill mend the compound.
And let us taste your figs, dame. Run to Manes,
He's in the vineyard, tell him 'tis no time
For pruning now, when every thing is dripping.
Step you, girl, for some thrushes. There should be,
Unless the cat have trick'd us, (and I heard
A strange, suspicious noise, among the dishes,)
Some beastings, and a slice or two of hare—
Beg a few myrtle boughs of Æschines;
And, in your way, call on Charinades,
Inform him 'tis a holyday with us,
And that the glass is waiting.
O 'tis sweet, when fields are ringing
With the merry crickets' singing,
Oft to mark, with curious eye,
If the vine tree's time be nigh:
Her's is not the fruit whose birth
Costs a throe to mother earth.
Sweet it is, too, to be telling,
How the luscious figs are swelling;
Then to riot, without measure,
In the rich, nectareous treasure,
While our grateful voices chime,
"Happy season! blessed time!"

The length to which our remarks have run, prevents us from enlarging upon several minor topics, which might be drawn from

the perusal of these comedies; such as the state in which Aristophanes found the drama, the improvements which he made in it, &c. We should have wished also to show a little more at length this poet's manner of mixing with his audience, and connecting them with the business on the stage. That species of humour, too, by which he guards against pleasantries at his own manner of writing, would not have been undeserving of attention, nor the freedom of remark which he exhibits upon the religion of his country, and the toleration which his sarcasms on that point experienced from his audience. Enough, however, has been done to show that Aristophanes was not merely a punster, as Plutarch would have it, nor, what Voltaire, with at least as much ignorance as wit, describes him, a Greek comic poet, who was deficient in comedy, and had no notion of poetry. The nation which possesses a Molière or a Sheridan, may be content to do without an Aristophanes: but still the latter is no contemptible genius. He stands alone; he is a writer *sui generis:* he can be judged by no modern tribunals: the laws of the drama under which he wrote were different from ours; the audience to whom his plays were addressed was different; the manners, and the customs, and the ideas, and the purposes for which they are written, were different. Human nature, however, does not so entirely differ, but that enough is still left for us to understand, to relish, and to imitate. His pictures are highly curious and entertaining, and as fac-similes of the times, are more valuable than more general delineations; possessing much the same degree of point and faithfulness, we should imagine, as the one act comedies of the Spaniards, mentioned by the noble author of the Life of Lopez de Vega. If the general definition of wit be true, that it is the unexpected combination of distant resemblances, nothing can more deserve the name than the dialogue of Aristophanes. He finds allusions in things seemingly the most incongruous, and in scenes apparently least susceptible of them, and we can easily conceive the roar of laughter which accompanied their application, and the surprise and confusion with which they must have covered the objects of them. His characters are rather sketches than portraits; but they discover the hand of a master, and they are written *as painters write their names at Co.*

His knowledge of human nature is strong, though not diversified. It is almost all embodied in that one aggregate idea, which he had formed of his master, the people; and he appears to value his acquisitions merely as they aid him to sooth the vanity, awaken the jealousy, or soften the irritability of this idol, whom he has set up. His writings take a stronger hold upon us from the strange combination of present delight, and the momentary fear of some offensive intrusion which the perusal of them enforces upon us. Hovering forever upon the brink of what is disgusting, we yet do not lay

him down; his wit redeems his indelicacy, his language covers the homeliness of his sentiments, while the execution of his dramas excuses the improbable fictions upon which they are frequently founded. If we feel pity and contempt for the low buffooneries to which his dependence upon the mob subjected him, we also admire the ingenuity with which he escapes from them; nor can we but be struck by the beautiful and moral effect with which he frequently rises from his grovelling, and starts like the chrysalis from instant filth and deformity, into spirit, symmetry and loveliness. But Aristophanes must be read through; no extract will give a correct idea of his versatility, his side-stroke satire, his curvetings, and multiplied pleasantries. He must be read through, too, in the original; for no language but his own can do justice to that continual play upon words which he indulges. The parodies, too, in which he so eminently excels, whether of passages from the poets, or the proceedings of their political assemblies, cannot be well relished without a knowledge of the originals to which they refer, and on which they form so valuable a comment. We agree with M. Dacier, that the scholar who is not master of Aristophanes can never have felt the full excellence of the Greek language. For harmony no poetry can compare with that of Aristophanes; and it sometimes forms a singular contrast with the homeliness of the dialogue. Breaks which produce the finest effect, and pauses more varied than those which enrich the Comus of Milton, or its exquisite prototype, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher, occur for pages together. The gayety of his measures is most delightful. The eye dances amid anapæsts, and all the light and airy varieties of Greek metre. It is music absolutely painted to the eye; and we can conceive that to the susceptible ears of the Athenians, the language alone of Aristophanes, heightened by those modulations and inflections which are lost upon us, must have created a fascination that was perfectly irresistible. The most varied metres of English versification will bear but a faint comparison with the richness, brilliancy, and ever-changing modes of Aristophanes. If the poet had invented nothing more than the anapæstic tetrameter which bears his name, we should have hailed him as a mighty master in his art, and considered him as deserving the encomiums which the taste of Plato, and the penetration of the Persian king, are well known to have bestowed upon him.

Some account of the Life and Writings of James Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 180.

[From the Scotish Review.]

It has been asserted by the biographers of literary men, that from the circumstance of their passing a great portion of their time in retirement, a sketch of their lives can contain little more than a catalogue raisonné of their works. Seldom are they destined to mingle largely in the affairs of the world, or to have their names associated with those great events which fill the pages of the historian, and which, from mere local importance, will always arrest the attention of some, while others, who read either for pleasure or instruction, eagerly trace their general connexion with the affairs of surrounding countries, and the history of mankind. Though raised above the common level of the species by the powers of his mind, and by his scientific and literary acquirements, the life of the philosopher possesses little to engage our attention. Like an Italian sky, it presents one uniform and dazzling expanse, without the agreeable relief of a single intervening cloud. In short, the total want of that variety of incident, so necessary to impart interest to any narrative, and the neglect with which a literary man is often treated during his lifetime, must, we are told, always render the task of the biographer, who inquires into the minuter details of his private life and habits, extremely difficult, and the hope of success in the execution proportionably doubtful.

That this is true to a certain extent will not be disputed; but that it will hold in all the latitude which some would have us to believe, we are by no means equally prepared to admit. While so convenient an excuse is thus furnished for indolence in the search of those facts which are so essentially necessary to form any thing like an interesting and instructive narrative, and for neglecting many of those minuter details about which biography is in a great measure conversant, we are afraid it will frequently be embraced by those loungers in literature, whose vanity leads them to obtrude themselves upon the world in the capacity of authors, but who are destitute of the talents, and cannot bestow the labour and pains, which are absolutely requisite to acquire any just claims to that character.

Upon taking up the present work, we really did expect that something tolerable would have been told us of the life and writings of Bossuet, and that the author would have declined availing himself of the pretext to which we have now alluded. We were *in great* hopes of being presented with something new respecting *the characteristical* features in the mind of the great champion of

the Catholic faith, and that the laspe of more than a century would have allowed sufficient time to collect materials for a full and useful account of his life. But all these pleasing anticipations Mr. Butler has most mischievously blasted. The early studies of Bossuet are laconically despatched in four meagre pages of a small octavo, remarkable only for the barbarity of the language, and a total absence of sentiment. We were no less surprised at the business-like celerity with which Mr. Butler has managed the other parts of his work, and the prudent contempt which he has solicitously shown for every thing like unity. Half a dozen of sentences are deemed sufficient to give what he conceives a full account of the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, confessedly the best of the Bishop of Meaux's works; and with the same velocity are the *Oraisons Funebres* hurried across the scene. While he comments with great complacency on the bishop's controversial writings, which possessed only an ephemeral importance, and which, without sustaining any very material loss, we might safely suffer to pass into oblivion—those grand productions, upon which future ages will form their judgment of Bossuet's talents and genius, are nicely skimmed over with a few common-place remarks, which we could have well spared altogether, but which are quite consistent with the general poverty of the work. The title which Mr. Butler has given his book, is indeed a gross misnomer; instead of being called a Life, it should have been denominated *Fragments* of a Life of Bossuet. There is no connecting principle between the different parts of his narrative; we are not sure if, in giving an account, such as it is, of the bishop's publications, the order of publication has been observed; every thing is anomalous and disjointed; the perusal of the piece is accompanied with a perpetual effort, and when we get to the end, we feel that we have finished a task, but no sentiment of pleasure is awakened in the mind.

There is another point of view in which this book of Mr. Butler's is singularly defective. Nothing can be more absurd than to expect to glean any information respecting private character from the parade of public life. There, every thing is unnatural and assumed; and nothing is more carefully avoided than a display of real character. Habit in this case generates, as it were, a sense of official propriety, which our natural vanity but too readily approves, and which we never fail to consult before we make our appearance in any public station. But, to persons whose minds are properly constituted, this official dignity is disgusting, and though compelled to strut for a few hours in the robes of office, they are glad, when the season of relaxation returns, to follow, without restraint, the natural inclinations of their own hearts. It is in these moments, when the cares and turmoils of the world are

forgotten, or remembered only to give a higher zest to the pleasures which flow from indulging unrestrained the sympathies of our nature, that the man appears—that his true character stands unveiled—and that the qualities of the heart are displayed. The best monuments that a literary man can raise to perpetuate his fame are his works; but when we have been pleased and instructed by the writings of an author, our curiosity is awakened, and we are tempted to try every means in our power to draw aside the curtain that conceals his private life from our view, and to gaze, with eager delight, on the detail of his domestic amusements, his private friendships, and his undisguised sentiments. A strong desire to receive this useful and pleasing information must necessarily rise in the breast of the man who has perused the works of Bossuet: but he must go for its gratification to another source than Mr. Butler.

Bossuet was descended from an ancient and noble family in Burgundy. He was born on the 27th of September, 1627. In his earliest years he manifested great ardour for study, and being fortunately placed under the care of an uncle who was a man of learning and talents, every opportunity was taken to forward his improvement. While a boy, Bossuet accidentally opened, in his uncle's library, an Old Testament, which he read with the greatest avidity; and in his old age he frequently mentioned the pleasure which he received from the perusal. His talents and acquirements were soon discovered by the Jesuits, who, with their usual discernment, saw the germs of future excellence, and were anxious to have him enrolled among their number. His uncle, however, had other views, and Bossuet was removed to Paris, to be entered at the college of Navarre. At this seminary he seems to have applied to his studies with his characteristical ardour, and to have imbibed that partiality for the Cartesian philosophy which he retained through life. According to the custom of the time, he published and defended a thesis on universal theology, which attracted some notice. As his great ambition was to become a preacher, all his studies were directed to this point; and to every branch of literature, which had even the smallest reference to the great object which he wished to attain, he strenuously applied himself. His first promotion in the church was to a canonicate in the cathedral of Metz, where he was successively raised to the rank of archdeacon and dean. In this situation he soon became distinguished as a pulpit orator. His sermons were universally applauded, and he was appointed to preach during the Lent of 1663 before Louis XIV. in the chapel of the Louvre; the consequence of which was a letter from the king, by his secretary, to compliment Bossuet's father on the great merit of his son, and in a short time his nomination to the see of Condom. In this situation he

applied himself to the duties of his office, and to complete his acquaintance with those models of style and composition which Greece and Rome have left us. To his knowledge of the inimitable productions of the Greek and Roman masters may be attributed that nervous energy, yet chasteness of style, which is to be found in all his works. From that oratorial rapidity discernible in all his compositions, one would be led to imagine that they were the extemporaneous effusions of unpremeditated eloquence; but we are informed by the Benedictine editors of his works, that his manuscripts are so much disfigured by erasures and obliterations that they are almost illegible. Many of his compositions were the slow result of much care and meditation; every sentence was nicely balanced, and every member received its proper adjustment.—Such is the labour they must submit to who write for immortality. But Bossuet did not long continue to prosecute his studies in the silence of the closet or the cloister. We soon find him sacrificing his taste to his religious whims, and quarrelling with the poet Santeuil for harmlessly introducing the goddess Pomona into some complimentary verses prefixed to M. de la Quintinaye's work on gardening. As this is the point from which we may date the commencement of Bossuet's controversial career, which unhappily lasted for the greater part of his life, we shall in the following review, confine ourselves to some account of his works, and of the controversies in which he was at different periods engaged. By following this plan the reader will be better able to judge of his character than by any general observations of ours, however pertinent.

The first public controversy in which Bossuet was engaged, was with Father Caffaro, a Theatine monk, who had published a letter in defence of stage entertainments, which produced from Bossuet a very angry and eloquent reply. This controversy was a contest of argument and fact. There are many arguments in favour of scenic representations—there are many facts against them.—To exhibit upon the stage a faithful picture of man in the different characters which he assumes, cannot certainly be more pernicious than the same exhibition in real life; nay, it may have a better tendency; when a bad character is depicted in its true colours, and all the powers of wit and ridicule conspire to raise our indignation against it, the ultimate effect must be favourable to virtue.—For what is better calculated to promote the interests of virtue and sobriety than to laugh at fools, and execrate knaves? On the contrary, it was contended, that whatever arguments theory might furnish in favour of stage entertainments, the practice was immoral and vitious—tended to relax the binding laws of morality, and to favour licentiousness of every kind—that the lives of the players were a disgrace to a christian country—that such men were not

likely to be very successful teachers of morality; and that, by every dictate of reason, and every principle of revelation, the stage ought to be condemned.

In this contest Bossuet was ultimately victorious, as much, perhaps, from the authority of the church (which, in this instance, was on his side) as from any thing very convincing in his eloquent attack on the arguments in favour of the theatre. Father Caffaro submitted, professed himself convinced by the reasoning of his opponent, and avowed his repentance for having stood forth as the defender of such a focus of vice and depravity.

To his dispute with Father Caffaro succeeded his exposition of the "Doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church," the most valuable of all his controversial works. Some have thought this the apology of an able advocate for his client, rather than a fair and candid statement of the tenets of the church of Rome; and accordingly all the protestant divines who have written answers to it, agree in accusing Bossuet of attempting to disguise them, in order to render them more palatable to the protestants. "But surely," says Mr. Butler, very justly, "this charge cannot be supported. When a body of men, so numerous and so respectable as the Roman Catholics, (what candid protestant does not allow them to be both numerous and respectable?) declare, without a single dissenting voice, that a particular work expresses their tenets fully and unequivocally, it is indecent and unfair in the extreme to charge it with disguising them. Should not those who have made the charge rather acknowledge that they have misconceived them?" To this work the church of Rome owes one of her most distinguished proselytes, the Marshal de Turenne, who had been educated in the protestant religion, and continued long firmly attached to the principles of our great reformer.

Bossuet soon found an antagonist worthy of him in the celebrated Monsieur Claude, and had an opportunity of defending, *viva voce*, the principles which he had avowed in his "Exposition." To those, however, who have ceased to feel the angry passions which religious disputes, when eagerly pushed, have but too great a tendency to raise, it must appear sufficiently absurd to try the merits of such a cause at a public conference. Victory, and not truth, is generally the object of the disputants, and accordingly they advance to the combat armed against every sort of conviction, and solicitous only to defend themselves with the plausible quibbles of a fallacious logic. The enthusiastic mind of Bossuet longed for some conflict of this kind with one of the most celebrated of the Huguenot preachers. He found Monsieur Claude an ardent and able defender of the protestant faith—skilled in the logic of the schools—of a penetrating sagacity, and profound understanding—willing to listen to the arguments of his opponents,

and capable of answering them with clearness and force. A conference was agreed on, and some of the most distinguished personages of the age graced it with their presence. The contest was keen and eagerly supported, and, as usually happens in such cases, both parties claimed the victory. By those, however, who judge calmly and dispassionately in this matter, we are pretty sure the palm will be given to Claude. Bossuet is indeed more of the dialectician than his opponent, and sometimes contrives, by the force of a theological subtlety, to perplex him in the toils of a vexatious dilemma; but the arguments of Claude are generally more consonant to common sense, and, consequently, sounder than those of Bossuet, at the same time that he retorts upon his antagonist with his own weapons, and compels him to employ all those powers of evasion of which he was so great a master. A remarkable proof of this is to be found in the reply of Claude to the arguments of Bossuet against the right of individual examination of the scriptures. It had been argued by Bossuet, that if the holy national assembly were peremptorily to decide upon a particular interpretation of the scriptures, and to subject all those who were under their jurisdiction, yet refused to acquiesce in their decision, to the penalty of excommunication, then the assembly virtually arrogated to themselves infallibility; but if, on the contrary, they recognised a right in individuals to interpret the scriptures for themselves, they did what was equivalent to acknowledging that it might frequently happen to an individual to understand the scriptures better than the national assembly, or even a council assembled from the four quarters of the earth. Besides, added Bossuet, "this right of individual examination must be accompanied with the highest individual presumption." "That by no means follows," replied Claude; "When the synagogue declared that Jesus Christ was not the Messiah promised by the prophets, and condemned him to death, would not an individual who believed him to be the true Christ, have judged better than the synagogue? Could you accuse such an individual of *presumptuously* believing that he understood the scriptures better than the synagogue?" This is an able reply, and it is pleasing enough to see the shuffling and evasion which it compelled the bishop to employ. But it will no doubt appear strange to those who inspect narrowly the questions and replies, that the great points at issue between the papists and protestants are never once touched on. Transubstantiation—the power of the pope to forgive sins, and to do away the sacred obligation of an oath—a middle state—with praying for the intercessions of departed saints—all these, and several other points of great moment, at issue between the contending parties, are not so much as mentioned—while the dispute turns upon such frivolous matters as the jurisdiction of national assemblies and general coun-

cils. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the consequence which Bossuet has attempted to draw from the acknowledged right of individual examination of the scriptures—that unless you receive the scriptures implicitly upon the authority of the church, you must for a certain time be an infidel; because, while you are engaged in the investigation of the evidence upon which they rest, you must necessarily doubt, and to doubt is to disbelieve. If ignorance and infidelity are synonymous terms, there are many infidels in the world.

In justice to the disputants, it is but fair to add, that in the different accounts which they have published of this famous conference, there is none of that acrimony discernible which has so often disgraced the pages of ecclesiastical history, and afforded infidels matter both for argument and ridicule against the doctrines of christianity. As the controversial tracts of Dr. Priestley and his opponents are not yet wholly consigned to that oblivion which they so well deserve, the following quotation may be of some use to those who feel inclined to enter the lists of theological warfare: "It is not my intention," says Bossuet, "to accuse M. Claude of wilful misrepresentation. It is difficult to remember, with precision, the things that have been said, or the order in which they have been spoken; the mind often confounds things that were spoken with things that occurred afterwards; and thus, without the slightest intentional aberration from it, truth is often disfigured. All I say of M. Claude, he has my leave to say of me." We have not always the good fortune to observe such moderation beneath a mitre.

The next in order of Bossuet's works is his "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches"—a work as remarkable for the zeal which it displays, as for candour and historical research. After detailing at great length, in the first ten books, the history of the reformed churches in Germany, France, and England, he breaks off abruptly, and endeavours to prove, in the eleventh, that the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Wickliffites, and the other sects who separated from the church of Rome in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, and whom the Huguenots regarded as their religious ancestors, were the descendants of the ancient Manichees. This whimsical opinion has been completely exposed by Basnage and Mosheim, and to a chapter of the latter on Anabaptists and Memnonites, we would beg leave particularly to refer such of our readers as wish for further information on this subject.* The fourteenth book is peculiarly interesting, as in it he attempts to show a natural gravitation to Socinianism in all the sects which have separated themselves from the church of Rome. The evidence upon which he grounds this singular conclusion will, we are certain, be found very unsatisfactory,

* Maclean's Translation, v. 4. p. 129.

especially when it is recollected that it has been long ago disproved by fact.

Much about this time we find Bossuet engaged in the Utopian project of reuniting the catholic and the protestant churches. The affair was first set on foot by M. L'Abbé de Lokkum (Molanus) and the Bishop of Neustadt; and, had the thing been at all possible, two men better fitted to conduct it could not well have been found. Each possessed the confidence of his party—was profoundly versed in the matters in dispute—possessed good sense and conciliating manners—and, what was of vast importance, had the matter sincerely at heart. The results of the first conferences were very auspicious, and many augured the speedy reunion of the separated churches.

Some time previous to these events, a correspondence on the same subject had been opened betwixt Leibnitz and Pelisson; the former is well known—the latter held a considerable rank among the writers of the reign of Lewis XIV. This correspondence with Pelisson soon came to the knowledge of Louisa Princess Palatine of Maubrusson, who sent an account of it to her sister the Duchess of Hanover, and received in return an account of what was passing between Molanus and the Bishop of Neustadt. Both ladies wished well to the project, and were anxious that Bossuet should take the lead on behalf of the catholics; in consequence of which it was finally arranged, that Bossuet and Leibnitz should be joined to Molanus and the Bishop of Neustadt.

The conferences between Molanus and the Bishop of Neustadt continued seven months, and ended in their agreeing on twelve articles, to serve as preliminaries for negotiating the reunion. These articles were communicated to Bossuet, between whom and Leibnitz the matter, it should seem, was now left for discussion. In the subsequent correspondence which took place between these two distinguished personages, Bossuet repeatedly declares, that the church of Rome was ready to make concession in points of discipline, but that she would steadily adhere to the articles of her faith as they had been defined by the council of Trent. In answer to this, Leibnitz very justly observes, that, after every possible explanation, the Lutheran church would still retain some articles contrary to the defined doctrines of the church of Rome, and anathematized by the council of Trent. But, in order to remove these objections, Leibnitz reverted to the first project of Molanus, that the Lutherans should express a general acquiescence in the authority of the church, and promise obedience to the decisions of a general council, to be called to determine upon the points in dispute; and that, in the mean time, the anathemas of the council of Trent should be suspended, and the Lutherans received provisionally within the pale of the church. But all the eloquence

and learning of Leibnitz were of no avail. Bossuet continued firm, and declared that, in this respect, there could be no compromise. It would be considered, perhaps, ungenerous to charge the bishop with insincerity; but there are most assuredly good grounds of suspicion; at least, if we exculpate the uprightness of his motives, we must admit that he failed to display his usual acuteness and penetration.

While the church of Rome would admit of no softening of those tenets which were obnoxious to the protestants, one cannot help believing that Bossuet clearly saw the impracticability of his scheme. The attempt, however, was laudable; and, so far as we recollect, Pope Hadrian and Bossuet are the only persons of the catholic communion by whom it was ever made. At all events, we are not sorry that neither has succeeded. Religious disputes have perhaps been prolonged, but liberty and science have sprung from the collision. That grand era, the reformation, has relieved men from those fetters in which Aristotle and the schoolmen had bound them; and by showing them their errors, did something to lead them to the temple of truth. The consequence has been the revival of literature and science, and the dissemination of those principles to which we are indebted for our knowledge and our freedom; for it has always happened in the history of mankind, that when once they begin to think freely, they soon act as freely.

In closing our account of Bossuet's controversial career, we feel reluctant to mention that asperity and violence which he manifested in his dispute with Fenelon, whose notions on Quietism alarmed the orthodoxy of this zealous defender of the faith, and drew from him that torrent of censure which extorted a complaint even from the amiable and benevolent Archbishop of Cambray. A more striking proof is perhaps nowhere to be found of the unhappy tendency of religious quarrels to sour the temper, and to fortify the heart against the inroads of humanity, than this dispute, which was voluntarily undertaken on the part of Bossuet, and prosecuted with all the intolerance of the most unrelenting bigotry. It is indeed none of the weakest arguments urged by infidels against our holy religion, that it has introduced into the world a spirit of persecution wholly unknown to the tolerant pagans, and which has often infused into the breast of the father the foulest animosity against the son, has armed brother against brother, and friend against friend, and has dissolved many of the tenderest and dearest ties that bind society together. The author of the *Natural History of Religion* has remarked this tolerating spirit of idolators, both ancient and modern, and has contrasted it, with happy malignity, to that sacred zeal and rancour (the most furious and implacable of the human passions) which has always accompanied the progress of those religions which maintain the unity of God. To

those, however, who press these observations, there is one argument which we may always oppose—that the folly and wickedness of men can never afford any reasonable ground for arraigning the justice and wisdom of God, and that their abuse of the doctrines of the gospel can never be a proof of any thing but their own depravity.

Bossuet next claims our attention as the author of the *Oraisons Funebres*. In this performance he shines unrivalled as a pulpit orator; and his excellence is the more to be praised, as it is very rare, and of extremely difficult acquisition. The obstacles which the preacher has to encounter are numerous, and have often been remarked. His subjects are wholly destitute of that novelty which imparts such a charm to the eloquence of the bar; and his conclusions are anticipated by his hearers long before he arrives at them. Seldom, indeed, can the pulpit orator, unless he go beyond the province of a mere teacher of religion, pretend to inform; he must travel over the same road which thousands have trod before him, and as the same objects are always presented, the same or similar observations will always occur. Says an elegant French writer: "L'Eloquence da la chaire, en ce qui y entre d'humain, et du talent de l'orateur, est cachée, connue de peu de personnes, et d'une difficile exécution. Il faut marcher par des chémins battus, dire ce qui a été dit, et ce que l'on prévoit que vous allez dire; les matières sont grandes, mais triviales; les principes sûrs, mais dont les auditeurs penetrent les conclusions d'une seule vue; il y entre des sujets qui sont sublime; mais qui peut traiter le sublime? Le predicateur n'est point soutenue, comme l'avocat, par des faits toujours nouveaux, par des différens événéments, par des aventures mondaines; il ne s'exerce point sur questions douteuses; il ne fait point valoir les violentes conjectures et les présomptions; toutes choses, neanmoins, qui élevent le génie, lui donnent de la force, et de l'étendue, et qui contraignent bien moins l'eloquence, qu'elles ne le fixent et le dirigent. Il faut, au contraire, tirer son discours d'une source commune, et d'où tout le monde puise; et s'il s'écarte de ces lieux communs, il n'est plus populaire; il est abstrait ou déclamateur." From which the inference drawn by the author is very just: "Il est plus aisé de prêcher que de plaider; mais plus difficile de bien prêcher que de bien plaider."* To attain to excellence in such an art must require no ordinary powers both of imagination and judgment; for the difficulty of rendering a subject interesting must always rise nearly in proportion as it becomes trivial, or dwindles into the littleness of familiarity. The topics upon which the preacher is called to expatiate, though in themselves of vast importance, have long since ceased, from fre-

* Les Caracteres, ou Mœurs de ce Siecle, p. 106.

quent repetition, to operate upon the minds of men by their proper force. To arrest the attention, therefore, and awaken the curiosity—to preserve them alive when once they have been engaged—and to seize this opportunity to convey wholesome instruction, and to persuade men to perform their respective duties—requires such a combination of different talents, that we may rather wonder, with Dr. Campbell, how so many make a respectable appearance in the pulpit, than that so few are endued with eloquence.

The Restoration, and an abhorrence at the monstrous jargon of the Independents, gave rise to a method of preaching among the English, which has indeed given us many excellent ethical discourses, but few eloquent sermons. It was natural to detest that enthusiastic nonsense which had corrupted the public taste, and introduced the vilest hypocrisy, and the most miserable cant, into the place of genuine religion. Accordingly, the moral method of preaching was adopted, and has, in a great measure, continued to this day. The English preachers seem to consider man purely as an intellectual being, whose powers and faculties are in complete subjection to his reason. If they have once shown the performance of a particular duty to be according to the great laws which ought to regulate the conduct of every moral being—that there is an inherent deformity in vice, and a matchless beauty in virtue—and that the eternal fitness and order of things require a particular mode of conduct, they imagine every thing has been done that can persuade a rational being like man to pursue the proper line of duty. In general, therefore, our sermons are mere moral lectures, and possess no circumstance to distinguish them from the latter, but the motto from scripture which is usually prefixed to them. The sermons of Butler and Clarke form indeed a very excellent system of ethics; and there is not one who has read Bishop Horsley's sermons who does not admire them as precious morsels of biblical criticism, at the same time that he is convinced they would have better suited a theological chair in the form of lectures, than a public audience who required to be instructed in the great truths of christianity. If mankind were all philosophers, this method of preaching would be wholly unexceptionable; but as our nature is a mixed system, and as the conduct of a great proportion of mankind is more frequently regulated by their affections than by their reason, that mode of instruction which endeavours to reach the understanding through the medium of the heart, and to enlist our feelings and our passions in the service of reason, must surely be best calculated to promote the improvement of the species, and to accomplish the great object of all oratory. In this point of view the author of the *Oraisons Funebres* stands high in the rank of excellence. Less argumentative and less profound than many of our preachers, the morality which he teaches is better adapted to

the circumstances of the great body of mankind, and, what is of vast importance, it is of easier apprehension. He never distracts the attention of his hearers with deep trains of reasoning on the principles of moral obligation, but presumes upon those natural perceptions of right and wrong, which, when left to themselves, in no one instance deceive us;—he never enters into the mazes of metaphysics—never confounds with subtle distinctions—never perplexes the judgment by abstract propositions—never loads the memory with long deductions—nor amazes by the singularity of his conclusions. At the same time, he is unrivalled for strength of conception, fervid imagination, and sublime pathos; he states our duty with clearness and force—illustrates it with warmth and animation—and presses it home upon our hearts with all the fire of oratory. As funeral sermons, from their nature, admit of the most impassioned figures, and the most highly wrought delineations of character, so the *Oraisons Funebres* contain some of the finest specimens of both. Of the latter kind is the portrait of Cromwell, which he has sketched with the hand of a master, and the finely contrasted characters of the Prince of Condé and the Maréchal de Turenne. Of the former is his oration on the death of Henrietta Anne, daughter of our Charles I. and wife to the Duke of Orleans, and that on the Prince of Condé. Both are remarkable for some of the tenderest touches of the pathetic; but, from the extent to which this article has already swelled, we can only afford room to make a short extract from the conclusion of the oration on the Prince of Condé:

"Agréez ces dernieres efforts d'une voix que vous fut connue. Vous mettrez fin à tous ces discours. Au lieu de déplorer la mort des autres, grand prince! dorenevant je veux apprendre de vous à rendre la mienne sainte. Heureux si averti par ces cheveux blancs du compte que je dois rendre de mon administration, je réserve au troupeau que je dois nourir de la parole de vie, les restes d'une voix qui tombe, et d'une ardeur que s'éteint."

Bossuet's sermons are in general of a more didactic cast than the funeral orations; but they everywhere exhibit traces of the same powerful mind—of the same glowing eloquence—of the same powers of description, and frequently of exaggeration—the same bounding climax—the same irresistible pathos. In confirmation of these facts, we may refer our readers (the passage is too long for insertion) to a description of human life in one of his sermons, which is to be found in the third volume of the Benedictine editions of his works, which for sublimity stands perhaps unrivalled in the history of eloquence.

The appointment of Bossuet to superintend the education of

the dauphin was the occasion of his giving to the world the Discourse on Universal History, confessedly the best of all his works. In this performance we see his genius unfold itself in all its lustre. Disdaining to dwell on those little and contracted details so dear to the great crowd of historians, we see kings and conquerors, legislators and judges, summoned at once before his impartial tribunal—their actions brought forward and examined—their virtues applauded—their wisdom honoured—their crimes condemned. In no other work do we see exemplified, so powerfully, this important lesson to princes—that though greatness may preserve from oblivion the name of a despot or a tyrant, it will not shelter his crimes from the scrutiny of posterity, nor preserve him from merited infamy and execration. This discourse is divided into three parts. In the first, the history of the world from the creation to the reign of Charlemagne, is treated under five epochas or general heads. The second contains a very able detail of the Jewish history, with all the symbolical rights of their worship, together with a very extensive account of the origin and progress of christianity. In the third a view is exhibited of those great events which have contributed to the rise of empires, or accelerated their decline. In the first part we admire the rapid and masterly sketch which is drawn of the affairs of mankind. We see the same comprehensive energy of mind which had excited our astonishment in the Funeral Orations. Every sentence conveys some important truth—every clause is pregnant with wisdom. A finer outline of general history could not possibly be exhibited. In the second part we find the same qualities to praise, but something also to regret. In a theological point of view, the Jewish history is no doubt very important, and even in a political view, is not undeserving of notice. The affairs of that singular people, who, though scattered through all the nations of the earth, have never incorporated with any one of them, are certainly fit objects of curiosity both for the antiquary and historian. Still they possess only a minor importance, and we are sorry to see the bishop wasting so much of his time with this particular part of general history, especially as it bears but little relation to the affairs of other countries, and is by no means calculated to convey much instruction to the political philosopher, who values the histories of different nations in proportion as their connexions and principles of government exemplify some of those great rules which regulate, more or less, the conduct of all aggregate bodies of men, and to ascertain which is the great object of his study. For these reasons we should certainly have been better pleased to have found the bishop expatiating on some other corner of the wide field into which he had entered, than confining himself exclusively to a barren point, from which he could derive little or no advan-

tage in his general survey of the whole. The same objections apply in part to the subsequent detail of the origin and progress of christianity. If a part of his work was to be devoted to the history of religion, it was natural to expect that he would not have confined himself to the Jewish, and that which arose out, and was indeed grafted upon it—but, at the same time, would have exhibited a comparative view of the systems that have prevailed among the different nations of the world. Such a detail from the hands of such a master would have been invaluable. In no point of view are the weaknesses of man's nature more strongly portrayed, than when considered in the light of a religious being. It would have been of advantage to the student of history to have had it in his power to see, almost at a single glance, human nature modified by a variety of circumstances, yet remaining radically the same, and the wonderful influence of hope and fear, when enlisted under the banners of religion, in accelerating or retarding its progress to refinement. What theory had previously taught him, would have been thus corrected, by being brought to the test of fact, and that accurate knowledge acquired which alone is worthy of the name of science.

The third part appears to us the most valuable, because the most instructive. The causes which contributed to the rise of the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Median, and the Persian empires, and of the Greek and Roman republics—their policy, laws, and government—the influence of these on the minds of the subjects of the respective empires and republics—the wisdom and the defects of their several military and civil institutions—and the events which contributed to their overthrow—are all unfolded with perspicuity and force, adorned with the most fascinating eloquence. In particular, the account of the Egyptian empire is calculated both to instruct the philosopher, and to gratify the man of taste. It is only when treated in this manner that universal history presents us with grand and interesting spectacles. "Cette manière d'histoire universelle est à l'égard des histoires de chaque païs, et de chaque peuple, ce qui est une carte générale à l'égard des cartes particulières. Dans les cartes particulières, vous voyez tout le detail d'un royaume, ou d'une province en elle-même; dans les cartes universelles, vous apprenez à situer ces parties du monde dans leur tout: vous voyez ce que Paris ou l'isle est dans le royaume, ce que le royaume est dans l'Europe, et ce que l'Europe est dans l'univers."

Having spoken thus largely of the literary productions of the Bishop of Meaux, and endeavoured to present our readers with such a view of them as may enable them to judge for themselves, it only remains for us now to say a few things of his general cha-

racter as a man, and of the manner in which he demeaned himself in the different situations to which he was raised.

In the highly responsible station of preceptor to the dauphin, Bossuet acquitted himself like a man of true honour and virtue. He was careful to instil into the mind of his pupil a love for whatever was excellent, and to excite him to the cultivation of virtue by the great examples which history affords. He was peculiarly anxious to impress him with a strong sense of the importance of that trust which was one day to be reposed in him; and that the delegated powers with which he might be invested were never to be exercised but for promoting the welfare of that community from which they sprung. As a knowledge of history and the laws of his country were indispensably requisite, he was carefully instructed in every thing connected with both; and truly it may be said that history was, in the hands of Bossuet, what Dionysius of Halicarnassus had defined it—philosophy teaching by examples. By the assiduous performance of every duty connected with his office—by the general propriety of his conduct—and by the splendour of his genius, he acquired the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. Superior, however, to the fascinations of power, or the charms of wealth, he never employed the ascendency which he must necessarily have acquired over the mind of his pupil, and the influence which his great talents had given him, to any sinister purpose; but when surrounded by every temptation, and when allured by the most flattering hopes, continued steadily to pursue that line of conduct which he marked out for himself. Anxious only to perform the duties of his calling, he was equally indifferent about the censure or applause of the world. In him religion was not the cloak of an insolent ambition, or licentious pride. With the talents of a Mazarine or a Richlieu, it would have been fortunate for France if either had been possessed of his virtue. Though a strenuous, and often a violent, defender of the catholic religion—though a firm believer in many of its more obnoxious dogmas, and though he seems to admit in theory the general right of christian princes to enforce acts of religious conformity by wholesome severities, he was practically a friend to toleration; and, with Flechier and Fenelon, confessedly the ornaments of the Gallican church, he lamented the miserable condition to which the French protestants were reduced by the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and did every thing in his power to prevent its execution, and to soften its asperities, when that became impossible. To those of the protestants who resided in his diocess, his conduct was extremely indulgent, and he was ever ready to do justice between them and the catholics with the greatest disinterestedness and impartiality. Unlike those wretched hirelings whose comfortable flexibility of conscience never stands in the

way of a lucrative benefice, and who are always ready to give their assent to any absurdity, however monstrous, provided you have any argument to address to their sense of interest, profession and belief were never separated in the character of Bossuet. Though many of the tenets of the Romish church are, without dispute, the legitimate progeny of priestcraft and credulity, yet, from his earliest years to his last moments, he seems to have been impressed with a strong conviction of their truth, and is consequently entitled to our indulgence. His preferment in the church was the well-earned reward of industry and genius, and he appears to have been content with the honours which were spontaneously conferred upon him. A considerable portion of his revenue was regularly devoted to purposes of charity, and none whose case was calculated to excite commiseration applied to him in vain for relief. In a word, Bossuet was a man who approached as near excellence, perhaps, as it was possible for human nature in the circumstances in which he was placed; whose virtue shone forth in spite of the contracted superstition to which he was devoted; and whose talents and virtues will long remain the admiration of posterity.

The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. Part the Second. Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. Vols. III. and IV.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

Whatever doubts may be entertained as to the advances towards knowledge that have been lately made by the *male* part of our species, it is, we think, impossible to deny that the *female* have made a great and rapid progress. Indeed, if we were called upon to mention the circumstance most advantageously characteristic of our own times, we should not hesitate to mention the improved education of women. There are now alive, or at least there have lived, within the last twenty years, more women distinguished for their literary talents, and whose works are likely to immortalize their names, than in the twenty centuries that had elapsed, from the time of Sappho to that of the ingenious lady whose letters are now before us. It has been our lot to be at once delighted by the inventive fertility of Madame de Genlis, the virtuous and pathetic tenderness of Madame Cottin, the native perspicacity and good sense, the mild and cheerful philosophy, the pure and original humour, of Miss Edgeworth—and by Madame de Staël, whose reach and vigour of understanding, whose instinctive quickness in seizing, and happy facility in delineating, the

manner of society and the character of nations—whose brilliant yet earnest and natural eloquence, warm with the best feelings, and dignified by lofty and benevolent views of human nature, place her (in our judgment at least) above all her predecessors, and what is far more, above all her cotemporaries. To this distinguished list many others might easily be added in merit as in popularity unequalled in any former age; and, indeed, the more we consider the subject, the more we shall be surprised both at how much they have done, and at how little was done before them. With the single exception of the lively, spirited, graceful, intelligent Lady Mary Wortley Montague, no English woman before the present reign had produced a book that is still read otherwise than as matter of curiosity and research. We shall perhaps be reminded of Mrs. Hutchinson. But the attention we give to her memoirs is excited, not so much by their literary merit, as by the interesting nature of the events to which they relate, by the picture they afford of national manners at that most important period of our history, and by the purity, sweetness, dignity, and force of her own character.

Till the last half of the eighteenth century the French had equally little to boast of. They had indeed some memoirs which are still read as forming part of the history of the age, and the classical labours of that dullest of pedants Madame Dacier; but the age of Lewis XIV. so fertile in great *men*, produced but one woman that can be numbered among the classical writers of her country, and whose works form part of what may be called "the library of nations." But the merit of Madame de Sévigné, great as it is, is chiefly the merit of style. She seldom rises to eloquence, and never to discussion or invention—of both which we have such frequent, and such excellent specimens in the female writers of our own time. The rest of Europe presented to us almost a complete blank, and even now, France and England almost monopolize the female literature of the world. Italy, in which women are worshipped, and degraded, Spain and Germany have produced (so far as we recollect) no eminent writer in the softer sex. Every civilized country, indeed, can boast its long list of admirable ladies, skilful in all arts and sciences, accomplished in verse and in prose; but it unfortunately happens that the far greater part of them have either left behind them no monuments of their genius, or that their writings are deemed absolutely unreadable by an ungallant and fastidious posterity. The works of the female authors our cotemporaries, are of a higher and more durable kind, and we venture to foretel that "Evelina," "Cecilia," "Tales of Fashionable Life," and "Corinne," will not be forgotten, except in a general oblivion of all the choicest specimens of the literature of this age.

We rejoice at this improvement; not only because the performances we have just mentioned are such as would do honour to any country and to any period, but because we consider them as unequivocal symptoms of a general advance in the character, talents, and station in society of the whole sex. The mere existence of three or four extraordinary women in a country is of comparatively little value. But when a few individuals rise to great excellence, it is probable that the quality of the whole class has been ameliorated; and we prize the authors of "Castle Rackrent" and "Camilla" much less for their insulated, independent merit—that merit which, it must be confessed, is most gratifying to themselves—than when we consider them as the chiefs and representatives of that great and increasing number of educated, intelligent, accomplished women, which these islands now produce. In fact, if other proofs were wanting, this alone would be a sufficient indication of the present character and condition of the female sex in this country. It is far more decisive than equal or even superior merit, in the same number of individuals would be with respect to our own sex. We are certainly not disposed to underrate the understandings of women, but we think it no want of respect to them to say that their minds are of a less bold, original, and independent cast; and that they partake much more strongly and uniformly than ourselves of the character of the age in which they live, and the society to which they belong. A few great men may rise up in a comparatively rude and dark age, diffuse a sudden light, and give a new impulse to the world; but a distinguished female writer is the *effect* of civilization carried to a very high point—of consideration already paid to her sex, and of knowledge widely spread.

We consider the change in the education of women which is indicated by the rank they have lately assumed in the literary world, as a pure unmixed good. Not that we would purchase for them an increase of knowledge, much as we value it, at the expense of their social or domestic virtues, or by taking away that grace and softness which form the charm of the female character. But there is nothing in reason or in experience that should teach us to apprehend such an effect. It is in England, and within the last thirty or forty years, that the progress of learning has been most extensive among women, and yet we see no reason to suppose that they make worse wives, worse mothers, or less agreeable members of society than their great grandmothers who could spell no word of above three syllables, and who were acquainted with no science but that of making tapestry:

> "Lapdogs and lambkins with black staring eyes,
> And parrots, with twin-cherries in their beaks."

It is quite idle, and the mere talk of country squires, to say that knowledge makes women affected, insolent, slovenly, or corrupt. Any advantage, or supposed advantage, be it what it may, that is confined to a few, will produce an unfavourable effect upon the conduct of those few, unless they are also gifted with an unusually larger portion of natural modesty and good sense. The moment the *advantage* ceases to be also a *distinction*, it no longer supplies food to vanity, nor gives birth to impertinence and affectation. The diffusion of knowledge is the death-blow to pedantry. If, as our wise ancestors supposed, learned ladies—that is, ladies that knew any thing, were apt to neglect their children, and wear dirty clothes, it was because they were few enough in number to be each an object of remark. A hundred and fifty years ago the few women that could read in a foreign language, or write tolerably in their own, were probably very vain of these accomplishments, which separated them by such a prodigious interval from their cotemporaries. Just as vain too, in all likelihood, were the first distinguished persons that wore silk and muslin, or rode in coaches, or looked through glass windows; or the Indian prince, who, by the liberality of an English navigator, was first enabled to add "lord of the brass kettle" to other titles of high import, and imposing magnificence. But now that, owing to schools and manufactories, and to improved tutors, governesses, and machinery, muslin, and French, and glass, and composition, and hardware, are grown pretty common, all these ornaments and comforts are enjoyed without any drawback from envy on the one side, or vanity on the other. The same arguments, it must be observed, are applicable to all that has been said against instructing the common people. Many excellent persons are still of opinion that nine tenths of the human species, even in what are called civilized countries, ought to be left in such a deplorable state of ignorance as to be quite incapable of clearly apprehending the great truths of morality and religion, for fear an increase of knowledge should indispose them to those humble occupations to which their own good and the good of society ought to confine them. Or, as it is usually expressed, lest it should "put them above their business." Here is the same fallacy of treating the effect that is produced upon an *individual*, for that which would be produced upon *the whole body*. The only peasant in a whole village that could read and write would probably think the distinction of his *clergy* placed him above the humble task of holding a spade or guiding a plough, but where all his companions are equally accomplished, he feels no pride, because he enjoys no superiority. The comparison that produces pride, and laziness, and discontent, is made, not between himself and the occupation, but between himself and the other persons that are generally engaged in it.

The effect of increased knowledge in both the cases to which we have been alluding, is to produce a most salutary reaction upon those from which it was originally imparted. In proportion as women, and as the lower orders receive a better education, the higher orders and our own sex must make greater efforts to preserve their relative station. It is necessary for the maintenance of their just authority, or what comes to the same thing, for the good of society, that the rich should be superior in knowledge to the poor, and men to women, but there is no occasion to have recourse to artificial means to keep the storehouses of learning under lock and key, to prevent this order from being subverted. Wealth gives such command of time, and such access to the means of information, as must always enable the rich man, with moderate sense and application, to raise himself to an immeasurable height above his poorer neighbours, in spite of their broad brimmed instructor, Joseph Lancaster, and without having recourse to the absurd, pitiful, uncharitable, unchristian expedient, of intentionally and systematically keeping them in that state of ignorance, from which it would be no difficult task to rescue them. The difference of knowledge between rich and poor is naturally measured by the difference of leisure. The interests of society do not appear to require that this disparity between men and women, where they are of the same rank, should be so marked, and it may very safely be left to be determined by the natural superiority of our sex in strength and comprehension of mind, and in the power of application.

The tendency, to which we have already alluded, of an increased acquaintance with literature among women to promote a corresponding improvement in our sex is, we think, already very perceptible in society. We say nothing of its effect upon that early but important part of education which falls to the care of mothers. But it also makes a competent share of knowledge a much more desirable, indeed an almost indispensable acquisition, to an English gentleman. We are not now speaking of understandings of the highest class—of persons engaged in the great struggle for power and for fame; nor do we pretend that we are likely to have greater statesmen, poets, and philosophers than our forefathers, because modern ladies are better instructed than the wife of Burleigh, or the daughters of Milton. But there is in this country a large description of men who are either unemployed, or only half employed, in easy circumstances, void of ambition, indolent, and unwilling to take the trouble of acquiring more literary knowledge than is absolutely necessary to escape contempt. All such persons did formerly find great comfort and countenance in the entire ignorance of the female half of society. However schools and colleges might have failed of infusing into them any portion of learning, they were sure at least not to find themselves

inferior to those whose tastes make the law of fashion, and whose influence, arising from the strongest feelings of our nature, enables them, in all civilized nations, to dispense the lesser honours of social life. That support is now withdrawn. Books have travelled from the library to the drawing-room, and have so completely established themselves there that it will be found impossible to dislodge them. Women read, and talk of what they have read, not out of affectation and pedantry, but as a common amusement, and a natural subject of conversation. Their society is no longer an asylum for ignorance, and any one that is desirous to shine as a man of fashion must submit to take a little literature as part of his stock in trade.

These remarks are suggested to us by the perusal of Mrs. Montagu's letters, which are poured forth upon the public with a liberality somewhat approaching to profusion. They show very clearly that she was a superior woman, and quite as clearly that in the early part of her life (though she died within our own recollection) women were very far from having reached their present standard of taste and knowledge. Her attainments would not now be considered as very remarkable, but it is evident that they were then admitted to be so, both by herself and her friends. She was naturally gay, intelligent and ingenious, and her style is on the whole agreeable. But she deals largely—according, we presume, to the custom of the age among those that piqued themselves upon writing good letters—in stale, pedantic, unprofitable morality; praising that which was never blamed, insisting upon that which was never denied, and condemning that which nobody ever undertook to defend. But this was not her fault, but the fault of the age. No woman of three and twenty, clever, fashionable, and well educated, would now think it right to acquaint her correspondent, even though that correspondent were an uncle or a father, a bishop or a judge, that "every thing in the world is of a mortal nature;" that "true and faithful affection is not a pearl to be cast before the profane;" that "hypocrisy is an abominable vice;" that "happiness opens the heart to benevolence, and affliction softens it to pity;"—all which apothegms may be found in the space of two pages. But they by no means prove with regard to Mrs. Montagu, what they would most undoubtedly prove with respect to any person in these days that should be guilty of uttering them. They merely show that people still thought it very pretty and proper to transplant sentences from copy books into their familiar correspondence, and that it was a great want of respect to their elderly friends and relations not to inflict upon them a large quantity of dulness and commonplace. She has considerable comic powers, which break out agreeably enough when she is writing with less care than usual, but on great occasions, when she is de-

sirous of showing herself to the best advantage, to duchesses and other high persons, her pleasantry becomes forced, wire-drawn, and childish to the most melancholy excess. We can hardly bring ourselves to transcribe such trash as follows. She is writing to the Duchess of Portland.

"It is a hard case that your Grace forgets your correspondents for your Bantam fowl. Though I have not my head so well curled as your Friesland hen, nor hold up my head like your upright duck, do you think I consent to be laid aside for them? Of all fowl I love the goose best, who supplies us with her quill. Surely a goose is a goodly bird; if its hiss be insignificant, remember that from its side the engine is taken with which the laws are registered, and history recorded; though not a bird famous for courage, from the same ample wing are the heroes' exploits engraven on the pillar of everlasting fame; though not an animal of sagacity, yet does it lend its assistance to the precepts of philosophy: if not beautiful, yet with its tender touch in the hands of some inspired lover is Lesbia's blush, Sacharissa's majesty, and Chloe's bloom, made lasting, and locks which 'curled or uncurled, have turned to gray,' by it continue in eternal beauty; and will you forsake this creature for a little pert fowl with a gaudy feather?"

No person now could mistake this for any thing but elaborate nonsense; but we make no doubt that her Grace received it for sterling wit, and rejoiced in the incomparable ingenuity of her correspondent. Bad taste, of which no doubt she had before her innumerable examples, and the desire of shining continually, natural enough in a person who had in all probability been told often how much she was fitted to shine, are the defects that appear in almost every page of these letters. Mrs. Montagu is evidently oppressed by the load of her own superiority. She writes like a person that has a character to support, and whose correspondents would have a right to complain if she ceased one moment to be very wise or very witty. One of her friends (Mrs. West, the wife of Gilbert West) tells her that public fame had acquainted her, that "Mrs. Montagu was the most agreeable correspondent in the world." Such a reputation was worth an effort to maintain, and that effort was almost unavoidably fatal to the ease and grace of that species of composition which more than any other seems to defy the power of labour and of art. Mrs. Montagu would, in all probability, have written much more agreeable and much more really sensible letters, if she had never once been led to suspect "that she was the most agreeable correspondent in the world."

But though we do not think quite so highly of her as Mrs. West had been taught to think, we are far from denying that she writes with a vivacity and cleverness which account well enough for the

impression she seems to have made upon her cotemporaries. Her defects are to be ascribed to her situation, and the fashion of the day; her merits are her own. There are, perhaps, five hundred women now that can write as well as Mrs. Montagu, and that too without being guilty of those sins against good taste with which she is justly chargeable. But how many of these *would have written* as well in her time, and in her circumstances, is quite another question. We are inclined to believe that the number would have been comparatively very small. On the other hand, if Mrs. Montagu had lived in our days, she would have maintained nearly the same station. Her acquirements would not have been so remarkable, which would have been attended with this advantage, that she would have thought less about them, and been free from that tinge of pedantry which is now visible in her writings. Her ethics would not have been so trite, nor her wit so laboured. But her talents would have carried her equally far in a happier direction. She would have been now, as she was then, one of the liveliest, cleverest, best informed women of the age. In vigour, spirit, and originality, she was far, very far indeed, inferior to her incomparable namesake, Lady M. W. Montague. But Lady Mary was so extraordinary a person, that she is perhaps hardly a fair object of comparison. However, although we have derived considerable amusement from these letters, and though they have, as we have already acknowledged, inspired us with a favourable opinion as to the talents of their author, we have some doubts whether they have quite body and substance enough for publication. Mrs. Montagu did not write at one of those distant periods when a mere account of the ordinary occurrences of life, and a mere picture of the state of society as they appear in a familiar correspondence, interest one from their contrast with our own habits and manners; nor are her letters sufficiently interspersed with anecdotes of eminent persons in her own time, to gratify our curiosity in a different but equally agreeable manner. We own that we were at first a good deal disappointed at the little notice that Mrs. Montagu takes of her illustrious cotemporaries; and the more, because it is evident that she enjoyed the advantage of being familiarly acquainted with the greater part of them.—However, upon consideration, it appears to us that though the absence of this sort of information renders her letters vastly less interesting now that they are published at an interval of two generations, it is no cause of just blame to the writer. Her correspondents were just as well acquainted with the history and character of the time as herself, and it would have been only telling stories they all knew, and delivering opinions in which they all agreed. Incidentally, however, she is sometimes led to speak of the eminent persons of that time, and from the letters in which

these passages occur, we shall make one or two extracts. In general, we should say that the merit of her letters is in an inverse proportion to the pains she takes with them. Those addressed to her husband, and to Gilbert West, who appears to have been one of her earliest and most intimate friends, are often natural, lively, and agreeable. Those to Lord Lyttelton are vastly more laboured, and vastly less pleasant. But those, fortunately few in number, composed for the benefit of that very learned, very excellent, and very tiresome person, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, once very celebrated, and now almost forgotten, whom she seems desirous to dazzle by a prodigious display of wit, knowledge, taste, virtue, and piety, are the worst of all, and indeed absolutely unreadable.

Some of her opinions upon subjects of literature are somewhat curious. She assigns the highest place among the historical writers of that time to Lord Lyttelton, the next to Dr. Robertson; but as to Mr. Hume, she thinks his history "lively and entertaining, but likely (she is afraid) to promote jacobitism." She has a great contempt for Voltaire, particularly as a philosophical historian, and she is not at all affected by the "Orphelin de la Chine." "As the world is fond of every thing Chinese, Mons. Voltaire has given us a Chinese tragedy, which I would send you if I thought it would entertain you, but I think your good taste would not be pleased with a Chinese tale dressed in a French habit. I read it without any concern." Vol. iv. p. 7. What she says of Bolingbroke is just and well written. She is speaking of the intended publication of his posthumous works. "As to the rules of conduct to be given by this noble writer, I hope they will not be such as have governed him, for should they make us what they left him, virtue would be no great gainer; none of the boisterous passions of his youth restrained; none of the peevish or mischievous ones of his old age mitigated or allayed; envy, ambition, and anger gnawing and burning in his heart to the last." V. iii. p. 179. She had the good fortune to know, and the good taste to admire, Mr. Burke in the very early part of his life. We transcribe with pleasure the passage in which she mentions him.

"I shall send you a Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, by Mr. Burke, a friend of mine. I do not know whether you will always subscribe to his system, but I think you will find him an elegant and ingenious writer. He is far from the pert pedantry and assuming ignorance of modern witlings, but in conversation and in writing an ingenious and ingenuous man, modest and delicate, and on great and serious subjects full of that respect and veneration which a good mind and a great one is sure to feel, while fools rush behind the altar at which wise men kneel and pay mysterious reverence."

One cannot but rejoice to see that this great man was always

consistent with himself, and that the same decency and worth in private life, the same humble and deep-rooted piety that adorned his maturer years, were already characteristic of him at his first entrance into life.

There are inserted in this collection a few letters from George, Lord Lyttelton. They are, as might be expected from such a person, elegant and gentlemanlike, but they contain nothing material. Two of them are written upon the death of the late king, and the accession of his present majesty. The first of these is truly *statesmanlike*. The body of the letter, written under the recent impression of the intelligence that had just reached him, is employed entirely in conjectures as to the duration of the administration, and his own continuance in office. "Certainly it is no season for any great changes." "As to my own situation, I doubt not it will be as it is." It is not till the next day, in a postscript, that he recollects the proper *decorums* on such an occasion, feels "real grief for the death of his good master," "hopes he is gone to receive an eternal crown," &c. &c. according to the most authentic forms of lamentation.

In a subsequent letter he describes the state of things at that critical period.

"*Hill-street, November* 5, 1760. *Wednesday night.*

"A THOUSAND thanks to the good Madonna for her last letter, which eased my heart of as much anxiety as it almost ever felt for the health of a friend; and, since it has been quite cured of ambition, that heart can hardly know much pleasure or pain but in its sensations for those it loves. You ought to value me a little on this account: for in the present conjuncture there are, I believe, few hearts in this state. Private friendships are little thought of: all attention now goes to political connexions. But those connexions, God be thanked, are not *offensive* at present, being rather made to guard against future hostilities, than to begin any now. So, we shall have peace at home, and war abroad.

"If I were to write the history of my own times, I would transcribe into it your character of the late king, and should thereby pay my debt of gratitude to his memory. I would only add to it, that it appears by several wills he has left, that he never had been such a hoarder of treasure as was generally supposed. And of what he had saved, this war has consumed so much, that he was able to leave no more to his three surviving children than thirty thousand pounds in equal proportions, and I have heard that the duke has given up his to his sisters. Princess Emily is to come and live in my brother's house, like a private woman. It is said that the Princess of Wales will not come to St. James's. The great court officers are not yet settled, but I believe it is certain that Lord Bute will be continued groom of the stole, and Lord Huntington master of the horse. It was expected that the latter would rather have been disgraced than promoted to a cabinet office; *but in a private* audience he touched the good nature of the king, and

has the benefit of the general disposition of the times, to let nobody complain or be discontented. The greatest difficulty is how to find an equivalent for my Lord Gower. Many changes are talked of on that account; but as I understand that nothing is fixed, I will not send you conjectures which may be falsified before my letter comes to you. The *vis imperii* is supposed to be in Mr. Pitt and the Duke of New-Castle; and I believe that their *vis unita* would be too strong for all opposition; but how long it will continue *unita* as much as it is now, or which of them would be most favoured by a third power, if they disagreed, time will show."

Mrs. Montagu's character of George II. to which Lord Lyttelton alludes in such flattering terms, is not ill written, with the exception of the introductory sentence, which is execrable. We shall conclude by transcribing it.

"*To Lord Lyttelton.*

"My Lord, *Newcastle, October 31st*, 1760.

"It would be perfect sacrilege, and robbing the mighty dead of his due rites, if one began one's letter with any subject but the loss of our sovereign; on which I condole with your lordship, in whom the virtue of patriotism, and the antiquated one of loyalty still remain. I know you had that veneration for our late king, which the justice and prudence of his government so well deserved. With him our laws and liberties were safe; he possessed in a great degree the confidence of his people and the respect of foreign governments; and a certain steadiness of character made him of great consequence in these unsettled times. During his long reign we never were subject to the insolence and rapaciousness of favourites, a grievance of all others most intolerable, when persons born only one's equals, shall, by the basest means, perhaps, possess themselves of all the strength of sovereign power, and keep their fellow subjects in a dependence on illegal authority, which insults while it subjects, and is more grievous to the spirits than even to the fortunes of freeborn men. If we consider only the evils we have avoided during his late majesty's reign, we shall find abundant matter of gratitude towards him, and respect for his memory. His character would not afford subject for epic poetry, but will look well in the sober page of history. Conscious, perhaps, of this, he was too little regardful of sciences and the fine arts; he considered common sense as his best panegyrist. The monarch whose qualities are brilliant enough to entitle him to glory, cultivates the love of the Muses, and their handmaid arts, painting, sculpture, &c. sensible that they will blazon and adorn his fame." Vol. iv. p. 314.

Mademoiselle de La Fayette, an Historic Novel, illustrating the Manners and Characters of the Court of Louis XIII. *By Madame de Genlis. First American edition, revised, with additional notes.*

[The following review has been translated for the Analectic Magazine, from L'Ambigu, a popular miscellany published in London, for May, 1813.]

No name could be more auspicious than that of *La Fayette* for a novel. The first work of this nature which our literature could boast was composed by Madame de La Fayette, to whom we are indebted for the Princess of Cleves and Zaida. The Princess of Cleves is an historical romance.

Much has been said against the ingenious artifice of novelists, who blend fancied events with historic truths; it must be allowed that this combination is not without its disadvantages; and we believe, according to the principles of sound criticism, where the merits of both are in every other respect equal, the palm should be given to those novels which are entirely the work of imagination. Madame de Genlis has written several of this kind; however, it is remarkable that the same adherence to historical facts which is exacted of romance writers, should not be equally required in poets.

The epic poet is allowed to exaggerate, and even to misrepresent, historic truths, in order to beautify his work; it is even one of the positive laws of the epic, that its foundation should be historical, and yet that the truths of history should be veiled under a brilliant superstructure of ingenious fiction. The same law is imposed upon the tragic muse, but with how great a license? The strictness of the unities, to which the latter is subservient, becomes a source of the greatest privileges. Critics declaim against romantic tragedies and historical romances. It is very true that history is not to be learned either in tragedies or romances. The famous novels of Mademoiselle Scudery are nothing more than *historical romances*, in which that young lady has very genteelly burlesqued Herodotus and Livy. We must not believe, as some critics appear to insinuate, that the historical romance is the invention of the present day; perhaps they would treat it with more indulgence if they reflected that it is by no means new; and after all, what is history in general but romance? And in what walk of literature are the rights of truth held so inviolable—are not conspiracies against her coeval with the first exercise of the arts of poetry and eloquence?

There is one species of truth from which the historical novel should never deviate; to invent facts and ingeniously misrepresent those which exist; to contrive situations and picturesque scenes, are the privileges of a writer who makes history the foundation of his fictions. But he cannot be too scrupulous in depicting the genius of the times he would represent; nor too faithfully paint the characteristics of the personages he introduces. It is from neglect of this principle that Mademoiselle Scudery, in her historical romances, has made, as Boileau observes, Cato a gallant, and Brutus a coxcomb. Madame de Genlis is incapable of such absurdities; we never read her historical romances without regretting that she displays in these mixed compositions, many of the qualifications which constitute the great historian. She excels particularly in portraying characters, and with wonderful art gives to every age its appropriate colours. In her pages are to be found an originality and depth of thought which would do honour to the pen of the most profound historian.

"Louis, still a child, too deeply felt the queen's superiority. It is easy to govern the weak, timid and reserved, without winning them; but to dazzle is not to enchant. The admiration which such characters feel, is a mingled sentiment of astonishment and fear, which, far from awakening tenderness, embarrasses and repels them. The queen might have subjugated Louis, but she had no qualities which could attract him. He admired her beauty, but her vivacity made him tremble."

Is not this observation equally new and judicious? Those who have already read this novel, (and who has not read it?) will perhaps be gratified by a repetition of some of its most striking passages; as the eye, after surveying a gallery of paintings, rests with delight upon those which most caught its admiration. What historian would disallow the following portrait of Louis?

"Louis the XIII. was pious and upright: his morals were unblemished; he had sensibility, intellect and valour, and even military talents, worthy of the son of the great Henry. He had, however, none of those virtues which are essential to domestic felicity; he neglected his duties as a son, a husband, a brother and a friend; and was neither a great prince nor a good king; because in a sovereign, indolence and weakness are the most dangerous of vices; as strength is the most necessary qualification in one who undertakes to carry a heavy burden. Brought up amidst commotions and factions, Louis knew nothing of royalty but its embarrassments and its shackles: in the supreme authority he beheld nothing but the anxieties of superintendence, and the fatigue of command. He had had a bad education, and having attained the age when its defects might have been repaired by industry and reflection, he mistook his ignorance for incapacity. Those

who were desirous of governing in his name, took good care to encourage this idea; which, moreover, furnished an excuse for his indolence: for it was easier to distrust his own abilities, than to conquer his antipathy to exertion. The renown of Henry the Great, and the admiration with which his memory was still cherished, rather depressed than excited his emulation. The most illustrious models are not always the most useful. They extinguish the hope of pre-eminence, which is the spark at which enthusiasm kindles."

The same brilliant powers of the pencil shine in the following picture of the Duchess de Chevreuse, whose name is found in all the annals of intrigue of that age.

"The Duchess de Chevreuse is the heroine of intriguers, for she does not love intrigue from cupidity, nor even from ambition, but from a pure love of agitation, bustle, and the events to which she gives rise—in short, for intrigue itself. What pleases her most is, not the success of an undertaking, but the pleasure of engaging in a mysterious affair, and conducting it with skill; the glory of inventing the springs of a complicated machine, and communicating to them a rapid and continual motion. Hence she was more brilliant, and decidedly happier in disgrace and exile, than she is here, because she was then intriguing for her return: but now that she is in her own country, and thoroughly reinstated in favour, she droops and languishes: the vigilance of Cardinal de Richelieu renders all her intrigue fruitless; conspiracies are exhausted, and there is nothing now to be done, either on a grand scale, or in a minor department, and all intriguers, except those of the cardinal's party, are thrown into consternation, disconcerted, discouraged, and overwhelmed with apathy."

I shall only add the following stroke from the picture of Mademoiselle de la Fayette, which appears to me exquisite.

"There are qualities which we perceive at a first interview, and others which it requires penetration and a long intercourse to discover. Every one is struck with the brilliancy of a fine day; but it is only after some time that the genial influence of a healthy climate and pure atmosphere can be fully felt. Thus it was with the admirable qualities of Mademoiselle de La Fayette: no shadow, no contrast, caused one to appear brighter than another: it was impossible not to think Mademoiselle de La Fayette charming and accomplished, but it required time and a great deal of penetration to discover the full extent of her superiority."

These passages, and several more which we shall not here transcribe, such as those in which the author so profoundly analyzes and paints with such rapidity of pencil, the deep policy of Cardinal Richelieu, added to an infinite number of views, outlines and ideas elaborately explained, which sparkle through the whole

work, exhibit a genius infinitely above the species of writing, in which the fertile imagination and flowing pen of Madame de Genlis delight to sport. Beauties such as these would do honour to compositions of a much higher order, and she gives to productions frivolous in themselves, and apparently intended only for the amusement of an idle hour, an interest and importance really literary.—The novel form is only a frame in which Madame de Genlis sets the portraits of history, the treasures of an observing mind, and the riches of a style at once flexible and energetic.

But to consider this work only with regard to its merits as a novel: with whatever other defects it may be reproached, it is impossible not to be struck with the success of the author in triumphing over many difficulties; in the subject given, all the successive situations that were to unfold the two principal characters, were almost so many problems to resolve, and it required great observation and ingenuity to arrange them suitably.

Let us follow the thread of the story, leaving out the two episodes with which it is adorned.

Mademoiselle de La Fayette, educated by an aunt, the Countess de Bregi, who was herself strongly tinctured with romance, was of course never to bestow her heart and hand except upon a man of extraordinary merit, *a great* man—all mediocrity was to be held in disdain: however, she is called to the court of Louis XIII. and fate determines that the king, who was so far from the ideas of perfection with which the imagination of Mademoiselle de La Fayette glowed, should distinguish her. She despises and almost hates the king before she knows him. The Marchioness de Beaumont, one of the friends with whom her intimacy had begun at the convent, and who, as well as herself, is attached to the court, prepares her heart for the impressions it is to receive. The king, to whom Mademoiselle de La Fayette had not yet been presented, sees her in one of those affecting situations which heighten the native attractions of a beautiful woman. Nothing can be more touching than the picture of Louis the XIII. meeting with Mademoiselle de La Fayette at the Hotel Dieu, whilst she is engaged in the most sublime functions of charity, in administering relief to the invalids of that hospital. The king was on the point of departing to fight and expel the Spaniards, who had taken *Corbie*. He was therefore seen by Mademoiselle de La Fayette under the most favourable aspect, and it is thus that the ingenious author gives the rough draught of their loves. The return of the conquering king only serves to increase the sentiments of Mademoiselle de La Fayette towards him, and she is more than ever persuaded of the possibility of making a great king of the triumphant prince. She goes with him to the representation of the Cid, and this is one of the most lively and interesting scenes of the

novel. Until then nothing had disturbed the progress of this growing passion; but very soon the Count de Melbraye, a relation of the Cardinal de Richelieu, addresses Mademoiselle de La Fayette; she rejects him, and the minister on this occasion procures an interview with her, in which he entirely throws off the mask. Convinced of the passion of the king, and enraged that he could not make Mademoiselle de La Fayette the tool of his intrigues, he seeks to destroy her by awakening the jealousy of the prince. He informs Louis the XIII. that she whom he loves is engaged in an intrigue with the Count de Soissons; but the king discovers that the interviews which had been reported to him, are only another proof of the exalted virtues of Mademoiselle de La Fayette. His passion increases—deeds of humanity performed together heighten their mutual flame: the first use that Mademoiselle de La Fayette makes of her influence over the king is in favour of the queen, to whom she endeavours to lead the heart of her husband. The most delicate situations, the most interesting pictures, now multiply. The king gives a mysterious *fête* to the object of his passion, and a song is composed for the occasion, which shows the character of the *fête*.

We will here briefly recall to the mind of the reader the scene of the Abbey de Longchamp during the storm, that of the confinement of the queen, the progress and height of the king's passion, and the catastrophe of the story. What truth of detail, what delicate touches! What a picture is that in which Louis the XIII. determines to be a priest, when Mademoiselle de La Fayette becomes a nun! We do not hesitate to assert that Madame de Genlis has nowhere exhibited such talents as in this last work, because she has never before had such an opportunity of displaying such sagacity and skill in making the circumstances which unfold her characters, flow naturally from the qualities with which she has represented them. We shall not, however, defend the length of the episodes she introduces, but will only observe, that, to the tender interest they excite, they add the merit of contributing to the effect of the whole, in assisting to impress the reader with the spirit of the age to which the author would transport him. We venture to affirm, that this novel is one of those productions which will be appreciated in proportion to the degree of mind the reader possesses, and in proportion as that mind has been cultivated.

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

Samuel Adams is a name which, in New England, has been for more than thirty years the regular watchword of faction, and the constant theme of popular eulogy and invective.

When it unhappily falls to the lot of a character of the very first order of excellence, thus to become the property of a party, and to have his name associated with that miserable round of commonplace phrases which supplies the underling politician with his argument and his declamation, so unnatural is this association, that as soon as envy and interest have ceased to operate upon the public mind, the fame of the patriot or the hero is reclaimed from these base uses, and becomes the glorious possession of his country and of the civilized world. All the calumnies and misrepresentations of the time then die away, together with the malignant passions that gave them birth; or if haply they survive, they are remembered but to give greater lustre to the virtue which has triumphed over them, like those lowering clouds which for a time obscure the face of the sun as he holds his course through the heavens, but just as he sets in night break from around him and serve but to reflect and prolong his glories.

But the reputation of secondary and inferior men, when thus elevated into fame by party violence, almost universally experiences a very different fate. Their characters are seldom justly estimated even by posterity, and they continue to be seen through the mist which faction has raised around them, sometimes magnified into heroes and sages, and sometimes, with almost equal incorrectness, distorted and diminished into provincial demagogues and petty intriguers. So great a portion of their reputation arises from adventitious circumstances, from situation, titles, public honours, political zeal, or party management, that it is at last extremely difficult to separate the substance from the trappings which invest it. Every

sect, religious or political, is anxious to keep up the fame of their catalogue of saints and martyrs; while, on the other hand, when no counteracting cause of this nature operates to restrain it, there is a natural propensity in mankind to pluck away all these borrowed honours, until at length, having detected so much exaggeration, we are apt to conclude that the whole is trick and imposture.

Of the truth of these remarks Samuel Adams affords a very striking example, and it is but doing bare justice to the memory of an honest, and in many respects a very able man, to endeavour, by a dispassionate view of his character and public services, to rescue his fame, at once, from idle exaggeration and unmerited obloquy.

Samuel Adams was born in Boston, September 27, 1722. His family, which was descended from one of the first settlers of New England, was respectable, but neither wealthy nor at that time distinguished in society. He was originally destined by his parents for the church, and his education was conducted with a view to that profession. After passing through the usual academic course he received the degree of A. B. at Harvard College in 1740, and in 1743 that of A. M.; when, in conformity with the usages of that college, which retained many of the forms of the English universities, he proposed as his thesis, and defended the affirmative of the question, "whether it be lawful to resist the supreme power of the state, if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved." Thus early had his mind taken its bent, and formed that system of political opinions to which he uniformly and zealously adhered throughout life, and which he never for a moment hesitated to reduce into practice.

His attainments in general knowledge appear to have been respectable, although he does not seem to have applied himself either to literature or science with any very great ardour. But the favourite employment of his youth was the study of theology, which he pursued with much industry, upon the plan of the systematic bodies of divinity of the old school, and he embraced with great zeal the doctrines of Calvin in their most unadulterated form. He was equally zealous in support of the plan of church government and discipline, established by the congregationalists or independents of the first generation of New England: and he was accustomed to say that the *platform* of the New England churches, together

with the Westminster assembly's shorter catechism, contained every thing necessary for the established discipline and doctrine of any christian church.

His warm attachment to these doctrines, naturally led to veneration of the characters of those who had distinguished themselves as the champions of his peculiar creed, and predisposed him to the adoption of their political as well as religious opinions.

Thus, he became filled with enthusiastic admiration of the sturdy republicanism, the uncompromising principle, the sober gravity, and the severe simplicity of manners, which characterized the English puritans of the reigns of James and Charles I. Of these, and of the original settlers of New England, he never spoke but with the greatest reverence.

At the period at which he began to take an interest in public affairs, the provincial governments were continually agitated by contests between their governors and other officers, who were appointed by the crown, and the assemblies, which were the immediate representatives of the people of the colonies. There could be no question in Mr. Adams's mind as to the side which he should take in these controversies, and it is probable that his love of political discussion and party warfare diverted him from his original intention of entering into the ministry; at least, no other reason can now be traced for his not pursuing a profession otherwise so congenial to all his habits and modes of thinking. Without any regular pursuit, or settled mode of maintenance, he supported himself for many years partly by petty traffic and partly by the small perquisites of the office of tax-gatherer in his native town, to which humble employment his political adversaries in after life frequently alluded, by styling him Samuel the *Publican*. But his political zeal predominated over every other consideration of interest or of prudence. He engaged warmly in all the disputes which successively arose between Great Britain and her colonies, and on every occasion opposed the provincial government, both as a declaimer in the town meetings and other popular assemblies, and as a writer in the public prints. His own affairs were now neglected to attend to those of the public, and he became embarrassed with debts. One of his biographers* candidly confesses

* Dr. Elliot. Biographical Dictionary of New England.

that Mr. Adams "was ill qualified to fill an office which required constant attention to pecuniary matters, and his soul being bent on politics, he passed more time in talking against Great Britain than in collecting the sums due to the town." But he had now become too useful to the whig party to be suffered to sink under these embarrassments, and his personal friends, aided by the more wealthy supporters of the cause of which he was so zealous and important a partisan, relieved him by their contributions from these difficulties. His general acquaintance among the people, particularly the substantial mechanics and shipwrights, residing in the *north end* of Boston, together with the reputation which he gained by his boldness in opposition to the stamp act and tea tax, at length acquired him great popularity, and he became the ostensible, and on many occasions, the efficient leader of his party in the town of Boston. In 1765 he was elected one of the representatives from Boston in the *general court* or legislature of Massachusetts. In this station he remained until 1774, being regularly annually re-elected for nine years, a period which includes a very eventful and interesting portion of the history of American liberty, during the whole of which, the provincial assembly of Massachusetts sustained a daring and highly distinguished part. In this body Mr. Adams was remarkable as well for his political and parliamentary talents, as for his zeal and hardihood in opposition to the claims, the arts, and the menaces of the royal government. While others were contented with aiming merely at redress of grievances, and continued to make their speculative distinctions between liberty and independence, his endeavours were directed towards widening the breach between the mother country and the colonies, and urging on their speedy and complete separation. Indeed, he appears to have been one of the very first who dared to speak boldly and openly on the subject of the independence of this country.

While a member of the general court he was frequently employed on committees to draft reports, addresses, protests, and other public papers of that nature, in the performance of which duty he is said to have displayed great rapidity and correctness of composition, a qualification probably much more rare at that time than it is at present, when the arts and mysteries of authorship have

become familiar to every reader of newspapers and magazines, and the man who has any ideas worth conveying to the world, is seldom much at a loss for the choice of words or the construction of sentences.

Though thus busily engaged in public life, he did not neglect the scenes of his former activity, but continued to mix much in the assemblies of the people, and to animate them by his bold and forcible harangues. One brief specimen of his eloquence at this period, which has been hitherto preserved only by tradition, as it serves to illustrate the character of the man, is well worthy of being embodied into a less perishable form.

A town meeting of Boston had been called at the *old south meeting-house*, in consequence of some new aggression upon the rights of the people. The different orators of the whig party had in turn addressed the meeting, loud in complaint and accusation, but guarded and cautious on every point which might look like an approach towards treasonable expressions, or direct exhortations to resistance. Adams had placed himself in the pulpit, and sat quietly listening to all their harangues; at length he rose and made a few brief remarks, which he wound up with the following pithy apologue. "A Grecian philosopher who was lying asleep on the grass, was suddenly roused by the bite of some animal on the palm of his hand. He closed his hand suddenly as he awoke, and found that he had caught in it a small field-mouse. As he was examining the little animal which had dared to attack him, it bit him unexpectedly a second time; he dropped it, and it made its escape. Now, fellow citizens, what think you was the reflection which this trifling circumstance gave birth to in the mind of the philosopher. It was this; that there is no animal, however weak and contemptible, which cannot defend its own liberty, if it will only *fight* for it."

There is great reason to believe that somewhere about this time, an ineffectual attempt was made by the public agents of the British government to buy him over to the royal party, or at least to bribe him to silence. In one of Governor Hutchinson's intercepted letters, addressed to a member of the British cabinet, in answer to the inquiry why Mr. Adams was not purchased over from his opposition by an office or pension, he replies, in the language of a veteran politician, so hackneyed in the ways of intrigue and cor-

ruption as to have become totally unable to comprehend the motives of a plain honest man, that "Such is the *obstinacy* and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never can be conciliated by any office or gift whatever."

In 1774 Mr. Adams was elected a member of the general continental congress, and in the same year, secretary of the state of Massachusetts, which office he discharged by deputy while attending to his public duties in congress. At length the battle of Lexington applied the spark to that mass of combustible matter which had been so long accumulating, and the whole land was at once in flames. Mr. Adams now became the popular favourite throughout the state, and was generally known in his own party by the name of the *patriot Samuel Adams;* and on the 12th of June, 1775, General Gage issued his proclamation offering pardon to all the "rebels" excepting only Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose offences, he declares, "are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than condign punishment."

Being thus officially denounced, his reputation as a patriot was still more widely diffused throughout the confederation, and he entered with more dignity and weight of character upon that broad field of action which was now opened to him.

He sat in the continental congress when the declaration of independence was made, and urged and supported that measure with great zeal. He was also very efficient in framing and adjusting the articles of the first confederation, to which, although they were adapted merely to a temporary purpose, he was always much attached, and seemed to think them sufficient for every purpose of national government.

In this station he continued to represent his native state during the most important and doubtful period of the revolutionary contest, and entered with his usual industry and zeal into all the details of public business. Either from motives of personal dislike, or from reasons of political expediency, or, as is yet perhaps a more probable as well as a more charitable supposition, from his principles of thorough going democracy, he opposed, and endeavoured to counteract, the influence of General Washington, and seemed desirous to reduce him from his rank of commander in

chief to the level of the other generals, and to place him under the more immediate control of congress.

In 1779 he was chosen a member of the convention which sat at Cambridge in the autumn of that year, and the succeeding spring, by which the present constitution of the state of Massachusetts was framed. Here he was eminently useful, from his long experience in public affairs, and his intimate acquaintance with local interests and feelings.

We may perhaps trace the influence of Mr. Adams's peculiar political views upon this body, by several phrases of that constitution which indicate a cautious jealousy of the independence, even, of the annually elected representatives of the people, as well as in that provision for so large a representation in the more popular branch of the legislature as is now found to be a very serious public evil.*

This constitution bears evident marks of greater deliberation and study, and is drawn up with a more formal arrangement and division of the political powers, together with a greater minuteness of detail, than appear in any other of our state constitutions. It is however a curious circumstance in the history of politics that in all our eighteen several forms of local government, framed by the immediate representatives of the people for the use of states, differing widely in situation, in manners, and in population, where a merely speculative reasoner might naturally have expected to have found almost as many different forms and modifications of republicanism, and to have seen a practical exemplification of some of those beautiful theoretical schemes of polity, which Plato, More, Harrington, Hume, and a host of other philosophers have delighted in forming, the fact is completely the reverse, and all these independent bodies appear without concert to have come to nearly the same conclusion, and to have invariably adopted almost the same plan of representative democracy.

Whether this is to be accounted for, altogether, from the self evident superiority of this particular form of civil policy, or more probably by the truth, that our legislators finding the habits of the people already in a great degree formed to this mode of government, their practical good sense taught them not to risk certain and easily attainable good by any effort at theoretical perfection, pre-

* The house of representatives in Massachusetts, has for several years consisted of near 600 members.

sents a question not unworthy the consideration of the philosophical politician. But this is a forbidden field of speculation, and the biographer must return to his humbler task.

When the new state government was organized, in 1780, he was elected a senator from the county of Suffolk, and upon the meeting of the legislature was chosen president of the senate, and continued to fill this station for several years. While in this post an insurrection (commonly known by the name of Shay's rebellion) broke out in the western counties of the state, and soon rose to such a height, as almost threatened the subversion of the government.

Very decided and energetic measures were immediately taken to suppress these commotions, and while General Lincoln was placed at the head of the military force of the state, Mr. Adams was deputed as the representative of the civil authority, and he conducted himself in discharge of this duty with dignity, ability, and firmness. "It was his constant declaration," says Dr. Elliot, "that republics could exist only by submission to the laws, and that the laws ought to be put in force against all opposition." The circumstances of the times had hitherto placed him in active opposition to the ruling powers, but this transaction displayed his character in a new light, and sufficiently proved that he "meant not license, when he cried liberty."

Shortly after, the new federal constitution was proposed to the consideration of the states, and he sat as one of the twelve representatives of the town of Boston, in the convention called by the state of Massachusetts for that purpose. He brought to the consideration of this great national question, a mind experienced and adroit in the detail of practical politics, but unfortunately little liberalized by general study or philosophical speculation, and perhaps too much filled by narrow jealousies and fears of all powers not exercised by the people themselves, or their most immediate representatives. Hence it appeared to him that in the new constitution too much was surrendered by the state sovereignties to the general government, and in particular that too much power was intrusted to the federal executive and judiciary departments. He had expressed these opinions without reserve before his election to the convention, but as his constituents were in gene-

ral zealous for the new constitution, after some faint exertions he gave way to the current of public opinion, and although usually a long and frequent speaker in deliberative bodies, he now generally contented himself with a silent vote, and finally voted, though reluctantly, for the adoption of the new form of government; first, however, proposing several amendments, the most important of which, viz. the repeal of that article which subjected the states in their corporate capacity to the jurisdiction of the federal courts, has since been adopted. From this time he was regarded as a leader of the party then denominated *antifederal*, many of whom disliked that mixture of aristocracy which they conceived to exist in our own constitution, and looked with pleasure upon what they deemed the purer republicanism springing up in France.

The state of parties which succeeded must be too fresh in the memory of most of our readers to need farther explanation; and it is far from the wish of the writer to stir up any of the expiring embers of party. While every thing else around us is convulsed by the violence of party spirit, the peaceful domain of literature at least, should preserve its sacred neutrality, and afford one place of refuge and calm repose to the mind wearied by the clamour, and fevered with the bickerings and animosities of faction.

During the remainder of his life, Mr. Adams uniformly adhered to that party which opposed the policy of the Washington and Adams administration, and afterwards supported that of Mr. Jefferson; and he gave his aid to the cause which he espoused, not only by the direct influence of his character and station, but also by his conversation, and in some instances by his pen.

In 1789 he was elected lieutenant governor, to which honourable, though by no means important station, he was annually re-elected until 1794, when, upon the death of Mr. Hancock, he was elected governor of the state. He continued in the peaceful routine of the ordinary duties of this station for three years, until the increasing infirmities of advanced age obliged him to withdraw from public life. He lived in retirement for about six years in the full possession of his faculties, and died in the faith of his youth, October 2d, 1803, in the 82d year of his age.

According to the ordinary custom of his country, he married early in life. Possessed of no hereditary fortune, and without a

profession, he maintained his family chiefly by the salaries and emoluments of public office, no very abundant source of wealth in any part of our country, and least of all in New England.—Throughout the greater part of his life he was poor, until at a late period, in consequence of the afflicting event of the death of an only son, he acquired a decent competency. His domestic econo my, though extremely plain, was by no means sordid, and his whole system of life exhibited a fair specimen of the genuine old-fashioned *New-England man*.

Amidst that general refinement of manners, that increase of luxurious habits, and that gradual laxity and diversity of religious faith attendant upon wealth and commercial intercourse, Samuel Adams retained all the primitive character of the venerable puritan forefathers of New England.

He was very attentive to all the external forms and ordinances of religion, and there is every reason to think that his profession was sincere.

Though poor he possessed a lofty and incorruptible spirit, and looked with disregard upon riches, if not with contempt; while at the same time he did not attempt to disguise that reputation and popular influence were the great objects of his ambition.

His private morals were pure, his manners grave and austere, and his conversation, which generally turned on public characters and events, bold, decided, and sometimes coarse. Besides the occurrences of the passing day, he is said to have had three topics of conversation on which he delighted to expatiate, and to have always dwelt upon with great earnestness, *British oppression*, the manners, laws, and customs of New England, and the importance to every republican government of public schools for the instruction of the *whole* population of the state.

He was not a politician of very enlarged or liberal views, rather an able, than a great man, and perhaps more of a demagogue than a statesman. Skilled in the knowledge of the human heart, and adroit in the management of popular prejudices and feelings, these qualities, added to his powers of public speaking, gave him an unexampled weight of influence in his native state, and particularly in the town of Boston. But his eloquence was exclusively adapted to the taste of a town meeting, and his system of politics was formed

upon the narrow scale of the *old colony* of Plymouth, and little fitted for directing the great concerns of a rising empire. His character as a statesman, it must therefore be confessed, is not of the very first order of excellence; but the cause of American independence owes much to his zeal and intrepidity. Although a dexterous, he was certainly not a profligate party-leader, and when he is placed in comparison with those *simulars* of patriotism, the politicians of expediency and intrigue, his love of liberty, his sincerity, his honesty, and his consistency of character, raise him into dignity, in spite of the comparative mediocrity of his talents, and the narrowness of his views.

The consideration of the character of Samuel Adams, when taken in connexion with the uncommon degree of popularity which his name, in spite of party misrepresentations, has now obtained in this country, may suggest an important moral lesson to those of our youth, whom a generous ambition incites to seek the temple of glory through the thorny paths of political strife. Let them compare him with men confessedly very far his superiors in every gift of intellect, of education, and of fortune—with those who have governed empires, and swayed the fate of nations—the Mazarines, the Bolingbrokes, and the Mirabeaus, who crowd the page of history; and then, let them consider how poor and how limited is the fame of these venal and selfish politicians, when placed in competition with that of this humble patriot. The memory of these brilliant and accomplished men, tarnished as it is by the history of their profligacy, their corruption, and their crimes, is preserved only in the narrow circle of politicians and scholars, while the name of Samuel Adams is enrolled among the benefactors of his country, and repeated with respect and gratitude by the meanest citizens of a free state.

V.

Odes, Naval Songs, and other occasional Poems. By Edwin C. Holland, Esq. Charleston.

A SMALL volume, with the above title, has been handed to us, with a request that it might be criticised. Though we do not profess the art and mystery of reviewing, and are not ambitious of being either wise or facetious at the expense of others, yet we feel a disposition to notice the present work, because it is a specimen of one branch of literature at present very popular throughout our country, and also, because the author, who, we understand, is quite young, gives proof of very considerable poetical talent, and is in great danger of being spoiled.

We apprehend, from various symptoms about his work, that he has for some time past received great honours from circles of literary ladies and gentlemen, and that he has great facility at composition—we find, moreover, that he has written for public papers under the signature of Orlando; and above all, that a prize has been awarded to one of his poems, in a kind of poetical lottery, cunningly devised by an "eminent bookseller."

These, we must confess, are melancholy disadvantages to start withal; and many a youthful poet, of great promise, has been utterly ruined by misfortunes of much inferior magnitude. We trust, however, that in the present case they are not without remedy, and that the author is not so far gone in the evil habit of publishing, as to be utterly beyond reclaim. Still we feel the necessity of extending immediate relief, from a hint he gives us on the cover of his book, that the present poems are "presented merely as specimens of his manner, and comprise but a *very small portion*" of those he has on hand. This information really startled us—we beheld in imagination a mighty mass of odes, songs, sonnets and acrostics, impending in awful volume over our heads, and threatening every instant to flutter down, like a theatrical snow-storm of white paper. To avert so fearful an *avalanche* have we hastened to take pen in hand, determined to risk the author's displeasure, by giving him good advice, and to deliver him, if possible, uninjured out of the hands both of his admirers and his patron.

The main piece of advice we would give him is, to lock up all his remaining writings, and to abstain most abstemiously from publishing for some few years to come. We know that this will appear very ungracious counsel, and we have not very great hope that it will be adopted. We are well aware of the eagerness of young authors to hurry into print, and that the muse is too fond of present pay, and "present pudding," to brook voluntarily the postponement of reward. Besides, this early and exuberant foliage of the mind is peculiar to warm sensibilities and lively fancies, in which the principles of fecundity are so strong as to be almost irrepressible. The least ray of popular admiration sets all the juices in motion, produces a bursting forth of buds and blossoms, and a profusion of vernal and perishable vegetation. But there is no greater source of torment to a writer, than the flippancies of his juvenile muse. The sins and follies of his youth arise in loathsome array, to disturb the quiet of his maturer years, and he is perpetually haunted by the spectres of the early murders he has perpetrated on good English and good sense.

We have no intention to discourage Mr. Holland from his poetic career. On the contrary, it is in consequence of the good opinion we entertain of his genius, that we are solicitous that it should be carefully nurtured, wholesomely disciplined, and trained up to full and masculine vigour, rather than dissipated and enfeebled by early excesses. We think we can discern in his writings strong marks of amiable, and generous, and lofty sentiment, of ready invention, and great brilliancy of expression. These are as yet obscured by a false, or rather puerile taste, which time and attention will improve, but it is necessary that time and attention should be employed. Were his faults merely those of mediocrity we should despair, for there is no such thing as fermenting a dull mind into any thing like poetic inspiration; but we think the effervescence of this writer's fancy will at a future day settle down into something substantially excellent. Rising genius always shoots forth its rays from among clouds and vapours, but these will gradually roll away and disappear, as it ascends to its steady and meridian lustre.

One thing which pleases us in the songs in this collection, is, that they have more originality than we commonly meet with in our na-

tional songs. We begin to think that it is a much more difficult thing to write a good song than to fight a good battle; for our tars have achieved several splendid victories in a short space of time; but, notwithstanding the thousand pens that have been drawn forth in every part of the union, we do not recollect a single song of really sterling merit, that has been written on the occasion. Nothing is more offensive than a certain lawless custom which prevails among our patriotic songsters, of seizing upon the noble songs of Great Britain, mangling and disfiguring them, with pens more merciless than Indian scalping knives, and then passing them off for American songs. This may be an idea borrowed from the custom of our savage neighbours, of adopting prisoners into their families, and so completely taking them to their homes and hearts, as almost to consider them as children of their own begetting. At any rate, it is a practice worthy of savage life, and savage ideas of property. We have witnessed such horrible distortions of sense and poetry—we have seen the fine members of an elegant stanza so mangled and wrenched, in order to apply it to this country, that our very hearts ached with sympathy and vexation. We are continually annoyed with the figure of poor Columbia, an honest, awkward, dowdy sort of dame, thrust into the place of Britannia, and made to wield the trident, and "rule the waves," and play off a thousand clumsy ceremonies before company, as mal-adroitly as a worthy tradesman's wife, enacting a fine lady or a tragedy queen.

Besides, there is in this a pitifulness of spirit, an appearance of abject poverty of mind, that would be degrading, if it really belonged to the nation. Nay more, there is a positive dishonesty in it. We may, if we choose, plunder the bodies of our enemies, whom we have fairly conquered in the field of battle; and we may strut about, uncouthly arrayed in their garments, with their coats swinging to our heels, and their boots "a world too wide for our shrunk shanks," but the same privilege does not extend to literature; and however our puny poetasters may flaunt for a while in the pilfered garbs of their gigantic neighbours, they may rest assured, that if there should be a tribunal hereafter to try the crimes of authors, they will be considered as mere poetical highwaymen, and condemned to swing most loftily for their offences.

It is really insulting to tell this country, as some of these varlets

do, that she "needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep," when there is a cry from one end of the union to the other for the fortifying our seaports and the defence of our coast, and when every post brings us intelligence of the enemy depredating in our bays and rivers; and it is still more insulting to tell her that "her home is on the deep," which, if it really be the case, only proves that at present she is turned out of doors. No, if we really must have national songs, let them be of our own manufacturing, however coarse. We would rather hear our victories celebrated in the merest doggrel that sprang from native invention, than beg, borrow, or steal from others, the thoughts and words in which to express our exultation. By tasking our own powers, and relying entirely on ourselves, we shall gradually improve and rise to poetical independence; but this practice of appropriating the thoughts of others, of getting along by contemptible shifts and literary larcenies, prevents native exertion, and produces absolute impoverishment. It is in literature as in the accumulation of private fortune; the humblest beginnings should not dishearten; much may be done by persevering industry, or spirited enterprise; but he who depends on borrowing will never grow rich, and he who indulges in theft will ultimately come to the gallows.

We are glad to find that the writer before us is innocent of these enormous sins against honesty and good sense; but we would warn him against another evil, into which young writers, and young men, are very prone to fall—we mean bad company. We are apprehensive that the companions of his literary leisure have been none of the most profitable, and that he has been trifling too much with the fantastic gentry of the Della Cruscan school, revelling among flowers, and hunting butterflies, when he should have been soberly walking, like a duteous disciple, in the footsteps of the mighty masters of his art. We are led to this idea from seeing in his poems the portentous names of "the blue eyed Myra," and "Rosa Matilda," and from reading of "lucid vests veiling snowy breasts," and "satin sashes," and "sighs of rosy perfume," and "trembling eve-star beam, through some light clouds glory seen," (which, by the by, is a rhyme very much like that of "muffin and dumpling,") and

> —"The sweetest of perfumes that languishing flies
> Like a kiss on the nectarous morning tide air."

Now all this kind of poetry is rather late in the day—the fashion has gone by. A man may as well attempt to figure as a fine gentleman in a pea-green silk coat, and pink satin breeches, and powdered head, and paste buckles, and sharp toed shoes, and all the finery of Sir Fopling Flutter, as to write in the style of Della Crusca. Gifford has long since brushed away all this trumpery.

We think also, the author has rather perverted his fancy, by reading the amatory effusions of Moore; which, whatever be the magic of their imagery and versification, breathe a spirit of heartless sensuality, and soft voluptuousness, beneath the tone of vigorous and virtuous manhood.

This rhapsodising about "brilliant pleasures," and "hours of bliss," and "humid eyelids," and "ardent kisses," is, after all, mighty cold-blooded, silly stuff. It may do to tickle the ears of love-sick striplings and romantic milliners; but one verse describing pure domestic affection, or tender innocent love, from the pen of Burns, speaks more to the heart than all the meretricious rhapsodies of Moore.

We doubt if in the whole round of rapturous scenes, dwelt on with elaborate salacity by the modern Anacreon, one passage can be found, combining equal eloquence of language, delicacy of imagery, and impassioned tenderness, with the following picture of the interview and parting of two lovers.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie:
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

"Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary."

Throughout the whole of the foregoing stanzas we would remark the extreme simplicity of the language, the utter absence of all false colouring, of those "roseate hues," and "ambrosial odours," and "purple mists," that steam from the pages of our voluptuous poets, to intoxicate the weak brains of their admirers. Burns depended on the truth and tenderness of his ideas, on that deep-toned feeling which is the very soul of poetry. To use his own admirably descriptive words,

"His rural loves are nature's sel,
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae *snap conceits*, but that *sweet spell*,
O' witchin love,
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move."

But the chief fault which infests the style of the poems before us, is a passion for hyperbole, and for the glare of extravagant images and flashing phrases. This taste for gorgeous finery, and violent metaphor, prevails throughout our country, and is characteristic of the early efforts of literature. Our national songs are full of ridiculous exaggeration, and frothy rant, and commonplace bloated up into fustian. The writers seem to think that huge words, and mountainous figures, constitute the sublime. Their puny thoughts are made to sweat under loads of cumbrous imagery, and now and then they are so wrapt up in conflagrations, and blazes, and thunders and lightnings, that, like Nick Bottom's hero, they seem to have "slipt on a brimstone shirt, and are all on fire!"

We would advise these writers, if they wish to see what is really grand and forcible in patriotic minstrelsy, to read the national songs of Campbell, and the Bannock-Burn of Burns, where there is the utmost grandeur of thought conveyed in striking but

perspicuous language. It is much easier to be fine than correct in writing. A rude and imperfect taste always heaps on decoration, and seeks to dazzle by a profusion of brilliant incongruities. But true taste always evinces itself in pure and noble simplicity, and a fitness and chastness of ornament. The muses of the ancients are described as beautiful females, exquisitely proportioned, simply attired, with no ornaments but the diamond clasps that connected their garments; but were we to paint the muse of one of our popular poets, we should represent her as a pawnbroker's widow, with rings on every finger, and loaded with borrowed and heterogeneous finery.

One cause of the epidemical nature of our literary errors, is the proneness of our authors to borrow from each other, and thus to interchange faults, and give a circulation to absurdities. It is dangerous always for a writer to be very studious of cotemporary publications, which have not passed the ordeal of time and criticism. He should fix his eye on those models which have been scrutinized, and of the faults and excellencies of which he is fully apprized. We think we can trace, in the popular songs of the volume before us, proofs that the author has been very conversant with the works of Robert Treat Paine, a late American writer of very considerable merit; but who delighted in continual explosions of fancy and glitter of language. As we do not censure wantonly, or for the sake of finding fault, we shall point to one of the author's writings, on which it is probable he most values himself, as it is the one which publicly received the prize in the Bookseller's Lottery. We allude to THE PILLAR OF GLORY. We are likewise induced to notice this particularly, because we find it going the rounds of the union; strummed at pianos, sang at concerts, and roared forth lustily at public dinners. Having this universal currency, and bearing the imposing title of *Prize Poem*, which is undoubtedly equal to the Tower Stamp, it stands a great chance of being considered abroad as a prize production of one of our universities, and at home as a standard poem, worthy the imitation of all tyros in the art.

The first stanza is very fair, and indeed is one of those passages on which we found our good opinion of the author's genius. The last line is really noble.

"Hail to the heroes whose triumphs have brighten'd
The darkness which shrouded America's name!
Long shall their valour in battle that lighten'd,
Live in the brilliant escutcheons of fame!
Dark where the torrents flow,
And the rude tempests blow,
The stormy-clad Spirit of Albion raves;
Long shall she mourn the day,
When in the vengeful fray,
Liberty walk'd, like a God, on the waves."

The second stanza, however, sinks from this vigorous and perspicuous tone. We have the "halo and lustre of story" *curling* round the "wave of the ocean;" a mixture of ideal and tangible objects wholly inadmissible in good poetry. But the great mass of sin lies in the third stanza, where the writer rises into such a glare and confusion of figure as to be almost incomprehensible.

"The pillar of glory the sea that enlightens,
Shall last till eternity rocks on its base!
The splendour of fame its waters that brightens,
Shall follow the footsteps of time in his race!
Wide o'er the stormy deep,
Where the rude surges sweep,
Its lustre shall circle the brows of the brave!
Honour shall give it light,
Triumph shall keep it bright,
Long as in battle we meet on the wave!"

We confess that we were sadly puzzled to understand the nature of this ideal pillar, that seemed to have set the sea in a blaze, and was to last "till eternity rocks on its base," which we suppose is, according to a vulgar phrase, "forever and a day after." Our perplexity was increased by the cross light from the "splendour of fame," which, like a footboy with a lantern, was to jog on after the footsteps of time; who it appears was to run a race against himself on the water—and as to the other lights and gleams that followed, they threw us into complete bewilderment. It is true, after beating about for some time, we at length landed on what we suspected to be the author's meaning; but a worthy friend of ours, who read the passage with great attention,

maintains that this pillar of glory which enlightened the sea, can be nothing more nor less than a light-house.

We do not certainly wish to indulge in improper or illiberal levity. It is not the author's fault that his poem has received a prize, and been elevated into unfortunate notoriety. Were its faults matters of concernment merely to himself, we should barely have hinted at them; but the poem has been made, in a manner, a national poem, and in attacking it, we attack generally that prevailing taste among our poetical writers for excessive ornament—for turgid extravagance, and vapid hyperbole. We wish in some small degree to counteract the mischief that may be done to national literature by eminent booksellers crowning inferior effusions as prize poems, setting them to music, and circulating them widely through the country. We wish also, by a little good-humoured rebuke, to stay the hurried career of a youth of talent and promise, whom we perceive lapsing into error, and liable to be precipitated forward by the injudicious applauses of his friends.

We therefore repeat our advice to Mr. Holland, that he abstain from further publication until he has cultivated his taste, and ripened his mind. We earnestly exhort him rigorously to watch over his youthful muse; who, we suspect, is very spirited and vivacious, subject to quick excitement, of great pruriency of feeling, and a most uneasy inclination to breed. Let him in the mean while diligently improve himself in classical studies, and in an intimate acquaintance with the best and simplest British poets, and the soundest British critics. We do assure him that really fine poetry is exceeding rare, and not to be written copiously nor rapidly. Middling poetry may be produced in any quantity—the press groans with it—the shelves of circulating libraries are loaded with it—but who reads merely middling poetry? Only two kinds can possibly be tolerated, the very good, or the very bad; one to be read with enthusiasm, the other to be laughed at.

We have in the course of this article quoted him rather unfavourably, but it was for the purpose of general criticism, not individual censure; before we conclude, it is but justice to give a specimen of what we consider his best manner. The following stanzas are taken from elegiac lines on the death of a young lady. The comparison of a beautiful female to a flower is obvious, and fre-

quent in poetry, but we think it is managed here with uncommon delicacy and consistency, and great novelty of thought and manner.

There was a flow'r of beauteous birth,
Of lavish charms, and chasten'd die,
It smil'd upon the lap of earth,
And caught the gaze of ev'ry eye.

"The vernal breeze, whose step is seen
Imprinted in the early dew,
Ne'er brush'd a flow'r of brighter beam,
Or nurs'd a bud of lovelier hue!

"It blossom'd not in dreary wild,
In darksome glen, or desert bow'r,
But grew, like Flora's fav'rite child,
In sun-beam soft, and fragrant show'r.

"The graces lov'd with chasten'd light,
To flush its pure, celestial bloom,
And all its blossoms were so bright,
It seem'd not form'd to die so soon.

"Youth round the flow'ret ere it fell,
In armour bright was seen to stray,
And beauty said, *her* magic spell
Should keep its perfume from decay.

"The parent-stalk from which it sprung,
Transported as its halo spread,
In holy umbrage o'er it hung,
And tears of heav'n-born rapture shed.

"Yet, fragile flow'r! thy blossom bright,
Though guarded by a magic spell,
Like a sweet beam of evening light,
In lonely hour of tempest fell.

"The death-blast of the winter air,
The cold frost and the night-wind came,
They nipt thy beauty once so fair!—
It shall not bloom on earth again!"

From a general view of the poems of Mr. Holland, it is evident that he has the external requisites for poetry in abundance;

he has fine images, fine phrases, and ready versification; he must only learn to think with fulness and precision, and he will write splendidly. As we have already hinted, we consider his present productions but the blossoms of his genius, and like blossoms they will fall and perish—but we trust that after some time of silent growth and gradual maturity, we shall see them succeeded by a harvest of rich and highly flavoured fruit.

ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLE ON LAKE ERIE.

It is a trite remark, that general descriptions of battles present no distinct images to the mind. We read with little emotion of broadsides discharged, ships cut to pieces, and numbers killed and wounded; but when particulars are given us, when the imminent risks, or piteous disasters of individuals are detailed, we fancy ourselves in their situations, and, in a manner, mingle personally in the conflict. A mere outline of the Battle of Erie was given some time since in the Biography of Commodore Perry: since then several circumstances have reached us, which give a more vivid idea of the nature of the fight, and show the incessant and thickening perils with which that young officer was surrounded.

It was his lot repeatedly to see men swept away from his side; some even while conversing with him. One of these incidents displays the coolness and presence of mind that prevailed among the officers, and indeed throughout the ship, enabling them even to jest with present dangers. The second lieutenant of the Lawrence, while standing beside Commodore Perry, was struck in the breast by a chain shot. The shot having passed through the bulwark, had no other effect than to knock him down, and lodged in the bosom of his waistcoat. He fell with an exclamation, and remained for a moment stunned by the violence of the blow. Perry raised him up, and seeing no marks of a wound, gave him some cheering words, and told him he could not be hurt. The lieutenant coming to himself, put his hand into his bosom, pulled out the chain shot, and exclaiming "no, Sir, but this is *my* shot," thrust it with great *sang froid* into his pocket.

In the course of the action Perry noticed a prime and favourite

sailor, who was captain of one of the guns, very much embarrassed with his piece, which, in consequence of the forelock being broken, was rather unmanageable and rebounded. Perry approached him, and in his usual encouraging manner asked him what was the matter. The honest tar, who had been showing signs of infinite vexation, turned round, and, as if speaking of a mistress, exclaimed reproachfully, "Sir, my gun behaves shamefully—shamefully!" He then levelled it, and having taken aim, raised up and squared himself in a fine martial style, when suddenly a cannon ball struck him in the breast, passed through him, and he fell dead, without a groan!

Lieutenant Yarnall, of the Lawrence, behaved throughout with great bravery and coolness. He was dressed as a common seaman, a red bandana handkerchief was tied round his neck, and another round his head, to stanch two wounds which he had received. From these the blood trickled down his face, and a splinter having passed through his nose, it had swelled to a hideous magnitude. In this frightful plight, looking like the very genius of carnage and ill luck, he came up to Perry, in the hottest and bloodiest of the fight, and announced to him that all the officers of his division were killed. Perry ordered others in their place. Shortly after Yarnell returned with a repetition of the dismal tidings that all the officers were shot down; "then, Sir," said Perry, "you must endeavour to make out by yourself. I have none more to furnish you!"

One circumstance which Perry relates deserves particular mention. It has in it something of sentiment that is above common life, and absolutely belongs to poetry. When, in the sweeping havoc that was sometimes made, a number of men were shot away from around a gun, the survivors *looked silently round to Perry*—and then stepped into their places. Whenever he looked at the poor fellows that lay wounded and weltering on the deck, he always found *their faces turned towards him, and their eyes fixed on his countenance.* It is impossible for words to heighten the simple and affecting eloquence of this anecdote. It speaks volumes in praise of the heroism of the commander, and the loyal affection of his followers.

When Perry went off from the Lawrence to shift his flag to the Niagara, he stood up in the boat gallantly waving his sword, and

was heard cheeringly to exclaim, "Pull away my brave boys!" so earnest was he that though the balls whistled around him he could scarcely be made to take a seat, and an old sailor, who had been in both battles of the Constitution, absolutely held him down.

Just after he had got on board the Niagara, and was on the quarter deck, a sailor who commanded one of the guns, seeing all his men shot down, turned with eagerness to Perry, and, laying both hands upon his shoulders, exclaimed, "For God's sake, Sir, give me some more men!" Such was the vivid animation that prevailed among all ranks—they had lost all sense of personal danger, and thought of nothing but victory.

When the Niagara dashed through the enemy's line, as she passed the Lady Prevost, Lieutenant Buchan, the commander of that vessel, was shot through the face by a musket ball. The vessels were then within half pistol shot, so that every thing could be seen distinctly from one to the other. The crew of the Lady Prevost, unable in their crippled state to stand the fire of the Niagara, ran below; but their unfortunate commander remained on deck, and Perry saw him leaning on the companion way, with his face on his hand, looking with fixed stare at his enemies. Perry immediately silenced the marines on the quarter deck, and running forward ordered the men to cease firing. He afterwards learnt that the strange conduct of Lieutenant Buchan was owing to sudden derangement, caused by his wound. He was a brave officer, and had distinguished himself in the battle of the Nile.

While Perry was engaged at close quarters in the Niagara, Lieutenant Turner, a fine bold young sailor, who commanded the brig Caledonia, of three guns, spreading every sail, endeavoured to get into the action. His foresail interfered between him and the enemy, but, rather than take in an inch of canvass, he ordered his men to fire through it. Seeing the commodore engaged in the thickest of the fight, he proposed to the commander of another small vessel, to board the Detroit; the other, however, prudently declined the rash but gallant proposal.

It has been mentioned that two Indians were on board the Detroit, stationed in the tops, to pick off our officers with their rifles. No sooner, however, did the ships come into close action, than they were dismayed by this new and tremendous species of battle, and slunk into the hold. When the ship was taken they an-

licipated cruel treatment, if their nation was discovered, and borrowed sailors' clothes that they might pass for Englishmen. Thus disguised, they lay in close concealment for two days, when word was brought to Perry, that two Indians were concealed below who had not tasted food for eight and forty hours. He had them brought up on deck, where they made a most uncouth and ludicrous appearance, with their borrowed garments bagging about them. They expected nothing less than to be butchered and scalped, but, notwithstanding, preserved the most taciturn inflexibility of muscle. Perry, however, after putting a few good-humoured questions to them, ordered them to be taken away and fed; a degree of lenity which seemed to strike them with more surprise than their stoic natures are apt to evince.

The only time that the coolness and self command of Perry experienced any thing like a shock, was on seeing his young brother, a midshipman, knocked down by a hammock, which had been driven in by a ball. In the momentary agony of mind he gave him up as slain, but had the delight to see him rise up perfectly unhurt.

Perry speaks highly of the bravery and good conduct of the negroes, who formed a considerable part of his crew. They seemed to be absolutely insensible to danger. When Captain Barclay came on board the Niagara, and beheld the sickly and particoloured beings around him, an expression of chagrin escaped him, at having been conquered by such men. The fresh water service had very much impaired the health of the sailors, and crowded the sick list with patients.

We shall close these few particulars of this gallant and romantic affair, with the affecting fate of Lieutenant Brookes of the marines. It presents an awful picture of the scenes which the warrior witnesses in battle—his favourite companions suddenly cut down before his eyes—those dreadful transitions from the flush of health and the vivacity of youth, to the ghastliness of agonized death—from the cheering and the smile, to the shriek and the convulsion.

Brookes was a gay, animated young officer, remarkable for his personal beauty. In the midst of the engagement he accosted Perry in a spirited tone, with a smile on his countenance, and was making some observations about the enemy, when a cannon ball struck him in the thigh, and dashed him to the opposite side of

the deck. The blow shattered him dreadfully, and the sudden anguish forced from him the most thrilling exclamations. He implored Perry to shoot him and put an end to his torture: the latter directed some of the marines to carry him below and consign him to the surgeon. The scene was rendered more affecting, by the conduct of a little mulatto boy of twelve years of age, a favourite of Brookes's. He was carrying cartridges to one of the guns, but on seeing his master fall, he threw himself on the deck, with the most frantic gesticulations and piercing cries, exclaiming that his master was killed; nor could he be appeased until orders were given to take him below; when he immediately returned to carrying cartridges.

Mr. Hamilton, the purser, who had worked at a gun like a common sailor, being wounded, was carried below and laid on the same mattress with Brookes. The wound of the latter was stanched, and he lay composed, calmly awaiting his approaching death. Hamilton observes that he never looked so perfectly beautiful as at this moment, when the anguish of his wound had imparted a feverish flush and lustre to his usually blooming countenance. He asked with great solicitude after Perry, and how the battle went. He gave a few directions about his own affairs, and, while his voice was growing weaker and weaker, recommended his little mulatto to kindness and protection, directing into whose hands he should be placed. While he was yet talking, Hamilton's attention was suddenly attracted by some circumstance which occasioned him to look another way for a moment—the voice of his companion died away upon his ear, and when he turned his face again, poor Brookes had expired!

POETRY.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

A new poem with this title has recently been published in England, from the pen of Lord Byron. It is a Turkish tale, and a companion piece to his Giaour. The following splendid description of Asiatic scenery opens the first canto.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—
Now melt into sorrow—now madden to crime!—
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in die;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—
'Tis the clime of the east—'tis the land of the sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
O! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

The following is a description of Zuleika, the heroine of the poem—

Fair—as the first that fell of womankind—
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamped upon her mind—
But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;
Dazzling—as that, O! too transcendent vision
To sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on earth, revived in heaven—
Soft—as the memory of buried love—
Pure—as the prayer which childhood wafts above—
Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved—how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone—
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone—
The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the music breathing from her face!
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And O! that eye was in itself a soul!

The following is an exquisite picture of female gentleness and sensibility.

In silence bowed the virgin's head—
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red

And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped—
What could such be but maiden fears!
So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry—
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
Even pity scarce can wish it less!

For the Analectic Magazine.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet is the mem'ry of joys that are past,
But joys are delusive as virtue is rare;
And when age cools the passions and deadens the taste,
We barely remember that once such things were.

So friendships, sometimes—e'er they ripen, grow old,
As the frost nips the spring-buds that soonest appear;
And the heart that first opens is first to grow cold,
And pretends to forget that of late—such things were.

I've seen one on whom smiles and caresses were heap'd,
'Till the burden of kindness seemed heavy to bear;
And the warm grateful heart in sincerity leaped,
And swore that 'twould never forget—such things were.

I have heard the professions of friendship the dearest,
While suspicion's sharp glance could not fancy a fear;
But the friendship I fancied the firmest, sincerest,
Has broke—and I've blush'd, as I thought such things were.

Philadelphia.

TIMID LOVE.

By Mrs. Grant.

O say not that Arthur will see me no more,
His kindness I merit, his anger deplore;
Though doubt made me silent, yet why should he fly,
Since the dawn of affection is timid and shy?

I've nourished the woodlark he brought from the nest,
The flowers he presented I placed in my breast;
When their beauty no longer delighted my eyes,
With their last dying odours I mingled my sighs.

Beneath yon steep cliff, where the strawberries grow,
Though the surf in rude tumults beats ever below;
By the dim light of morning, unseen, I repair,
To gather the fruit, that my Arthur may share.

Alone in the dusk of the evening I rove,
With my harp I resort to the depth of the grove;
With secret delight, there I sing all his lays,
And practise the music made sweet by his praise.

O will he return, his loved haunts to retrace?
Will no rash resentment appear in his face?
No more like a blast will he rush through the door,
And wring my sad heart with reproaches no more!

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

Written under the threat of invasion, in the autumn of 1804.

By Walter Scott.

The forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby:—
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and Bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze;
The Spectre with his bloody hand,*
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

"Souls of the mighty! wake and say
To what high strains your harps were strung,
When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
All by your harpings doom'd to die
On bloody Largs and Lonearty.†

"Mute are ye all? no murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
Nor through the pines with whistling change,
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were mute
When murder with his bloody foot,
And rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near your mountain strand.

* *The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.*

† *Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.*

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enroll'd,
By every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold;—
From Coilgach,* first who roll'd his car,
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him, of veteran memory dear,
Who victor died on Aboukir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell!
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise, the mighty strain to tell;
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all grasping Rome,
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!"

The wind is hush'd and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
"When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn'd the joys of liberty!"

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

By Rogers.

Ah! little thought she, when, with wild delight,
By many a torrent's shining track she flew,
When mountain glens, and caverns full of night,
O'er her young mind divine enchantment threw;

That in her veins a secret horror slept,
That her light footsteps should be heard no more;
That she should die—nor watched, alas! nor wept
By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.

Yet round her couch indulgent fancy drew
The kindred forms her closing eyes required.
There didst thou stand—there, with the smile she knew,
She moved her lips to bless thee, and expired.

And now to thee she comes, still, still the same,
As in the hours gone unregarded by!
To thee how changed, comes, as she ever came,
Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye!

Nor less, less oft, as on that day appears,
When, lingering as prophetic of the truth,
By the way-side she shed her parting tears—
Forever lovely in the light of youth!

* *The Galgacus of Tacitus.*

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

Messrs. Eastburn, Kirk & Co., New-York, have received several sheets of a new novel in 3 volumes by Madame D'Arblay, author of Evelina, Camilla, &c. It is entitled *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties;* it will be put to press immediately.

The Bride of Abydos, a Turkish Tale, by Lord Byron, has been put to press by Moses Thomas, Philadelphia.

In the press and will be speedily published, *The Commercial Code of France*, together with the *Motives*, or discourses of the counsellors of state, illustrative of the various provisions of the Code, delivered before the legislative body.

The original French text of the code printed on one page with the English translation on the opposite side. Translated by John Rodman, Counsellor at Law, New-York.

Preparing for the press, *The true use of Poesy, a poem, by* B. Allen, jun. of New-York. This poem contains a short review of the character and influence of some of the principal religious poets, as well as of several of the heathen poets of antiquity, and of the popular modern poets of Great Britain; with an exposition of a few of the proper subjects of poetical embellishment. The chief object of the work is to show that religion affords the most sublime and beautiful subjects for poetry—— subjects that can never be exhausted, and which must always delight.

An historical, military and political account of the life of Field Marshal Prince *Souvaroff*, translated by a gentleman of Baltimore, (from a copy furnished by the Russian minister as the most authentic,) is published by Edward J. Coale, Bookseller, Baltimore, and by Eastburn, Kirk & Co. of New-York.—The same booksellers have likewise published Mademoiselle de la Fayette, an historical novel illustrating the manners and character of the court of Louis XIII. by Madame de Genlis, the first American edition, revised, with additional notes—They will in a few days likewise publish the narrative of the campaign of 1812, illustrated by large coloured military maps, and embellished with a likeness of Kutuzof, finely engraved by Edwin.

The fifth volume of Hall's Law Journal is in the press at Baltimore. To gratify those who do not subscribe to this work, Mr. Hall has ordered a few extra copies to be printed of one of the articles in this volume. This is "an answer to Mr. Jefferson's justification of his conduct in the case of the New Orleans Batture. By Edward Livingston." Mr. Jefferson's view of the subject will likewise be inserted in the volume, and both tracts will be illustrated by suitable charts.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

From late British Publications.

FREEZING OF ALCOHOL.

A correspondent mentions that the process followed by Mr. Hutton to freeze alcohol, and which he thought proper to conceal, was as follows: The alcohol is put into a condensing vessel, and air condensed on it as far as can be done with safety.—The vessel is then reduced to as low a temperature as possible by means of freezing mixtures, and the air being allowed suddenly to make its escape increases the cold so much that the desired effect is produced.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

M. De Lamarck has published a new System of Natural History, and he explains in a way peculiar to himself, the classes, orders, and genera of animals; but as travellers have since discovered many new species and genera; as anatomists have better developed their structure; and lastly, as the discrimination of M. de Lamarck has discovered several new relations between them, he has published an abridged syllabus of his course according to this perfected method, in which he contents himself with indicating the characters of the superior divisions, and merely gives the simple nominative enumeration of the genera.

He follows in point of arrangement, the order of the degrees of complication, commencing with the most simple animals. Supposing that those which have no nerves apparent, are moved only in virtue of their irritability, he denominates them *apathic animals*: he gives the name of *sensible animals* to others without vertebræ

and reserves that of *intelligent animals* for those with vertebræ. To his old cla he adds that of *cirrhipedes*, which comprehends the *sea glands*, and their analog genera, and which he places between these *anelides* and *mollusci*; that of *epizo* or intestinal worms, which he places among his apathic animals; and that of the *fusores*, or miscroscopic animals without mouths or apparent intestines. He le the echino-dermes among the *radiarii* and the apathic animals, and in a greater gree of simplicity than that in which he places the intestinal worms.

M. Cuvier, purposing soon to commence the printing of his great work on C parative Anatomy, which has occupied his attention for so many years, has pres ed to the Institute the table of the divisions according to which the animal kingd ought to be distributed in this work. For a long time naturalists were struck with great differences which distinguish the invertebral animals from each other, while vertebral animals resemble each other in so many respects. Hence resulted a g difficulty in drawing up their comparative anatomy; the animals with verte being easily generalized, but not the others: a remedy, however, has been sugge for this difficulty; from the way in which the propositions relative to each or were always grouped, M. Cuvier concluded that there exist among animals principal forms; the first of which is that with which we are acquainted under name of vertebral animals, and of which the other three are nearly comparable t by the uniformity of their respective plans. The author denominates them *mollu* articulated animals, and radiated animals or zoophytes; and subdivides each those forms or ramifications into four classes, according to motives nearly equi lent to those upon which the four classes rest which are generally adopted among vertebral animals. He has derived from this, in some measure, symmetr arrangement, a great facility in reducing under general rules the diversities of ganization.

The comparison which the same member has drawn of the osteology of verte animals, has furnished him with some new ideas as to the osseous structure of head in this branch. It had been long since ascertained that oviparous verte animals, *i. e.* birds, reptiles, and fishes, had several common relations of organ tion, which made them differ from the viviparous or mamiferous vertebral anim M. Cuvier has endeavoured to determine, in a certain manner, to what bone of head of the mamiferæ each group of bones of the head of the different ovi answers, and he thinks he has attained this, by adding to the analogy of the fo of the former, the consideration of the position, and of the functions of the bo *i. e.* by examining what organs they protect, to what nerves and vessels they gi passage, and what muscles are attached to them.

M. Geisecke, the celebrated mineralogist, arrived lately at Edinburgh, fr Greenland, on his return to Copenhagen, after a residence of seven years and a in the country; during which time he examined the whole line of coast from C Farewell to 76 degrees of north latitude. He has brought with him a fine collect of minerals, among which are many totally unknown to the mineralogists of Euro He proposes to publish an account of his stay in Greenland, which the scient world will look for with great anxiety.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

The following notices of Works, published, or preparing for the press, are lected from late British publications.

Mr. Copley is now engaged upon a work, which will, by admirers of warl achievements, be thought, in an especial manner, worthy of his pencil. It is equestrian portrait of Marshal Wellington, attended by his aid-de-camps, Prince of Orange and Lord March, both of whom have sitten purposely for th portraits; a subject for which Mr. C. has proved his competency, by seve other equestrian portraits of unrivalled merit. The size is eight feet by six; besides the three portraits, the back ground is intended to exhibit a perspective the battle of Salamanca. It will, doubtless, rank among Mr Copley's best p formances; and will, if it can be finished in time, be a leading object in the next hibition at Somerset House.

The Margravine of Anspach has composed, and intends to gratify the world with, memoirs of her active and chequered life; and no female of this age has it more in her power to record the features of the times, because no one has acted a more conspicuous part than this illustrious lady.

The works of Ben Jonson, with notes, critical and explanatory, and a Life of the author, are announced by Mr. William Gifford, in ten volumes.

Sir Everard Home announces a course of Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, delivered at the College of Surgeons.

Mr. Phillipart will speedily publish Memoirs of General Moreau, embellished with a portrait, taken a few weeks before his death, and a *fac simile* of his last letter to Madame Moreau.

History of Great Britain, from the revolution in 1688, to the French revolution in 1789. By Sir James Mackintosh, M. P. L. L. D. F. R. S. It is the wish of the author that this work may not exceed three volumes in quarto, but it may extend to four. He has already experienced a facility of access to original papers greater than, even with his confidence in the liberality of the age and nation, he could have ventured to hope. But there are doubtless many proprietors of valuable papers to whom he has not the good fortune to be known, or of whose collections he has not heard. They are likely to be as desirous as any others to contribute towards an authentic history of their country. Trusting in their liberal character, the author ventures, in this manner, respectfully to solicit information, through his publishers, concerning the historical papers in their possession, and to request access to their collections, in the manner, and on the conditions which they may think fit to prescribe.

The Life of James the Second, King of England, collected out of Memoirs writ of his own hand. Also, King James's Advice to his son; and that monarch's last will, dated November 17, 1688. The whole to be edited, by order of his royal highness the prince regent, by the Rev. J. S. Clark, L. L. B. F. R. S. Historiographer to the king, and librarian to his royal highness.

Travels in South America, by Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland. Translated from the French, under the superintendence of M. Humboldt, by Helen Maria Williams. In 8vo with picturesque and geographical atlases.

Relation Historique du Voyage de M. M. de Humboldt et Bonpland, dans L'Amerique Meridionale. Quatre volumes in quarto sur papier velin nom-de-Jesus. Un Volume d'Atlas Geographique et Physique, qui contiendra 40 Planch. sur colomb. velin. Un volume d'Atlas Pittoresque, containing 60 Pl. la plupart colorees, sur colomb velin. Le meme ouvrage, imprime en douze volumes in octavo, avec un Atlas Geographique et Physique, sur papier fin.

British Biography of the eighteenth century. Containing also, lives of most of the eminent characters of the present age; interspersed with much original anecdote and criticism, and forming a standard book of reference of such extensive and varied information, as to be requisite in the libraries of persons of every profession. By a society of clerical and lay members of Oxford University. In 3 vols. thick 8vo. 250 will be printed on royal 4to vellum.

The Pastor's Fire Side. By Miss Porter, author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and Scottish Chiefs. In 3 vols. duodecimo.

Letters on India. By Maria Graham. Author of a Journal of a Residence in India. Illustrated by plates. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Quelques detail sur le General Moreau et ses derniers moments, suivis d'une courte notice biographique. Par Paul Svinine. Cet ouvrage offre des faits d'autant plus interessants qu'ils ont ete recueillis par un temoin oculaire, honore de la confiance du General Moreau, et qui a ete charge de l'accompagner sur le continent, ou il ne l'a pas quitte depuis l'instant de son debarquement jusqu'a sa mort.

The Speeches of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, in the house of commons, from his entrance into parliament in 1768, to the year 1806. With Memoirs, Introduction, &c. In 6 vols. 8vo.

The Speeches of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke. With Memoirs, Introduction, &c.

Further Considerations on the State of the Currency. By the Earl of Lauderdale.

Quarrels of Authors, a Continuation of their Calamities; or some Memoirs for our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy from the reign of Elizabeth. By the author of "*Curiosities of Literature.*" 2 vol. cr. 8vo.

Unpublished Manuscripts of Gibbon. In April next will be published, in 5 vols. 8vo. *comprising one of entirely new matter*, with a portrait, from the best likeness of the author, and other plates, The Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq. with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself; illustrated from his Letters, with occasional notes and narrative. By Lord Sheffield.

WEST'S PAINTING.

Mr. West has for several months been engaged on a grand epic painting. The subject represents Christ brought out from the judgment hall by Pilate, who presents him to the chief priest Caiaphas, and rulers of the people, "saying unto them, ye have brought this man unto me as one that perverteth the people, and behold I have examined him before you, and have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him." *Luke*, xxiii. 14. It is one of the largest ever painted by Mr. WEST, being 34 feet by 16 feet, with the principal figures somewhat larger than life. The subject is evidently one of the highest interest that could be chosen by a painter, and affords scope for every variety of passion. The *resignation* of Christ, the *authority* of Pilate, the *pride* of the chief priests, the *hatred* of the Pharisees, the *scorn* of vulgar prejudice, the *surprise* of many at the sentence, the *grief* of the mother of Jesus and other women, the passive *curiosity* of mere spectators, and finally the disciplined *indifference* of the Roman soldiery, who were to execute the sentence, serve to exercise and to prove the great talents of the painter. Such a picture, so happily conceived, involving the great variety of passions displayed by 120 figures, so correctly drawn, so completely grouped, so naturally coloured, and in such harmonious keeping, we feel it our duty, as well in justice to Mr. WEST, as to our readers, and to the age, to say, we have seldom, if ever, seen before. It certainly has not, as a grand epic picture any superior in England; though we do not forget the great collections of ancient and modern masters with which the country is covered; neither the cartoons, nor the Adelphi pictures of Barry, the chef d'œuvres of Sir Joshua, Mr. West's former pictures, the wonders of Blenheim, Burleigh, Grosvenor House, Cleveland House, Wilton, Corsham, or other able and royal collections. We are aware that in challenging this comparison, and in doing justice to the greatest modern painter in England, and perhaps in Europe, we may provoke the taunts of some of Mr. West's rivals, and draw on him some impertinences of anonymous criticism—we have however honestly done our duty, and for the credit of the taste of the age, in regard to this subject, we wish our influence were predominant and universal! We understand this great picture is likely to be finished by Christmas, and that Mr. West intends to exhibit it on his own account, either by itself or in a gallery filled with many of his chief performances during the HALF CENTURY which has elapsed since his arrival from Italy. In this age of speculation, the greedy spirit of which reaches the elegant, as well as the useful arts, we are not surprised that the painter has already been offered by some dealers TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS for this *chef d'œuvre*, or SEVEN THOUSAND, and the profits of the first season. His famous picture of *Christ Healing the Sick*, for which he received but three thousand guineas, has, we are told, already returned thirteen thousand in the produce of its exhibitions, and in subscriptions for prints.

A complete General Analytical Index to the anonymous essays published under the title of the Edinburgh Review, from October, 1802, to November, 1812, is announced; comprehending, in one alphabetical series, distinct references to the names of authors reviewed, titles of books reviewed, authorities cited or quoted, public questions discussed, and all incidental matter.

The editor of the Examiner shortly will publish the Feast of the Poets, with a variety of additional notes, and some other pieces in prose.

A new Comedy has been published, entitled, First Impressions, or Trade in the West. Written by Horatio Smith, Esq. one of the authors of Rejected Addresses.

FISHER AMES.

Engraved for the Portfolio Magazine, Published by M'Farlane

Entered according to Act of Congress March 1809

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL, 1814.

editors, have, on the whole, been ... ...ls of Polemo and Meleager to those of Brunck and Jacobs, with tolerable fidelity, seem hitherto to have met with no counterpart in the literature of any country. The word epigram (properly an inscription) has been almost exclusively applied in the latin, as well as in the living languages, to that species of trifle, generally compressed within the space of a few distichs, the beauty of which consisted in some happy play of words, or conceit of thought. Very different was the epigram of he Greeks: without any of the aids by which the greater poets of antiquity embellished their works, with no development of character, no condensation of descriptive images, no agreeable fictions recommended to the imagination by what is at least the most poetical of all the systems of theology, they have contrived to infuse into their brief compositions a charm at once sober and pleasing. Most of the commonplaces of poetry may be traced to the anthology, and as the ac-

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ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL, 1814.

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SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Emporium of Arts and Sciences—Bruce's Journal—Colles's Telegraph—British Poets—Report of the Progress of Chymistry—Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, &c. &c.

Collections from the Greek Anthology, and from the Pastoral, Elegiac, and Dramatic Poets of Greece. By the Rev. R. Bland and others. 8vo. pp. 525.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

THE greater part of those small poems, which, though often arbitrarily abridged and mutilated by the taste or whim of their editors, have, on the whole, been transmitted from the hands of Polemo and Meleager to those of Brunck and Jacobs, with tolerable fidelity, seem hitherto to have met with no counterpart in the literature of any country. The word epigram (properly an inscription) has been almost exclusively applied in the latin, as well as in the living languages, to that species of trifle, generally compressed within the space of a few distichs, the beauty of which consisted in some happy play of words, or conceit of thought. Very different was the epigram of he Greeks: without any of the aids by which the greater poets of antiquity embellished their works, with no development of character, no condensation of descriptive images, no agreeable fictions recommended to the imagination by what is at least the most poetical of all the systems of theology, they have contrived to infuse into their brief compositions a charm at once sober and pleasing. Most of the commonplaces of poetry may be traced to the anthology, and as the ac-

knowledgment of obligations is rarely punctual in the world of letters, public estimation has not unfrequently been very disproportioned to the real pretensions of the literary borrower.

Whoever wishes to see the tenderness of real passion expressed forcibly, and in words which, being most natural, come most home to the heart, should seek it among the Greek epigrammatists. They seem to have had the art of the Dervise who could throw his soul into the body of another man, and at once possess himself of his sentiments, adopt his passions, and assume all the functions and feelings of his situation. We are the more sensible of this excellence, because it has so rarely been our fate to meet with that delicate tenderness which is the highest beauty of amatory poetry. Perhaps Guarini and Metastasio alone, among the moderns, have found this secret path to the heart, and even their approach is by a rather more dressed and ornamented road than that adopted by the epigrammatists. We still remember our pleasure at finding, on the first perusal of Pastor Fido, many of those elegant pieces of poetry which had so often delighted us as detached songs; and our gratification was augmented by the associations which the charms of music had connected with them;—of music in the perfection of its best powers, simple, expressive, unaffected. The merit of the similes scattered throughout the scenes of Metastasio, has been justly appreciated, and too much cannot be said in praise of their variety and exactness, or of the fertility of that genius which could furnish endless novelty of ornament to so many dramas so nearly similar in character and situation. At the same time we know not whether the whole range of Italian poetry, so eminently fitted by its polish and softness for the language of love, can furnish any thing more beautiful than the following six words of Theocritus, quoted by the present translators. No passage shows more forcibly the advantage which the Greek language possesses over every other by its conciseness.—Οἱ δὲ παθόντες ἐν ἡμαρι γηρασκουσιν.

"Chi ama, e chi desia, in un giorno s'invecchia,"

as Salvini has accurately, but somewhat diffusely, rendered it.

But the chief merit of the Italian writers is, that their embellishments are seldom out of place, their imagery is natural and appropriate; and if this is an excellence, surely the simplicity of the Greek epigrammatists, which rendered them independent of ornamental aids, is a virtue of a much higher order. With the latter the argument is not considered as a mere niche, in which the picture may be conveniently placed, but the image is made an auxiliary, and illustrates the subject; nor need we wonder if the distinct and well arranged thought, the appropriate epithet, and the familiar expression of the Greek epigram, have a more pleasing

effect than the florid and melodious delicacy of the Italian canzonet, or the more vivacious trifling of the French madrigal. The virtue of simplicity has never been sufficiently studied by the poets of our own country; and those of the present day, whose pretensions to it are most ostentatious, have given us an imitation which differs as much from the original, as Cowper's languid version from the majesty and spirit of Homer; or the vulgar travesties of the Æneid from the unequalled delicacy of the Mantuan poet.

Conciseness is another pre-eminent beauty of the anthology. The affectation of it which is created by the desire of expressing a common idea with sententious and oracular brevity, is of a very different nature from that nicety of judgment, which prunes away every word that interrupts or encumbers the sentence, yet removes none of the links which formed the original chain of connexion in the mind, and suffers every thing to remain distinct, intelligible, and well defined. There is no kind of writing less understood than this: the imitation of Montesquieu has been fatal to many who could not perceive that his genius enabled him to make his way through chaos without being much encumbered or retarded in his progress; or that conciseness can never atone for obscurity, and is only pleasing when it leaves nothing to be misunderstood. It was an aim at conciseness which occasioned so many perplexing inversions of language, and such a want of lucid arrangement in Mr. Campbell's last exquisite poem; and we cannot refrain from once more expressing our regret, that the author should have ever forgotten that his readers were not possessed of the same train of ideas which filled his own mind, and that his conceptions must be distinctly embodied in language, before their character and value could be duly appreciated. Fortunately, however, good sense is of all countries and ages; so that, even in the most tasteless times, it may not be too late to recollect that the homage due to our literary predecessors is paid as properly by avoiding their errors, as by imitating their beauties. Genius is a raw material too precious to be worked up into articles of a slight and perishable nature; and we shall best consult the extension and perpetuity of our own fame, by conforming to acknowledged excellence, and by using the models of antiquity not servilely, but freely, and with discrimination.

It must not be overlooked, that the conciseness for which we have commended the poets of the anthology, is usually the product of a state which has not yet seen its Augustan age. We are told that the simplicity and purity which the chaste manners of elder Rome presented, are not to be expected among the dregs of Romulus: but the greater part of the poems in this volume were composed either immediately before, or during the worst days of that calamitous period in the history of literature, so emphatically termed its dark age. It is impossible to make a proper estimate of

the efforts which produced these compositions, without considering the difficulty of substituting strength for softness, and legitimate ornament for conceit, at a time when true taste was nearly extinct, and talent chilled by the repulsive indifference of ignorant barbarians.

Nor is there less matter for surprise in the favourite subjects of this collection. The writers of a country on the decline are apt to overlook the commonplaces of poetry, and to seek a more distant field for ideas than is presented by the brief existence allotted to beauty and virtue, by remembrances of the accidents of human life, "the ills of age, sickness, or poverty, neglected love, or forsaken friendship." Yet whoever expects to meet with amusement in this volume, must be contented to derive it from the representation of unlaboured and obvious sentiments; and if he has not sufficient delicacy of taste to feel that it is to such a representation the best beauties of poetry belong, he must be ignorant of its greatest charm.

With such claims on the attention of every literary man, it may be a reasonable cause of wonder that, while most of the other classics have been presented to us again and again in an English dress, scarcely a single scholar should have hitherto called upon us to admire these smaller relics of antiquity. The success of Cowley, Prior and Cumberland, in whatever they have chosen to translate, is well known, and their full share of merit is allowed to them in this volume. Many of their versions are admitted into it, and the air of originality which pervades them, leaves us only to regret that they, who could do so well, should have done so little; and that their success should not have sooner excited others to similar efforts. Before we proceed to Mr. Bland, we will say a few words on each of these writers, and our readers will then be better able to judge what pretensions the present translators have to rank with those whose praise, for as much as they have undertaken, is already so universal.

The ruling passion of Cowley, as far as it is to be collected from his writings, was the love of retirement. He spent the most active part of his life in the fatiguing attendance on the formalities of a court, and, as commonly happens to men familiar with greatness, he was thoroughly disgusted with the heartlessness of what is truly called public life. His essays in prose and verse are full of the pleasures of retirement, and the country; it was this predilection which led him to Virgil's "O fortunati ninium"—Horace's "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis," and the fable of the country mouse—Claudian's "Old Man of Verona"—Martial's "Vitam quæ faciant beatiorem," and "Vis fieri liber." It is the same feeling which pervades the "Epitaphium vivi auctoris," so well known by its own classical beauty of sentiment and expression, and by Addison's admirable

translation. The air of stiffness and restraint, more or less perceivable in all Cowley's writings, is partly owing to the unsettled state of the language, and partly to a style which not unfrequently has more of the Latin than of the English idiom. But the characteristic merit of his translations, which leads Mr. Bland to place him at the head of all the imitators of Anacreon, is their original spirit. Sir John Denham alludes to this excellence in some very beautiful lines "on the death of Cowley."

> "To him no author was unknown,
> Yet what he wrote, was all his own, &c.
> —Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
> He did not steal, but emulate:
> And when like them he would appear,
> Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear."

Prior's mind was of a very different cast. Born in the days of the gayest court which England ever saw, and at a time when language was cultivated only as a mode of elegance, he easily accommodated himself to the levity of his age, and was fortunate enough to be enabled, like Camilla in the Æneid, to skim along the surface without sinking. The bigotry and superstition which had degraded religion in the preceding times, had driven the gay courtiers of Charles II. with a libertine monarch at their head, into the opposite extremes of atheism and sensuality. Courage was their only virtue, liveliness their only merit. It was with them, as with the French at a later period, always jour de fete; they were bred up in the school of affliction, and when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave a loose to pleasure. But fortunately for the world, this is the artificial, not the natural state of society; the disorder was not incurable, and not very contagious; for it soon appeared that immorality had its cant as well as enthusiasm, and that the airy gayety and carelessness of skepticism, though adapted to the light heartedness of youth, were not qualities calculated to animate the decline of life, and sooth the dimness and infirmities of our later years. This is the fiend that "expects its evening prey," and exacts a terrible recompense for the moments of ease and merriment bestowed under the form of pleasure. Such was the character of this period—a few words yet remain to be said concerning its productions. The French early acquired a tone of refinement and elegance which was long neglected by other nations; their writers of course adopted a style suitable to the high cultivation which prevailed, and the delicacy and correctness of their productions were well calculated at once to gratify the nicety of a refined taste, and to atone for a certain deficiency of genius and energy. On the contrary, the licentiousness of the court of Charles was fatal to purity and elegance; and the rich vein of genius,

which, however obscured by the false taste, or corrupted by the profligacy of the times, still perhaps remains unequalled, gives full scope to the imagination to conceive what might have been produced by the same talent, under happier auspices, and in a better age. Point and wit were the chief objects of attention in every branch of literature, and that labour which the writers would have expended profitably in correcting the looseness and extravagance of their productions, was consumed in an endless search after low conceits and artificial prettinesses: With all these faults—faults for which scarcely any vigour of conception or execution can atone—there is a raciness and spirit, a richness and variety of expression pervading the writings of the age, which must delight every reader. Prior had the good sense to avoid many of the grosser faults, and to make many of the beauties of his age more peculiarly his own. He has not been less happy in catching the manner of Fontaine, than Fontaine himself in embellishing the tales of Boccace, Poggio, and Ariosto, with natural strokes and archness of humour. His translations are chiefly of such poems as relate to love and gallantry, and no one has surpassed him in ease and vivacious, though not always strictly delicate, point. Nearly all his versions might be classed under the title of epigram, as the word is used by Martial, and every English writer; nor has he, so far as we recollect, attempted a translation of any of those moral and serious poems which are the chief ornaments of the Greek anthology.

Prior has detained our attention so long, that our remarks on Cumberland must be very brief. It is well known that the latter author grew at once into notice as a scholar, and established his claim to the title, by the admirable essays on the fragments of the Greek drama published in the Observer. The excellence of these observations subjected Cumberland to a singular suspicion. When they first came out, he was better known by his relationship to Bentley, than by his learning, and it was hinted that he might have aken the substance of the essays, or the essays themselves, from manuscripts of his grandfather which had fallen into his possession. This is a charge of which the character of Bentley himself does not stand quite clear, and we have many anecdotes to prove that literary honesty is not always the accompaniment of learning; but Cumberland was a man of no common talent or cultivation of mind, who, if he had written less hastily, would have been inimitable. Several of his versions from the dramatic authors are admitted into the volume before us, and we have been greatly struck with the mixed force and feeling which they display. There is a rare combination of sententiousness and poetical ornament in the following couplets, which leaves nothing for *regret*, except the smallness of their number. We have not com-

pared them with the originals, but they are exactly in the spirit and manner of those gnomic lines which so frequently occur in the ancient drama, and though condemned by some judges as unseasonable, are generally to be ranked among the most valuable relics which time has left us.

CRATES.

Old Age.

"These shrivelled sinews, and this bending frame,
The workmanship of time's strong hand proclaim;
Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straight:
Hard choice for man, to die—or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see.
Age, then, we all prefer; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last ling'ring day;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse."

PHERECRATES.

The same Subject.

"Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays:
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves." P. 226.

We now turn to the book which has given rise to the preceding remarks, and which we scarcely know whether we are to call a new edition, or a new work. It has not altogether a right to this latter title, for a volume was published five or six years ago, on the same plan, the materials of which were furnished, we believe, by the same authors. We do not know how much of its predecessor has been incorporated into the new volume, and it is not noticed in the title-page, or the preface; but, if our memory is correct, the relationship between them is nearly what the foundation of a building bears to its superstructure. The name of Mr. Bland appears singly on the title-page, but there are various signatures affixed to the translations, and in the preface the following passage occurs.

"It will doubtless appear strange, that, of the two principal authors, he who has contributed the least portion of the body of the work, should be most prominent to the public. While he regrets the necessity, he has been compelled to yield to the instances of his associate; and has, at the same time, been induced, by the representations of their publisher, who objected to the plan of a book entirely anony-

mous, to suffer his own name to appear in a place to which it is entitled no otherwise than by participation."

Mr. Bland's share of the work appears to be marked by the initial B, and we have heard names assigned to most of the other contributions; but as there has evidently been a wish for at least a partial concealment, we do not think it fair to withdraw the veil, whatever may be the motives, professional or domestic, which have led to its adoption.

We naturally expected, in a miscellaneous collection like the present, to meet with great inequality in the closeness of the translations. This is a point of considerable delicacy; something of the expectations of the reader must be conceded to the difficulty of transfusing with fidelity the spirit of one language into the idioms of another; and much must be left to the taste of the translator—he will sometimes judge wisely in imitating, as nearly as our language will permit, the unornamented simplicity of the original; sometimes will neglect or soften an image unsuited to modern associations; sometimes qualify or refine expressions which are too harsh and farfetched. Every one who is acquainted with the poems of the Greek anthology, knows that passages occasionally occur which are liable to the charge of extravagance. The cotemporaneous taste of the times is more or less discoverable in the productions of every country, and a love of conceits was the prevailing fault, the most prominent feature, of the ages in which the epigrammatists flourished. Besides, the more obvious and natural thoughts, always most pleasing to true taste, were preoccupied, and if novelty was to be attempted, the choice lay among materials of a baser kind; if a new garland was to be entwined, it must have been of flowers which Virgil, and Horace, and Catullus had already rejected. The first poem in the collection, entitled "The Lover's Message," from Meleager, affords an instance of the fault of which we have been speaking. The passage is omitted in the translation, but is thus noticed in the Illustrations.

"The sixth line in the original has caused much dispute. Its literal interpretation is, 'Expect me not as a sailor, but as one who travels on foot to behold you;' a hyperbolical expression, implying (says Jacobs) 'The desire of seeing you will support me over the seas, even without the aid of a ship.'" P. 41.

We must remark, however, that while the translator has avoided in one instance the fault of the original, he has, in the very next couplet, fallen into one equally great.

"Go, heralds of my soul! to Phanion's ear,
On all your shrouds the tender accents bear." P. 1.

What can be more affected than the expression "heralds of the soul," applied to vessels passing and repassing the Hellespont? And it is the more inexcusable, since, on turning to the original, we find no trace of it whatever. The following stanzas have a tone of arch gallantry about them, which, at first sight, would lead us to attribute them to the romantic days of France, rather than to the sixth century: they have, however, the merit of being a very faithful translation.

PAULUS, S. iii. 78. (73.)

Love not extinguished by Age. B.

"For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smoother face!
I'd rather fold thee in my arms
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.

"To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious than their vernal rose,
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent as thy winter glows." P. 3.

The following effusion has all the gallantry of Waller, with none of his conceits; and all the warmth and poetry of Moore, with none of his indelicacy. The thoughts are borrowed with sufficient fidelity from the Greek, but the elegance and plaintiveness breathed over the whole belong exclusively to the translator. To our taste the original is meager and uninteresting.

AGATHIAS, 23. iii. 41.

Maiden Passion. M.

"Go, idle, amorous boys,
What are your cares and joys,
To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?
A flame half hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best?

"Haply you well may find
(Proud privilege of your kind)
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your smart.

"Whilst we, poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die." P. 10.

We were much pleased with the translation of the well known stanza of Horace lamenting "the decay of his old flame."

"Quo fugit Venus? Heu, quove color decens?
Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores
Quæ me surpuerat mihi?

"Where is the bloom, the power to move,
And warm a frozen heart to love?
O where those earlier graces, fraught
With all that could a lover sway,
That waken'd every tender thought,
And stole me from myself away?" B. P. 51.

Among those pieces to which the title of "Moral" is prefixed, are four from Palladas on the trite subject of "the shortness and evils of life." We were obliged to turn to the original to understand the last.

PALLADAS, 129. ii. 434. M.

"O transitory joys of life! ye mourn
Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.
We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,
Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,
His hateful race against our wretched state,
And bears the unconquerable will of fate." P. 108.

There appears to be something defective in the third line; but how tame and spiritless is the whole, compared with the original, which furnishes a beautiful specimen of that simple and touching harmony of expression by which the ancients recommended the commonest thoughts.

'Ω της βραχειας ήδονης της τε βιε
της εξοντος τε χρονε στυδησατε.
ήμιν καθεζομενοις και κοιμωμενοις,
μεχθιστος ο τρεχων· ὁ δε χρονος τρεχει,
τρεχει καθ' ήμων των ταλαιπωρων βροτων,
φερων ἑκαστε το βιε καπιτροπος.'

Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the Rambler the beauties of a short Hymn to Health, by Ariphron of Sicyon; "in which," says he, "the power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his breast, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and

from his own imagination new colours to the picture." It loses nothing in its new poetical dress.

By Aristhon of Sicyon, 23 Scol. i. 150.

Address to Health. B.

"Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest!
For the short time by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest!
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in regal state
That makes men covet to be great;

"Whatever sweet we hope to find
In love's delightful snare,
Whatever good by heaven assign'd,
Whatever pause from care,
All flourish at thy smile divine;
The spring of loveliness is thine,
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches and departs." P. 120.

When will the danger of quoting from memory be sufficiently known? We find the following observation, p. 153. "'Suavius est tui meminisse, quam cum aliis versari,' is, possibly, the very tenderest expression that ever heart conceived, or tongue uttered." How much stronger is the sentiment in its genuine form! "Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!" It is correctly quoted by Lord Byron, and prefixed to some very beautiful stanzas nearly at the end of the volume which contains his Childe Harold. We wish we could make room for the three original pieces by a friend, "To Estrella;" there is a force and spirit in them which is the best charm of lyric poetry: the first and third appear to us decidedly superior to the second, which has less beauty and tenderness, and is little less exceptionable than Moore's poem on the same subject. We are always concerned to see warmth and indelicacy confounded; they are feelings as distinct as the love of Adam, and the passion of the Giaour for Leila.

We have already observed, that the commonest subjects are usually the most pleasing, when they are judiciously treated. Nothing can be more natural and interesting than the following little poem, though the subject is one of the most hackneyed on which verse is employed.

PAULUS, 83. iii. 102.

On a Daughter who died young. B.

"Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought
To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;
But thou hast left a being fraught
With wiles, and toils, and anxious fear.
For us remains a journey drear,
For thee a blest eternal prime,
Uniting, in thy short career,
Youth's blossom with the fruit of time." P. 286.

Bion and Shakspeare have immortalized the loves of Venus and Adonis, and we were, therefore, rather surprised to find this acknowledged favourite of the goddess omitted in the following stanza, which, in other respects, may be placed in the same page with Prior's numerous jeux d'esprits on the same subject. In the Greek, the "flint-hearted boy" takes his proper station with Anchises and Paris.

UNCERTAIN, 247. iii. 200.

Exclamation of Venus on seeing her Statue by Praxiteles. M.

"My naked charms! The Phrygian swain,
And Dardan boy—to those I've shown them,
And *only those*, of mortal strain.
How should Praxiteles have known them?" P. 372.

At p. 403. is a note on the god of sleep, where the age, under which this divinity has been usually represented by the ancients, is discussed. The distinction made between Somnus and Morpheus seems rather fanciful. It is supposed that Morpheus, always represented as an old man, "is alone the proper image of the sleep of the living;" and that Somnus, figured under the character "of a boy, or rather of a beautiful youth," is "le sommeil éternel, image du sommeil, ou de la mort." We cannot reconcile this appropriation of the duties assigned to the two deities with the following passage in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, where Morpheus is sent by Somnus, at the suggestion of Juno, to inform Halcyone of the fate of Ceyx.

"Pater e populo *natorum* mille suorum
Excitat artificem simulatoremque figuræ
Morphea. Non illo jussos solertius alter
Exprimit incessus, vultumque modumque loquendi.
Adjicit et vestes, et consuetissima cuique
Verba, sed hic solos homines imitatur, &c.
—— Præterit hos senior: cunctisque e *fratribus* unum
Morphea, qui peragat Theumantidos edita, Somnus
Eligit." Lib. ii. 633.

Here Morpheus is distinctly described as acting under Somnus, and assuming different appearances as the occasion required. However this may be, there is a mistake in the punctuation of a passage quoted to show the youth of Somnus, of some importance, as it affects part of the proof adduced in support of the distinction, and entirely destroys the *parallelism* of the passage. After charging Addison with having fallen into "an error from which his own reference to Statius ought to have secured him," the writer of the note thus quotes the lines alluded to.

> "Crimine quo merui, *juvenis* placidissime Divum,
> Quove errore, miser, donis ut solus egerem,
> Somne, tuis?"

We have always read the passage thus:

> "Crimine quo merui juvenis, placidissime Divum," &c.

By this punctuation *juvenis* acquires a very peculiar force, and the spirit of the passage is greatly improved. "What have I done, that I, though still young, at that season of life when cares are least likely to obstruct repose, am denied the gifts of sleep?" The beauties of this exquisite little poem are fresh in the memory of every classical reader, and we agree with the remark in the Illustrations, that Mr. Hodgson "has, if possible, added to the calm repose and sweetness of the original description."

> "Now every field, and every herd is thine,
> And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
> Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
> And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore." P. 408.

It is thus we should wish to express our feelings on viewing the tranquillity and softness of one of Claude's night-pieces.

The least interesting division of the volume is the last, entitled "Satirical and Humorous." A part, at least, of the pleasure which we derive from humour, arises from the unexpected manner in which incongruous thoughts are combined by some apparent similarity. It follows that our pleasure is lessened in proportion to our surprise, and that which appears good on the first reading, loses something of its beauty at every succeeding perusal. Besides, the subjects which afforded matter of ridicule to the ancients are not altogether such as now strike us in the same light; and in general every age has its own objects of entertainment, its peculiar cast of humour, which will not be readily exchanged for any other. But this is a point on which we touch with considerable

tenderness for the feelings and opinions of others. We may, ho
ever, venture to observe, that true wit has no more connexion w
extravagant images, than the comedy of Terence, of Fontenel
and occasionally of Molière, has with *plays of character*, in whi
simple avarice or extravagance are drawn, instead of the coveto
or the extravagant man; or with Spanish plots, which deceiv
man through his senses, not through his passions and affectio
The emotion of pleasure must be retained, as well as excited; t
gratified feeling must be as inseparable from the idea which ga
rise to it, when it is familiar, as when it was new. Notwithsta
ing what we have said on this point, we will still venture to qu
one specimen of this part of the work, in which a favourite subj
of all epigrammatists is well displayed.

AGATHIAS, 67. iii. 56.

On a Lawyer. M.

" A plaintiff thus explained his cause
To counsel learned in the laws:
' My bondmaid lately ran away,
And in her flight was met by A,
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
Espous'd her to his servant B.
The issue of this marriage, pray,
Do they belong to me or A?'
The lawyer, true to his vocation,
Gave sign of deepest cogitation,
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hemm'd, and said, ' your case is clear.
Those children, so begot by B,
Upon your handmaid must, you see,
Be your's, or A's.—Now, this I say:
They can't be your's, if they to A
Belong—it follows then, of course,
That if they are not his, they're yours.
Therefore—by my advice—in short,
You'll take the opinion of the court.' " P. 451.

We are not much dissatisfied with the following observatio
prefixed to some " extracts from the Grecian drama."

" Notwithstanding the success with which Potter's faithful and a
mated translations of the great fathers of the Grecian drama have
servedly been attended, it has always appeared to me that the true spi
of their poetry might be more nearly attained, by adopting the sonor
and majestic couplet, which Dryden wished to introduce on the Engl
stage, in imitation of Corneille and Racine; and which, however

suitable to the purpose of representing violent and sudden emotions, is peculiarly well adapted as the vehicle both of declamatory passion, and of pathetic sweetness."

The extracts which follow are from the most touching and tender scenes of the Greek tragedy; the thoughts such as are most in unison with those domestic feelings which come home to every heart, and the classical allusions so natural and intelligible as not to be displeasing even to the English reader who seeks only for beauty of poetry, and has no additional source of gratification in meeting with a spirited version of his favourite passages; yet we should say that the attempt had decidedly failed, if the truth of the doctrine depended on the detached specimens before us. We must, however, make two exceptions; the first in favour of the translation of a chorus in the Alcestis of Euripides, the other the address of a daughter to her father, conjuring him to spare her life; and both of singular beauty.

ADDRESS OF THE CHORUS TO ALCESTIS. M.

" Daughter of Pelias! peaceful sleep
In Pluto's mansions cold and deep,
Where the bright sun can enter never!
And may the gloomy monarch know,
And he, the steersman old and slow,
By whom the ghosts are wafted o'er,
To that uncomfortable shore,
No spirit half so lovely ever,
Nor half so pure, his boat did take
On the dark bosom of the Stygian lake.
Thy name preserved in sweetest lays,
The sacred bards of future days
The seven-string'd lyre shall tune to thee,
Waking its mountain-melody;
Or in harmonious notes shall sing,
What time the rosy-bosom'd spring
Bedews with April showers
Fair Sparta's walls, and all the night,
The full moon pours her silver light
On Athens' heav'n-loved towers.

" O! could the power of verse recall
Thy ghost from Pluto's dreary hall,
And dark Cocytus' spectred wave!
O! could it bid thy spirit stray
Back to the cheerful light of day,
And break the darkness of the grave!

" Most lov'd, most honour'd shade, farewell!
We know not what the gods below
Will measure out of bliss or wo;
Yet may thy gentle spirit dwell,
In those dark realms to which it fled,
Most blest among the peaceful dead!

" Nor thou, afflicted husband, mourn
That voyage whence is no return,
And which we all are doom'd to try:
The gods' great offspring, battle-slain,
'Mid common heroes press the plain,
And undistinguish'd die.

" But she who nobly died, to save
A husband from the cheerless grave,
Though seen no more by mortal eye,
Shines, a bright power, above the sky.
Hail, lovely light of Pheræ's vale!
Blest guardian of the wandering stranger, hail!"—P. 243.

FROM THE IPHIGENIA IN AULIS OF EURIPIDES.

Iphigenia to Agamemnon.

" Had I the voice of Orpheus, that my song
The unbending strength of rocks might lead along,
Melt the rude soul, and make the stubborn bow,
That voice might heaven inspire to aid me now.
But now, ungifted as I am, untaught
To pour the plaint of sorrow as I ought,
Tears, the last refuge of a suppliant's prayer,
Tears yet are mine, and those I need not spare.
Father, to thee I bow, and low on earth
Clasp the dear knees of him who gave me birth—
Have mercy on my youth! O, think how sweet
To view the light, and glow with vital heat!
Let me not quit this cheerful scene, to brave
The dark uncertain horrors of the grave!

" I was the first on whom you fondly smiled,
And straining to your bosom, called, 'My child!'
Canst thou forget how on thy neck I hung,
And lisp'd, 'My father!' with an infant tongue?
How 'midst the interchange of holy bliss,
The child's caresses, and the parent's kiss,
'And shall I see my daughter,' wouldst thou say,
'Blooming in charms among the fair and gay?
Of some illustrious youth the worthy bride,
The beauty of his palace and the pride?'

'Perhaps,' I answer'd with a playful air,
'And dares my father hope admittance there,
Or think his prosperous child will e'er repay
His cares, and wipe the tears of age away.
Then, round that dearest neck I clung, which yet
I bathe in tears—I never can forget;
—But thou remember'st not how then I smiled—
'Tis vanish'd all—and thou wilt slay thy child.

O! slay me not! respect a mother's throes,
And spare her age unutterable woes!
O, slay me not!—or—if it be decreed—
(Great God avert it!) if thy child must bleed,
At least look on her, kiss her, let her have
Some record of her father in the grave!
O come, my brother! join with me in prayer!
Lift up thy little hands, and bid him spare!
Thou wouldst not lose thy sister! e'en in thee,
Poor child, exists some sense of misery—
Look, father, look! his silence pleads for me.
We both entreat thee—I with virgin fears,
He with the eloquence of infant tears.

O, what a dreadful thought it is to die!
To leave the freshness of this upper sky,
For the cold horrors of the funeral rite,
The land of ghosts and everlasting night!
O, slay me not! the weariest life that pain,
The fever of disgrace, the lengthen'd chain
Of slavery, can impose on mortal breath,
Is real bliss 'to what we fear of death.'" P. 204.

Frequent use has been made of the stores of French literature lately opened to us. We suspect that Mr. Bland has a great predilection for the French wits. He seems to be familiar with the productions of Du Fresnoy, and Baraton, and Chardon, and Moncrif, and does not hesitate to avail himself of the miscellaneous nature of the illustrations, by introducing them in an English dress, as often as any similitude of thought or subject allows. Two valuable recent publications have contributed whatever was wanting to make us thoroughly acquainted with the taste in writing and conversation which prevailed among the Parisian beaux esprits of the last century. The anonymous treatise De la Littérature Française pendant le 18me Siècle, describes the result of their hours of seriousness and study; and Baron Grimm's more desultory work has supplied all that remained to be learned respecting their movements in private life, when no part was to be acted, no

character to be kept up; in their jests and quarrels, in their parties and retirements.

> "Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
> Ejiciuntur, et eripitur persona, manet res."

From this source Mr. Bland has gleaned two or three happily expressed trifles which are not above the level of what we expected from the heartlessness and frivolity which characterized what was called la société of the French metropolis. The following are favourable specimens of the peculiar character of French sprightliness. The original of the portrait in the first is to be seen in every circle of all societies.

> "Avoir l'esprit bas et vulgaire,
> Manger, dormir, et ne rien faire,
> Ne rien savoir, n'apprendre rien;
> C'est le naturel d'Isabelle,
> Qui semble pour tout entretien,
> Dire seulement—Je suis belle."

> "To have a talent base and low,
> To live in state of vegetation,
> To eat, drink, nothing learn, nor know,
> Such is the genius of Miss Kitty,
> Who seems, for all her conversation,
> To say—Look at me, I am pretty." B. P. 174.

> "Le premier jour du mois de Mai
> Fut le plus heureux de ma vie;
> Le beau dessein que je formai
> Le premier jour du mois de Mai.
> Je vous vis, et je vous aimai.
> Si ce dessein vous plut, Silvie,
> Le premier jour du mois de Mai
> Fut le plus heureux de ma vie."

> "The morning of the first of May
> To me was happier far than any;
> I thought on that which made me gay,
> The morning of the first of May.
> I saw and loved thee on that day;
> If what I thought on pleased thee, Fanny,
> The morning of the first of May
> To me was happier far than any." B. P. 376.

On a Statue of Cupid.

" D'aucun Dieu l'on n'a dit tant de mal et de bien
Le plus grand des malheurs est de n'en dire rien."

" Of all the deities that shed
On earth their influence from above,
So much has never yet been said,
Both good and evil, as of love.

" Yet, for whatever joy we bless,
Or for whatever pain we flout him,
His is the worst unhappiness
Who knows not what to say about him." M. P. 401.

We have noticed several instances where, in our opinion, the sense of the original has been misconceived.

" And thou,
O lamp, bear'st witness to her alter'd vow," p. 7.

conveys to the English reader no idea of the turn in the Greek.

" λυχνε, συ δ' εν κοιτοις εμοιν δρα ἑτερων."

The idea in the last line of the following stanza is very poetical, but, in our conception, very different from that conveyed by the original.

UNCERTAIN, 443, (444.) iii. 245.

Death the universal Lot. B.

" The bath, obsequious beauty's smile,
Wine, fragrance, music's heavenly breath,
Can but our hastening hours beguile,
And slope the path that leads to death.

" Οιον και τα λουτρα και ἡ πυρι Κυπρις ερωη,
οξυτερην πεμπει την ὁδον εις Αἰδην."

Allusion has been made to the immortality of Cleombrotus, the Ambraciot, from the time of Cicero to that of Milton. The force of the celebrated epigram of Callimachus on this subject, is quite lost in the paraphrastic translation of the concluding line.

" —— αλλα Πλατωνος
Ἱ, τα περι ψυχης, γραμμ' ανελιξαμενον.

" But Plato's reason caught his youthful eye,
And fix'd his soul on immortality." P. 113.

The desultory and miscellaneous nature of the notes which form so large a part of this volume, opens a wide field for remark,

but our extracts have been already so considerable, that we cannot venture upon them. Briefly, however, we may observe, that amidst much ingenious and amusing criticism, there are to be found in them a laborious trifling which occasionally fatigues us, and an effort altogether disproportioned to the effect meant to be produced. Were this part of the work reduced to half its present bulk, (and we hope that opportunities will not be wanting,) we might then expect to receive a volume of which the illustrations should not be unworthy of the text.

De L'Allemagne. Par Madame la Baronne de Staël-Holstein. 3 vol. 8vo.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

Most of our readers know that this work was suppressed at Paris about three years ago, after having passed through a rigorous examination by censors. The history of the examination and suppression, and the letter from the minister of police, given in the preface, are extremely curious. They are characteristical of Napoleon's government, and documents for the general history of tyranny over literature. But it is the smallest distinction of this work, that it is the first of suppressed books. On other occasions, the circumstances of the publication would be the most interesting part of the book; but the intrinsic and permanent importance of Madame de Staël's work immediately brings us to the consideration of the subject.

Till the middle of the 18th century, Germany was, in one important respect, singular among the great nations of Christendom. She had attained a high rank in Europe by discoveries and inventions, by science, by abstract speculation as well as positive knowledge, by the genius and the art of war, and, above all, by the theological revolution which unfettered the understanding in one part of Europe, and loosened its chains in the other. But she was without a national literature. The country of Guttenberg, of Copernicus, of Luther, of Kepler, and of Leibnitz, had no writer in her own language whose name was known to the neighbouring nations. German captains and statesmen, philosophers and scholars, were celebrated: but German writers were unknown. The nations of the south, indeed, seemed to slumber. Those of the Spanish peninsula formed the exact contrast to Germany. She had every mark of mental cultivation but a vernacular literature.

They, since the Reformation, had ceased to exercise their reason; and they retained only their poets, whom they were content to admire, without daring any longer to emulate. In Italy, Metastasio was the only renowned poet; and sensibility to the arts of design had survived genius. But the monuments of ancient times still kept alive the pursuits of antiquities and philology. The rivalship of small states, and the glory of former ages, preserved an interest in literary history. The national mind retained that tendency towards experimental science, which it perhaps principally owed to the fame of Galileo; and began, also, to take some part in those attempts to discover the means of bettering the human condition, by inquiries into the principles of legislation and political economy, which form the most honourable distinction of the 18th century. France and England abated nothing of their activity. Whatever may be thought of purity of taste, or soundness of opinion, in Montesquieu and Voltaire, Buffon and Rousseau, no man will dispute the vigour of their genius. The same period among us was not marked by the loss of any of our ancient titles to fame; and it was splendidly distinguished by the rise of the arts, of history, of oratory, and (shall we not add?) of painting.

But Germany remained a solitary example of a civilized, learned, and scientific nation, without a literature. The chivalrous ballads of the middle age, and the efforts of the Silesian poets in the beginning of the 17th century, were just sufficient to render the general defect more striking. French was the language of every court; and the number of courts in Germany rendered this circumstance almost equivalent to the exclusion of German from every society of rank. Philosophers employed a barbarous latin, as they had throughout all Europe, till the Reformation had given dignity to the vernacular tongues, by employing them in the service of religion; and till Montaigne, Galileo, and Bacon, broke down the barrier between the learned and the people, by philosophizing in a popular language. The German language continued to be the mere instrument of the most vulgar intercourse of life; Germany had, therefore, no exclusive mental possession; for poetry and eloquence may, and in some measure must be, national; but knowledge, which is the common patrimony of civilized men, can be appropriated by no people.

A great revolution, however, at length began, which, in the course of half a century, terminated in bestowing on Germany a literature, perhaps the most characteristic possessed by a European nation. It had the important peculiarity of being the first which had its birth in an enlightened age. The imagination and sensibility of an infant poetry were singularly blended with the

refinements of philosophy. A studious and learned people, familiar in the poets of other nations, with the first simplicity of nature and feeling, were too often tempted to pursue the singular, the excessive, and the monstrous. Their fancy was attracted towards the deformities and diseases of moral nature—the wildness of an infant literature, combined with the eccentric and fearless speculations of a philosophical age. Some of the qualities of the childhood of art were united to others which usually attend its decline. German literature, various, rich, bold, and at length, by an inversion of the usual progress, working itself into originality, was tainted with the exaggeration natural to the imitator, and to all those who know the passions rather by study than by feeling.

Another cause concurred to widen the chasm which separated the German writers from the most polite nations of Europe. While England and France had almost relinquished those more abstruse speculations which had employed them in the age of Gassendi and Hobbes, and, with a confused mixture of contempt and despair, had tacitly abandoned questions which seemed alike inscrutable and unprofitable—a metaphysical passion arose in Germany, stronger and more extensive than had been known in Europe since the downfall of the scholastic philosophy. A system of metaphysics appeared, which, with the ambition natural to that science, aspired to dictate principles to every part of human knowledge. It was for a long time universally adopted. Other systems, derived from it, succeeded each other with the rapidity of fashions in dress. Metaphysical publications were multiplied almost to the same degree, as political tracts in the most factious period of a popular government. The subject was soon exhausted, and the metaphysical passion seems to be nearly extinguished—for the small circle of dispute respecting first principles, must be always rapidly described; and the speculator, who thought his course infinite, finds himself almost instantaneously returned to the point from which he began. But the language of abstruse research has spread over the whole German style. Allusions to the most subtle speculations are common in popular writings. Bold metaphors, derived from their peculiar philosophy, are familiar in observations on literature and manners. The style of Germany at length differed from that of France, and even of England, more as the literature of the east differs from that of the west, than as that of one European people from that of their neighbours.

Hence it partly arose, that while physical and political Germany was so familiar to foreigners, intellectual and literary Germany continued almost unknown. Thirty years ago there were pro-

bably in London as many Persian as German scholars. Neither Goethe nor Schiller conquered the repugnance. Political confusions, a timid and exclusive taste, and the habitual neglect of foreign languages, excluded German literature from France. Temporary and permanent causes contributed to banish it, after a short period of success, from England. Dramas, more remarkable for theatrical effect than for dramatic genius, exhibited scenes and characters of a paradoxical morality, (on which no writer has animadverted with more philosophical and moral eloquence than Mad. de Staël,) unsafe even in the quiet of the schools, but peculiarily dangerous in the theatre, where it comes into contact with the inflammable passions of ignorant multitudes; and justly alarming to those who, with great reason, considered domestic virtue as one of the privileges and safeguards of the English nation. These moral paradoxes, which were chiefly found among the inferior poets of Germany, appeared at the same time with the political novelties of the French revolution, and underwent the same fate. German literature was branded as the accomplice of freethinking philosophy and revolutionary politics. It happened, rather whimsically, that we now began to throw out the same reproaches against other nations, which the French had directed against us in the beginning of the eighteenth century. We were then charged by our polite neighbours with the vulgarity and turbulence of rebellious upstarts, who held nothing sacred in religion, or stable in government; whom "no king could govern, and no God could please;" and whose coarse and barbarous literature could excite only the ridicule of cultivated nations. The political part of these charges we applied to America, which had retained as much as she could of our government and laws; and the literary part to Germany, where literature had either been formed on our models, or moved by a kindred impulse, even where it assumed somewhat of a different form. The same persons who applauded the wit, and pardoned the shocking licentiousness of English comedy were loudest in their clamours against the immorality of the German theatre. In our zeal against a few scenes, dangerous only by over-refinement, we seemed to have forgotten the vulgar grossness which tainted the whole brilliant period from Fletcher to Congreve. Nor did we sufficiently remember, that the most daring and fantastical combinations of the German stage did not approach to that union of taste and sense in the thought and expression, with wildness and extravagance in the invention of monstrous character and horrible incident, to be found in some of our earlier dramas, which, for their energy and beauty, the public taste has lately recalled from oblivion.

The more permanent causes of the slow and small progress of

German literature in France and England, are philosophically developed in two beautiful chapters of the present work.* A translation from German into a language so different in its structure and origin as French, fails, as a piece of music composed for one sort of instrument when performed on another. In Germany, style, and even language are not yet fixed. In France, rules are despotic—"the reader will not be amused at the expense of his literary conscience; there alone he is scrupulous." A German writer is above his public, and firms it. A French writer dreads a public already enlightened and severe. He constantly thinks of immediate effect. He is in society, even while he is composing; and never loses sight of the effect of his writings on those whose opinions and pleasantries he is accustomed to fear. The German writers have, in a higher degree, the first requisite for writing—the power of feeling with vivacity and force. In France, a book is read to be spoken of, and must, therefore, catch the spirit of society. In Germany, it is read by solitary students, who seek instruction or emotion; and, "in the silence of retirement, nothing seems more melancholy than the spirit of the world." The French require a clearness which may sometimes render their writers superficial; and the Germans, in the pursuit of originality and depth, often convey obvious thoughts in an obscure style. In the dramatic art, the most national part of literature, the French are distinguished in whatever relates to the action, the intrigue, and the interest of events; but the Germans surpass them in representing the impressions of the heart, and the secret storms of the strong passions.

From the chapter which relates to the reception of German literature in Great Britain, we extract the following passages, which it would be barbarous to abridge, and very difficult to translate.

"Les Anglais veulent à tout des résultats immédiatement applicables, et de là naissent leurs préventions contre une philosophie qui a pour objet le beau plutot que l'utile.

"Les Anglais ne séparent point, il est vrai, la dignité de l'utilité, et toujours ils sont prêts quand il le faut, à sacrifier ce qui est utile à ce qui est honorable; mais ils ne se prêtent pas volontiers, comme il est dit dans Hamlet, à ces conversations avec l'air dont les Allemands sont très épris. La philosophie des Anglais est dirigée vers les resultats avantageux au bien-être de l'humanité. Les Allemands s'occupent de la verité pour elle-même, sans penser au parti que les hommes peuvent en tirer. La nature de leurs gouvernements ne leur ayant point offert des occasions grandes et belles de meriter la gloire et de servir la patrie, Ils s'attachent en tout genre à la contemplation, et cherchent dans le

* Part ii. chap. 1. and 2.

ciel l'espace que leur étroite destinée leur refuse sur la terre. Ils se plaisent dans l'idéal, parcequ'il n'y a rien dans l'état actuel des choses qui parle à leur imagination. Les Anglais s'honorent avec raison de tout ce qu'ils possèdent, de tout ce qu'ils sont, de tout ce qu'ils peuvent être; ils placent leur admiration et leur amour sur leurs lois, leurs mœurs, et leur culte.

"Ces nobles sentiments donnent à l'ame plus de force et d'énergie; mais la pensée va peut-être encore plus loin quand elle n'a point de bornes ni même dabut déterminé, et que, sans cesse en rapport avec l'immense et l'infini, aucun intérêt ne la ramène que choses de ce monde.

"Les Anglais qui ont tant d'originalité dans le caractère redoutent néanmoins assez généralement les nouveaux systèmes. La sagesse d'esprit leur a fait tant de bien dans les affaires de la vie, qu'ils aiment à la retrouver dans les études intellectuelles; et c'est là cependant que l'audace est inséparable de génie. Le génie, pourvu qu'il respecte la religion et la morale, doit aller aussi loin qu'il veut: c'est l'empire de la pensée qu'il aggrandit.

"Les affections domestiques exerçant un grand empire sur le cœur des Anglais, leur Poésie se sent de la délicatesse et de la fixité de ses affections: les Allemands, plus indépendants en tout parce qu'ils sont moins libres, peignent les sentiments comme les idées à travers des nuages: on diroit que l'univers vacille dévant leurs yeux, et l'incertitude même de leurs regards multiplie les objets dont leur talent peut se servir.

"L'imagination, en Angleterre, est presque toujours inspirée par la sensibilité; l'imagination des Allemands est quelquefois rude et bizarre. La religion de l'Angleterre est plus sévère; celle de l'Allemagne est plus vague; et la poésie des nations doit nécessairement porter l'empreinte de leurs sentiments religieux. La convénance ne règne point dans les Arts en Angleterre comme en France; cependant l'opinion publique y a plus d'empire, qu'en Allemagne; l'unité nationale en est la cause. Les Anglais veulent mettre d'accord en toutes choses les actions et les principes; c'est un peuple sage et bien ordonné qui a compris dans la sagesse la gloire, et dans l'ordre la liberté; les Allemands, n'ayant fait que rêver l'une et l'autre, ont examiné les idées indépendamment de leur application, et se sont ainsi nécessairement élevés plus haut en théorie."

These passages naturally introduce the English reader to this work, of which the object is, to make Germany known to foreign nations. It will also make known to future ages the state of that country in the highest degree of its philosophical and poetical activity, at the moment before the pride of genius was humbled by foreign conquest, or the national mind turned from literary enthusiasm by struggles for the restoration of independence. The fleeting opportunity of observation at so extraordinary a moment, has happily been seized by one of those very few persons, who

are capable at once of observing and painting manners—of estimating and expounding philosophical systems—of feeling the beauties of the most dissimilar forms of literature—of tracing the peculiarities of usages, arts, and even speculations, to their common principle in national character—and of disposing them in their natural place as features in the great portrait of a people.

The attainments of a respectable traveller of the second class, are, in the present age, not uncommon. Many persons are perfectly well qualified to convey exact information, wherever the subject can be exactly known. But the most important objects in a country can neither be numbered nor measured. The naturalist gives no picture of scenery by the most accurate catalogue of mineral and vegetable produce; and, after all that the political arithmetician can tell us of wealth and population, we continue ignorant of the spirit which actuates them, and of the character which modifies their application.

The genius of the philosophical and poetical traveller is of a higher order. It is founded in the power of catching, by a rapid glance, the physiognomy of man and of nature. It is, in one of its parts, an expansion of that sagacity which seizes the character of an individual, in his features, in his expression, in his gestures, in his tones, in every outward sign of his thoughts and feelings. The application of this intuitive power to the varied mass called a nation, is one of the most rare efforts of the human intellect. The mind and the eye must coöperate, with electrical rapidity, to recall what a nation has been, to sympathize with their present sentiments and passions, and to trace the workings of national character in amusements, in habits, in institutions and opinions. There appears to be an extemporaneous facility of theorizing, necessary to catch the first aspect of a new country, of which the features would enter the mind in absolute confusion, if they were not immediately referred to some principle, and reduced to some system. To embody this conception, there must exist the power of painting both scenery and character—of combining the vivacity of first impression with the accuracy of minute examination—of placing a nation, strongly individualized by every mark of its mind and disposition, in the midst of ancient monuments, clothed in its own apparel, engaged in its ordinary occupations and pastimes amidst its native scenes—like a grand historical painting, with appropriate drapery, and with the accompaniments of architecture and landscape, which illustrate and characterize, as well as adorn.

The voice of Europe has already applauded the genius of a national painter in the author of *Corinne*. But it was there aided by the power of a pathetic fiction—by the variety and opposition of national character—and by the charm of a country which unites

beauty to renown. In the work before us she has thrown off the aid of fiction. She delineates a less poetical character, and a country more interesting by expectation than by recollection.

But it is not the less certain that it is the most vigorous effort of her genius, and probably the most elaborate and masculine production of the faculties of woman. What woman indeed, and (we may add) how many men, could have preserved all the grace and brilliancy of Parisian society in analyzing its nature—explained the most abstruse metaphysical theories of Germany precisely, yet perspicuously and agreeably—and combined the eloquence which inspires exalted sentiments of virtue, with the enviable talent of gently indicating the defects of men or of nations, by the skilfully softened touches of a polite and merciful pleasantry?

In a short introduction, the principal nations of Europe are derived from three races, the Sclavonic, the Latin and the Teutonic. The imitative and feeble literature—the recent, precipitate, and superficial civilization of the Sclavonic nations—sufficiently distinguish them from the two great races. The Latin nations who inhabit the south of Europe, are the most anciently civilized. Social institutions, blended with paganism, preceded their reception of christianity; they have less disposition than their northern neighbours to abstract reflection; they understand better the business and pleasures of the world; they inherit the sagacity of the Romans in civil affairs; and "they alone, like those ancient masters, know how to practise the art of domination."

The Germanic nations who inhabit the north of Europe and the British islands, received their civilization with christianity; chivalry and the middle age are the subject of their traditions and legends. Their natural genius is more gothic than classical; they are distinguished by independence and good faith—by seriousness both in their talents and character, rather than by address or vivacity:—"The social dignity which the English owe to their political constitution, places them at the head of Teutonic nations, but does not exempt them from the character of the race."

The literature of the Latin nations is copied from the ancients, and retains the original colour of their polytheism. That of the nations of Germanic origin has a chivalrous basis, and is modified by a spiritual religion. The French and Germans are at the two extremities of the chain; the French considering outward objects, and the Germans thought and feeling, as the prime movers of the moral world. "The French nation, the most cultivated of Latin nations, inclines to a classical poetry. The English nation, the most illustrious of Germanic nations, delights in a poetry more romantic and chivalrous."

The theory which we have thus abridged is most ingenious, and exhibits in the liveliest form the distinction between different systems of literature and manners. It is partly true; for the principle of race is doubtless one of the most important in the history of mankind; and the first impressions on the susceptible character of rude tribes may be traced in the qualities of their most civilized descendants. But, considered as an exclusive and universal theory, it is not secure against the attacks of skeptical ingenuity. The facts do not seem entirely to correspond with it. It was among the Latin nations of the south that chivalry and romance first flourished. Provence was the earliest seat of romantic poetry. A chivalrous literature predominated in Italy during the most brilliant period of Italian genius. The poetry of the Spanish peninsula seems to have been more romantic and less subjected to classical bondage than that of any other part of Europe. On the contrary, chivalry, which was the refinement of the middle age, penetrated more slowly into the countries of the north. In those less polished regions it was more rugged and obscure, and did not descend, as in the south, with that splendour and renown which acted upon the imagination of succeeding times. In general, the character of the literature of each European nation seems extremely to depend upon the period at which it had reached its highest point of cultivation. Spanish and Italian poetry flourished while Europe was still chivalrous. French literature attained its highest splendour after the Grecian and Roman writers had become the objects of universal reverence. The Germans cultivated their poetry a hundred years later, when the study of antiquity had revived the knowledge of the Gothic sentiments and principles. Nature produced a chivalrous poetry in the sixteenth century; learning in the eighteenth. Perhaps the history of English poetry reflects the revolution of European taste more distinctly than that of any other nation. We have successively cultivated a Gothic poetry from nature, a classical poetry from imitation, and a second Gothic from the study of our own ancient poets.

To this consideration it must be added, that Catholic and Protestant nations must differ in their poetical system. The festal shows and legendary polytheism of the Catholics had the effect of a sort of Christian Paganism. The Protestant poetry was spiritualized by the genius of their worship, and was undoubtedly exalted by the daily perusal of translations of the sublime poems of the Hebrews; a discipline, without which it is probable that the nations of the west never could have been prepared to endure oriental poetry. Religion conquered the first repugnance; and familiar use gave it an influence still discernible in that ten-

dency towards deep emotion and sublime imagery, which characterizes, though in different forms, both English and German poetry.

In justice, however, to the ingenious theory of Mad. de Staël, it ought to be observed, that the original character ascribed by her to the northern nations, must have disposed them to the adoption of a Protestant faith and worship, while the Popery of the south was naturally preserved by an early disposition to a splendid ceremonial, and a various and flexible mythology.

The work is divided into four parts. On Germany and German manners. On literature and the arts. On philosophy and morals. On religion and enthusiasm.

The first is the most perfect in its kind; belongs the most entirely to the genius of the writer; and affords the best example of the talent for painting nations which we have attempted to describe. It seems also, as far as foreign critics can presume to decide, to be in the most finished style of any composition of the author, and more securely to bid defiance to that minute criticism which, in other works, her genius rather disdained than propitiated.* The Germans are a just, constant, and sincere people; with great power of imagination and reflection; without brilliancy in society, or address in affairs; slow, and easily intimidated in action; adventurous and fearless in speculation; often uniting enthusiasm for the elegant arts, with little progress in the manners and refinements of life; more capable of being inflamed by opinions than by interests; obedient to authority, rather from an orderly and mechanical character than from servility—having learnt to value liberty neither by the enjoyment of it, nor by severe oppression; devested by the nature of their governments, and the division of their territories, of patriotic pride; too prone in the relations of domestic life, to substitute fancy and feeling for positive duty; not unfrequently combining a natural character with artificial manners, and much real feeling with affected enthusiasm; divided by the sternness of feudal demarcation into an unlettered nobility, unpolished scholars, and a depressed commonalty; and exposing themselves to derision, when, with their grave and clumsy honesty, they attempt to copy the lively and dexterous profligacy of their southern neighbours.

In the plentiful provinces of Southern Germany,† where religion as well as government shackled the activity of speculation, the people had sunk into a sort of lethargic comfort and stupid enjoyment:—it was a heavy and monotonous country, with no

* Part 1. chap. 1—4. † Part 1. chaps. 5, 6, 7, 8.

arts, except the national art of instrumental music:—no literature, a rude utterance;—no society, or only crowded assemblies, which seemed to be brought together for ceremonial, more than for pleasure;—"an obsequious politeness towards an aristocracy without elegance." In Austria, more especially, are seen a calm and languid mediocrity in sensations and desires; a people mechanical in their very sports—"whose existence is neither disturbed nor exalted by guilt or genius, by intolerance or enthusiasm;" a phlegmatic administration, inflexibly adhering to its ancient course—repelling knowledge on which the vigour of states must now depend; great societies of amiable and respectable persons—which suggest the reflection, that "in retirement monotony composes the soul, but in the world it wearies the mind."

In the rigorous climate and gloomy towns of Protestant Germany only, the national mind is displayed. There the whole literature and philosophy were assembled. Berlin was slowly rising to be the capital of enlightened Germany. The Duchess of Weimar, who compelled Napoleon to respect her in the intoxication of victory, had changed her little capital into a seat of knowledge and elegance, under the auspices of Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller. No European palace had assembled so refined a society since some of the small Italian courts of the sixteenth century. It is only by the protestant provinces of the north, that Germany is known as a lettered and philosophical country.

From this admirable picture, we must now select specimens which convey a more just conception of its excellence than our cold abridgment. We begin by the beautiful observations on the character and destiny of women.

"La nature et la société donnent aux femmes une grande habitude de souffrir, et l'on ne sauroit nier, ce me semble, que de nos jours elles valent, en général mieux que les hommes. Dans une époque où le mal universel est l'égoïsme, les hommes auxquelles tous les intérêts positifs se rapportent doivent avoir moins de générosité, moins de sensibilité que les femmes; elles ne tiennent à la vie que par les liens du cœur, et lorsqu'elles s'égarent, c'est encore par un sentiment qu'elles sont entraînées: leur personalité est toujours à deux, tandis que celle de l'homme n'a que lui-même pour but. On leur rend hommage par les affections qu'elles inspirent, mais celles qu'elles accordent sont presque toujours des sacrifices. La plus belle des vertus, le dévouement, est leur jouissance et leur destinée; nul bonheur ne peut exister pour elles que par le reflet de la gloire et des prosperités d'un autre; enfin, vivre hors de soi-même, soit par les idées, soit par les sentiments, soit sur-tout par les vertus, donne à l'ame un sentiment habituel d'elevation."

"Dans le pays où les hommes sont appelés par les institutions politiques à exercer toutes les vertus militaires et civiles qu'inspire l'amour

de la patrie, ils reprennent la superiorité qui leur appartient; ils rentrent avec éclat dans leurs droits de maître du monde; mais lorsqu'ils sont condamnés de quelque manière à loisiveté, ou à la servitude, ils tombent d'autant plus bas qu'ils devoient s'élever plus haut. La destinée des femmes reste toujours la même; c'est leur ame seule qui la fait, les circonstances politiques n'y influent en rien. Lorsque les hommes ne savent pas, ou ne peuvent pas employer dignement et noblement leur vie, la nature se venge sur eux des dons mêmes qu'ils en ont reçus; l'activité du corps ne sert plus qu'à la paresse de l'esprit; la force de l'ame devient de la rudesse; et le jour se passe dans des exercices et des amusements vulgaires, les chevaux, la chasse, les festins qui conviendroit comme délassement, mais qui abrutissent comme occupations. Pendant ce temps les femmes cultivent leur esprit, et le sentiment et la reverie conservent dans leur ame l'image de tout ce qui est noble et beau.

" Les femmes Allemandes ont un charme qui leur est tout à fait particulier, un son de voix touchant, des cheveux blonds, un teint éblouissant; elles sont modestes, mais moins timides que les Anglaises; on voit qu'elles ont rencontré moins souvent des hommes qui leur fussent superieurs, et qu'elles ont d'ailleurs moins à craindre des jugements sévères du public. Elles cherchent à plaire par la sensibilité, à interesser par l'imagination; la langue de la poésie et des beaux arts leur est connue; elles font de la coqueterie avec de l'enthousiasme, comme on en fait en France avec de l'esprit et de la plaisanterie."

Moralists and philosophers have often remarked, that licentious gallantry is fatal to love, and destructive of the importance of women. "I will venture to assert," says Madame de Staël, "against the received opinion, that France was, perhaps, of all the countries of the world, that in which women had the least happiness in love. It was called the Paradise of Women, because they enjoyed the greatest liberty; but that liberty arose from the negligent profligacy of the other sex."* The observations which follow this remarkable testimony are so beautiful and forcible, that they ought to be engraven on the mind of every woman disposed to murmur at those restraints which maintain the dignity of womanhood.

Some enthusiasm, says Mad. de Staël, or, in other words, some high passion, capable of actuating multitudes, has been felt by every people, at those epochs of their national existence, which are distinguished by great acts. Four periods are very remarkable in the progress of the European world. The heroic ages which founded civilization—republican patriotism, which was the glory of antiquity—chivalry, the martial religion of Europe—and the love of liberty, of which the history began about the period of the Reformation. The chivalrous impression is worn out in Germany; and, in future, says this generous and enlightened writer, " nothing

* Part I. chap. 4.

great will be accomplished in that country, but by the liber
pulse which has in Europe succeeded to chivalry."

The society and manners of Germany are continually illust
by comparison or contrast with those of France. Some pas
and chapters on this subject, together with the author's bri
preface to the thoughts of the Prince de Ligne, may be
dered as the first contributions towards a theory of the tale
we must not say of the art) of conversation, which afford
considerable a part of the most liberal enjoyments of refine
Those, indeed, who affect a Spartan or monastic severity in
estimate of the society of capitals, may almost condemn a t
which in their opinion only adorns vice. But that must h
moral tendency which raises society from slander or intoxic
to any contest and rivalship of mental power. Wit and grac
perhaps the only means which could allure the thoughtless int
neighbourhood of reflection, and inspire them with some ad
tion for superiority of mind. Society is the only school in w
the indolence of the great will submit to learn. Refined co
sation is at least sprinkled with literature, and directed more
than the talk of the vulgar, to objects of general interest.
talent cannot really be frivolous which affords the channel th
which some knowledge, or even some respect for knowledge,
be insinuated into minds incapable of labour, and whose tast
materially influence the community. Satirical pictures of the vi
a great society create a vulgar prejudice against their most h
less and virtuous pleasures. But, whatever may be the v
London or Paris, it is lessened, not increased, by the culti
of every liberal talent which innocently fills their time, and
in some measure, to raise them above malice and sensuality.
there is a considerable illusion in the provincial estimate
immoralities of the capital. These immoralities are public,
the rank of the parties; and they are rendered more conspi
by the celebrity, or perhaps by the talents, of some of
Men of letters, and women of wit, describe their own suff
with eloquence; the faults of others; and sometimes their
with energy. Their descriptions interest every reader, a
circulated throughout Europe. But it does not follow, th
miseries or the faults are greater or more frequent than th
obscure and vulgar persons, whose sufferings and vices are
to nobody, and would be uninteresting if they were known.

The second, and most generally amusing, as well as the
part of this work, is an animated sketch of the literary hist
Germany, with criticisms on the most celebrated German
and poems, interspersed with reflections equally original and
tiful, tending to cultivate a comprehensive taste in the fin
and to ingraft the love of virtue on the sense of beauty.

poems criticised, some are well known to most of our readers. The earlier pieces of Schiller were generally read in translations of various merit—though, except the Robbers, they are not, by the present taste of Germany, placed in the first class of his works. The versions of Leonora, of Oberon, of Wallenstein, of Nathan, and of Iphigenia in Tauris, are among those which do the most honour to English literature.

Goetz of Berlichenzen has been vigorously rendered by a writer, whose chivalrous genius, exerted upon somewhat similar scenes of British history, has since rendered him the most popular poet of his age.

An epic poem, or a poetical romance, has lately been discovered in Germany, entitled *Niebelungen*—on the Destruction of the Burgundians by Attila; and it is believed, that at least some parts of it were composed not long after the event, though the whole did not assume its present shape till the completion of the vernacular languages about the beginning of the 13th century.* Luther's version of the scriptures is an epoch in German literature. One of the innumerable blessings of the Reformation was to make reading popular by such translations, and to accustom the people to weekly attempts at some sort of argument or declamation in their native tongue. The vigorous mind of the great Reformer gave to his translation an energy and conciseness, which made it a model in style, as well as an authority in language. Hagedorn, Weiss, and Gellert, copied the French without vivacity;† and Bodmer imitated the English without genius. At length Klopstock, an imitator of Milton, formed a German poetry, and Wieland improved the language and versification; though this accomplished writer has somewhat suffered in his reputation by the recent zeal of the Germans against the imitation of any foreign, but especially of the French, school.

"Il faut, pour imiter Voltaire, une insouciance moqueuse et philosophique qui rend indifferent à tout excepté la manière piquante d'exprimer cette insouciance. Jamais un Allemand ne peut arriver à cette brillante liberté de plaisanterie; la verité l'attache trop, il veut scavoir et expliquer ce que les choses sont." Part II. c. 4.

"The genius of Klopstock was inflamed by the perusal of Milton and Young." This combination of names is astonishing to an English ear. It creates a presumption against the poetical sensibility of Klopstock, to find that he combined two poets, placed at

* An ingenious and celebrated writer has promised a more particular account of this most curious monument.

SISMONDI, *Litterature du Midi*, vol. I. p. 30.

† "Leurs ouvrages n'etoient que du Francais appreuté."

an immeasurable distance from each other, and whose whole superficial resemblance arises from some part of Milton's subject, and from the doctrines of their theology, rather than the spirit of their religion.—Through all the works of Young, written with such a variety of temper and manner, there predominates one talent, inexhaustible wit, with little soundness of reason or depth of sensibility. His melancholy is artificial; and his combinations are as grotesque and fantastic in his Night Thoughts as in his Satires. How exactly does a poet characterize his own talent, who opens a series of poetical meditations on death and immortality, by a satirical epigram against the selfishness of the world?—Wit and ingenuity are the only talents which Milton disdained. He is simple in his conceptions, even when his diction is overloaded with gorgeous learning. He is never gloomy but when he is grand. He is the painter of Love, as well as of Terror. He did not aim at Mirth; but he is cheerful whenever he descends from higher feelings. And nothing tends more to inspire a calm and constant delight, than the contemplation of that ideal purity and grandeur which he, above all poets, had the faculty of bestowing on every form of moral nature.

Klopstock's ode on the rivalship of the muse of Germany with the muse of Albion, is elegantly translated by Mad. de Staël; and we applaud her taste for preferring prose to verse in French translations of German poems. After having spoken of Winkelman and of Lessing, the most perspicuous, concise, and lively of German prose-writers, she proceeds to Schiller and Goethe, the greatest of German poets. Schiller presents only the genius of a great poet, and the character of a virtuous man. The first interview with him furnishes a very pleasing anecdote.

"La première fois que j'ai vu Schiller, c'étoit dans le salon du Duc et la Duchesse de Weimar, en présence d'une societé aussi éclairée qu'imposante: il lisoit très bien le Français, mais il ne l'avoit jamais parlé; je soutins avec chaleur la supériorité de notre système dramatique sur tous les autres; il ne se refusa point à me combattre, et sans s'inquieter des difficultés et des lenteurs qu'il éprouvoit en s'exprimant en Français, sans redouter non plus l'opinion des auditeurs, qui étoit contraire à la sienne, sa conviction intime le fit parler. Je me servis d'abord pour le refuter, des armes Françaises, la vivacité et la plaisanterie; mais bientot je demêlai dans ce que disoit Schiller tant d'idées à travers l'obstacles des mots, je fus si frappée de cette simplicité de caractère qui portoit un homme de génie à s'engager ainsi dans une lutte où les paroles manquoient à ses pensées, je le trouvai si modeste et si insouciant dans ce qui ne concernoit que ses propres succés, si fier et si animé dans la defense de ce qu'il croyoit la verité, que je lui vouai dès cet instant une amitié pleine d'admiration."

The original, singular, and rather admirable than amiable mind

of Goethe—his dictatorial power over national literature—his inequality, caprice, originality, and fire in conversation—his union of a youthful imagination with exhausted sensibility, and the impartiality of a stern sagacity, neither influenced by opinions nor predilections—are painted with extraordinary skill.

Among the tragedies of Schiller which have appeared since we have ceased to translate German dramas, the most celebrated are, Mary Stuart, Joan of Arc, and William Tell. Such subjects as Mary Stuart generally excite an expectation which cannot be gratified. We agree with Mad. de Staël in admiring many scene of Schiller's Mary, and especially her noble farewell to Leicester. But the tragedy would probably displease English readers, to say nothing of spectators. Our political disputes have given a more inflexible reality to the events of Elizabeth's reign, than history would otherwise have bestowed on facts equally modern. Neither of our parties could endure a Mary who confesses the murder of her husband, or an Elizabeth who instigates the assassination of her prisoner. In William Tell, Schiller has avoided the commonplaces of a republican conspiration, and faithfully represented the indignation of an oppressed Helvetian Highlander.

Egmont is considered by Mad. de Staël as the finest of Goethe's tragedies, written, like Werther, in the enthusiasm of his youth. It is rather singular that poets have availed themselves so little of the chivalrous character, the illustrious love, and the awful malady of Tasso. The *Torquato Tasso* of Goethe is the only attempt to convert this subject to the purposes of the drama. Two men of genius, of very modern times, have suffered in a somewhat similar manner; but the habits of Rousseau's life were vulgar; and the sufferings of Cowper are both recent and sacred.

The scenes translated from the *Faust* of Goethe well represent the terrible energy of that most odious of the works of genius, in which the whole power of imagination is employed to dispel the charms which poetry bestows on human life; where the punishment of vice proceeds from cruelty without justice, and "where the remorse seems as infernal as the guilt."

Since the death of Schiller, and the desertion of the drama by Goethe, several tragic writers have appeared, of whom the most celebrated are Werner, the author of Luther and of Attila, Gerstenberg, Illinger, Tieck, Collin, and Oechlenschläger, a Dane, who has introduced into his poetry the terrible mythology of Scandinavia. The result of the Chapter on Comedy seems to be, that the comic genius has not yet arisen in Germany. German novels have been more translated into English than other works of literature; and a novel by Tieck, entitled Sternbald, seems to deserve translation. J. P. Richter, a popular novelist, but too national to bear translation, said, "That the French had the empire

of the land, the English that of the sea, and the Germans that of the air." Though Schiller wrote the history of the Belgic revolt, and of the Thirty-years' war, with eloquence and the spirit of liberty, the only classical writer in this department, is J. de Müller, the historian of Switzerland. Though born in a speculative age, he has chosen the picturesque and dramatic manner of ancient historians; and his minute erudition in the annals of the middle age supplies his imagination with the particulars which characterize persons and actions. He abuses his extent of knowledge and power of detail; he sometimes affects the sententiousness of Tacitus; and his pursuit of antique phraseology occasionally degenerates into affectation. But his diction is in general grave and severe; and in his posthumous abridgment of Universal History, he has shown great talents for that difficult sort of composition—the power of comprehensive outline; of compression without obscurity; of painting characters by few and grand strokes; and of disposing events so skilfully, that their causes and effects are seen without being pointed out. Like Sallust, another affecter of archaism, and declaimer against his age, his private and political life is said to have been repugnant to his historical morality. "The reader of Müller is desirous of believing, that of all the virtues which he strongly felt in the composition of his works, there were at least some which he permanently possessed."

The estimate of literary Germany would not be complete, without the observation, that it possesses a greater number of laborious scholars, and of useful books than any other country. The possession of other languages may open more literary enjoyment: the German is assuredly the key to most knowledge. The works of Fulleborn, Buhle, Tiedeman, and Tenneman, are the first attempts to form a philosophical history of philosophy, of which the learned compiler Brucker had no more conception than a monkish annalist of rivalling Hume. The philosophy of literary history is one of the most recently opened fields of speculation. A few beautiful fragments of it are among the happiest parts of Hume's Essays. The great work of Mad. de Staël on literature, was the first attempt on a bold and extensive scale. In the neighbourhood of her late residence, and perhaps not uninfluenced by her spirit, two writers of great merit, though of dissimilar character, have very recently treated various parts of this wide subject; *M. Sismondi*, in his History of the Literature of the South; and *M. Barrente*, in his Picture of French Literature during the Eighteenth Century. *Sismondi*, guided by Bouterweke and Schlegel, hazards larger views; indulges his talent for speculation, and seems with difficulty to suppress that bolder spirit, and those more liberal principles, which breathe in his History of the Italian Republic. *Barrente*, more thoroughly

imbued with the elegances and the prejudices of his national literature, feels more delicately the peculiarities of great writers, and traces with a more refined sagacity the immediate effects of their writings. But his work, under a very ingenious disguise of literary criticism, is an attack on the opinions of the eighteenth century; and it will assuredly never be honoured by the displeasure either of Napoleon, or of any of his successors in absolute power.

One chapter is chiefly employed on the works and system of William and Frederic Schlegel, of whom William is celebrated for his lectures on dramatic poetry, for his admirable translation of Shakspeare, and for versions, said to be of equal excellence, of the Spanish dramatic poets; and Frederic, besides his other merits, has the very singular distinction of having acquired the Sanscrit language, and studied the Indian learning and science in Europe, chiefly by the aid of a British Orientalist, long detained as a prisoner at Paris. The general tendency of the literary system of these critics, is towards the manners, poetry, and religion of the middle age. They have reached the extreme point towards which the general sentiment of Europe has been impelled by the calamities of a philosophical revolution, and the various fortunes of a twenty years' universal war. They are peculiarly adverse to French literature; which, since the age of Louis XIV. has, in their opinion, weakened the primitive principles common to all Christendom, as well as devested the poetry of each people of its originality and character. Their system is exaggerated and exclusive. In pursuit of national originality, they lose sight of the primary and universal beauties of art. The imitation of our own antiquities may be as artificial as the copy of a foreign literature. Nothing is less natural than a modern antique.

In a comprehensive system of literature, there is sufficient place for the irregular works of sublime genius, and for the faultless models of classical taste. From age to age, the multitude fluctuates between various, and sometimes opposite fashions of literary activity. They are not all of equal value: But the philosophical critic discovers and admires the common principles of beauty, from which they all derive their power over human nature.

We cannot better close this subject, than by some extracts from Mad. de Staël's exquisite Chapter on Taste; in which, with a skilful and impartial hand, she balances the literary opinions of nations.

"Ceux qui se croient du goût en sont plus orgueilleux que ceux qui se croient du génie. Le goût en littérature est comme le bon ton en société: on le considère comme une preuve de la fortune, de la naissance,

ou du moins des habitudes qui tiennent à toutes les deux; tandis que le génie peut naître dans la tête d'un artisan qui n'auroit jamais eu de rapport avec la bonne compagnie. Dans tout pays où il y aura de la vanité, le goût sera mis au premier rang, parcequ'il sépare les classes, et qu'il est un signe de ralliement entres tous les individus de la première. Dans tous les pays où s'exercera la puissance du ridicule, le goût sera compté comme l'un des premiers avantages, car il sert sur tout à connoître ce qu'il faut éviter. Le tact de convenances est un partie du goût, et c'est une arme excellente pour parer les coups entre les divers amours propres; enfin il peut arriver qu'une nation entière se place, en aristocratie de bon goût, vis-à-vis des autres, et qu'elle soit ou qu'elle se croie la seule bonne compagnie de l'Europe; et c'est ce qui peut s'appliquer à la France où l'esprit de société regnoit si eminemment qu'elle avoit quelque excuse pour cette prétention. Mais le goût dans son application aux beaux arts diffère singulièrement du goût dans son application aux convenances sociales: lorsqu'il s'agit de forcer les hommes à nous accorder une considération éphémère comme notre vie, ce qu'on ne fait pas est au moins aussi nécessaire que ce qu'on fait, car le grand monde est si facilement hostile qu'il faut des agrémens bien extraordinaires pour qu'ils compensent l'avantage de ne donner prise sur soi à personne; mais le goût en poésie tient à la nature, et doit être creature comme elle; les principes de ce goût sont donc tout autres que ceux qui dependent des relations de la société.

" C'est la confusion de ces deux genres qui est la cause des jugements si opposés en littérature; les Français jugent les beaux arts comme des convenances, et les Allemands les convenances comme des beaux arts; dans les rapports avec la société il faut se defendre, dans les rapports avec la poésie il faut se livrer."—

" On pourroit proposer un traité de paix entre les façons de juger, artistes et mondaines, des Allemands et des Français. Les Français devroient s'abstenir de condamner même une faute de convenance, si elle avoit pour excuse une pensée forte ou un sentiment vrai. Les Allemands devroient s'enterdire tout ce qui offense le goût naturel, tout ce qui retrace des images que les sensations repoussent; aucune théorie philosophique, quelque ingenieuse qu'elle soit, ne peut aller contre les repugnances des sensations, comme aucune poétique des convenances ne sauroit empêcher les emotions involontaires."—" Si l'on osoit le dire, peut-être trouveroit-on qu'en France il y a maintenant trop de freins pour des coursiers si peu fougueux, et qu'en Allemagne beaucoup d'independence littéraire ne produit pas encore des resultats assez brillants."

The Third Part of this work is the most singular. An account of metaphysical systems by a woman is a novelty in the history of the human mind: whatever may be thought of its success in some of the parts, it must be regarded on the whole as the boldest effort of the female intellect. It must, however, not be forgotten, that it is a contribution rather to the history of human nature, than to that of speculation; and that it considers the source, spirit, and *moral* influence of metaphysical opinions, more than their truth or

falsehood. "Metaphysics are at least the gymnastics of the understanding." The commonplace clamour of mediocrity will naturally be excited by the sex, and even by the genius of the author. Every example of vivacity and grace, every exertion of fancy, every display of eloquence, every effusion of sensibility, will be cited as a presumption against the depth of her researches, and the accuracy of her statements. On such principles, the evidence against her would doubtless be conclusive. But dulness is not accuracy;—ingenious and elegant writers are not, therefore, superficial; and those who are best acquainted with the philosophical revolutions of Germany, will be most astonished at the general correctness of this short, clear, and agreeable exposition.

The character of Lord Bacon is a just and noble tribute to his genius; several eminent writers of the continent have, however, lately fallen into the mistake of ascribing to him a system of opinions, respecting the origin and first principles of human knowledge. What distinguishes him among great philosophers is, that he taught no peculiar opinions, but wholly devoted himself to the improvement of the method of philosophizing. He belongs neither to the English nor any other school of metaphysics; for he was not a metaphysician. Mr. Locke was not a moralist; and his collateral discussions of ethical subjects are not among the valuable parts of his great work.

"The works of Dugald Stewart contain so perfect a theory of the intellectual faculties, that it may be considered as the natural history of a moral being." The French metaphysicians of the 18th century, since Condillac, deserve the contempt expressed for them, by their shallow, precipitate, and degrading misapplications of the Lockian philosophy. It is impossible to abridge the abridgment here given of the Kantian philosophy, or of those systems which have arisen from it; and which continue to dispute the supremacy of the speculative world. Those opinions of Kant are more fully stated, because he changed the general manner of thinking, and gave the new direction to the national mind. Those of Fichte, Schelling, and his other successors, it is of less importance to the proper purpose of this work to detail; because, though their doctrines be new, they continue, and produce the same effect on national character; and they exert the same influence on other sciences and arts. The manner of philosophizing remains the same in the Idealism of *Fichte*, and in the Pantheism of *Schelling*. Under various names and forms, it is the general tendency of the German philosophy to consider thought, not as the produce of objects, or as one of the classes of phenomena, but as the agent which exhibits the appearance of the outward world, and which regulates those operations which it seems only

to represent. The philosophy of the human understanding is, in all countries, acknowledged to contain the principles of all sciences; but in Germany, metaphysical speculation pervades their application to particulars.

The subject of the Fourth Part is the state of religion, and the nature of all those disinterested and exalted sentiments which are here comprehended under the name of Enthusiasm. A contemplative people like the Germans, have in their character the principle which disposes men to religion. The Reformation, which was their revolution, arose from ideas. "Of all the great men whom Germany has produced, Luther has the most German character. His firmness had something rude; his conviction made him opinionated; intellectual boldness was the source of his courage; in action, the ardour of his passions did not divert him from abstract studies; and though he attacked certain dogmas and practices, he was not urged to the attack by incredulity, but by enthusiasm."

"The right of examining what we ought to believe is the foundation of protestantism." Though each of the first reformers established a practical popery in his own church, opinions were gradually liberalized, and the temper of sects was softened. But little open incredulity had appeared in Germany; and even Lessing speculated with far more circumspection, than had been observed by a series of English writers, from Hobbes to Bolingbroke. Secret unbelievers were friendly to christianity and protestantism, as institutions beneficial to mankind, and far removed from that antireligious fanaticism which was more naturally provoked in France by the intolerant spirit and invidious splendour of a Catholic hierarchy.

The reaction of the French revolution has been felt throughout Europe, in religion as well as in politics. Many of the higher classes adopted some portion of those religious sentiments of which they at first assumed the exterior, as a badge of their hostility to the fashions of France. The sensibility of the multitude, impatient of cold dogmatism and morality, eagerly sought to be once more roused by a religion which employed popular eloquence, and spoke to imagination and emotion. The gloom of general convulsions and calamities created a disposition to seriousness, and to the consolations of piety. And the disasters of a revolution allied to incredulity, threw a more than usual discredit and odium on irreligious opinions. In Great Britain, these causes have acted most conspicuously on the inferior classes; though they have also powerfully affected many enlightened and accomplished individuals of a higher condition. In France, they have produced in some men of letters the play of a sort of poetical religion round the fancy. But the general effect seems to be a

disposition to establish a double doctrine, a system of infidelity for the initiated, with a contemptuous indulgence, and even active encouragement of superstition among the vulgar, like that which prevailed among the ancients before the rise of christianity, from the revival of which the Lutheran reformation seems to have preserved Europe, and which, though not so furious and frantic as the atheistical fanaticism of the Reign of Terror, is, beyond any permanent condition of human society, destructive of ingenuousness, good faith and probity; of intellectual courage and manly character; and of that respect for all human beings, without which there can be no justice or humanity from the powerful towards the humble.

In Germany, the effects have been also very remarkable. Some men of eminence in literature have become catholics. In general, their tendency is towards a pious mysticism, which almost equally loves every sect where a devotional spirit prevails. They have returned rather to sentiment than to dogma; more to religion than to theology.

Their disposition to religious feeling, which they call *religiosity*, is, to use the words of a rigidly orthodox English theologian, "a love of divine things for the beauty of their moral qualities." It is the love of the good and fair, wherever it exists, but chiefly when absolute and boundless excellence is contemplated in "the first good, first perfect, and first fair." This moral enthusiasm easily adapts itself to the various ceremonies of worship, and even systems of opinion, prevalent among mankind. The devotional spirit, contemplating different parts of the order of nature, or influenced by a different temper of mind, may give rise to very different, and apparently repugnant theological doctrines. These doctrines are considered as modifications of human nature, under the influence of the religious principle; not as propositions which argument can either establish or confute, or reconcile with each other. The ideal philosophy favours this singular manner of considering the subject. As it leaves no reality but in the mind, it lessens the distance between belief and imagination; and disposes its adherents to regard opinions as the mere play of the understanding, incapable of being measured by any outward standard, and important chiefly from reference to sentiment, from which they spring, and on which they powerfully react. The union of a mystical piety, with a philosophy verging towards Idealism, has accordingly been observed in periods of the history of human understanding, very distant from each other, and in most of their other circumstances extremely dissimilar. The same language, respecting the annihilation of self, and of the world, may be used by the skeptic and by the enthusiast. Among the Hindu philosophers in the most ancient times, among the *Sufis* in modern Persia, during the ferment of eastern and western opinions, which

produced the latter Platonism in Malbranche and his English disciple Norris, and in Berkeley himself, though in a tempered and mitigated state, the tendency to this union may be distinctly traced. It seems, however, to be fitted only to few men; and to them not long. Sentiments so sublime, and so distant from the vulgar affairs and boisterous passions of men, may be preserved for a time, in the calm solitude of a contemplative visionary. But in the bustle of the world they are likely soon to evaporate, when they are neither embodied in opinions, nor adorned by ceremonies, nor animated by the attack and defence of controversy. When the ardour of a short-lived enthusiasm has subsided, the poetical philosophy which exalted fancy to the level of belief, may probably leave the same ultimate result with the argumentative skepticism which lowered belief to the level of fancy.

An ardent susceptibility of every disinterested sentiment, more especially of every social affection, blended by the power of imagination with a passionate love of the beautiful, the grand, and the good, is, under the name of Enthusiasm, the subject of the conclusion of this work; which, if we perhaps except the incomparable chapter on Conjugal Love, is its most eloquent part.

"Sans doute la conscience suffit pour conduire le caractère le plus froid dans la route de la vertu; mais l'enthousiasme est à la conscience ce que l'honneur est au devoir: il y a en nous un superflu d'ame qu'il est doux de consacrer à ce qui est beau, quand ce qui est bien est accompli. Le génie et l'imagination ont aussi besoin qu'on soigne un peu leur bonheur dans ce monde; et la loi du devoir quelque sublime qu'elle soit, ne suffit pas pour faire goûter toutes les merveilles du cœur et de la pensée.

"On ne sauroit le nier, les interêts de la personalité pressent l'homme de toutes parts; il y a même dans ce qui est vulgaire une certaine jouissance dont beaucoup de gens sont très susceptibles, et l'on retrouve souvent les traces de penchants ignobles sous l'apparence des manières les plus distinguées. Les talents supérieurs ne garantissent pas toujours de cette nature dégradée qui dispose sourdement de l'existence des hommes et leur fait placer leur bonheur plus bas qu'eux mêmes. L'enthousiasme seul peut contre-balancer la tendance à l'egoïsme, et c'est à ce signe divin qu'il faut reconnoitre les creatures immortelles. Lorsque vous parlez à quelqu'un sur des sujets dignes d'un saint respect, vous apercevez d'abord s'il éprouve un noble fremissement, si son cœur bat pour des sentiments élevés, s'il a fait alliance avec l'autre vie, ou bien s'il n'a qu'un peu d'esprit qui lui sert à diriger le mécanisme de l'existence. Et qu'est-ce donc que l'être humain, quand on ne voit en lui qu'une prudence dont son propre avantage est l'objet? L'instinct des animaux vaut mieux, car il est quelquefois généreux et fier; mais ce calcul, qui semble l'attribut de la raison, finit par rendre incapable de la première des vertus, le devouement.

"Parmi ceux qui s'essaient à tourner les sentiments exaltés en ridi-

cule, plusieurs en sont pourtant susceptibles à leur insçu. La guerre, fut elle entreprise par des vues personnelles, donne toujours quelques unes des jouissances de l'enthousiasme; l'enivrement d'un jour de bataille, le plaisir singulier de s'exposer à la mort, quand toute notre nature nous commande d'aimer la vie, c'est encore à l'enthousiasme qu'il faut l'attribuer. La musique militaire, le hennissement des chevaux, l'explosion de la poudre, cette foule des soldats revêtus des mêmes coûleurs, émues par le même desir, se rangeant autour des mêmes bannières, font éprouver une émotion qui triomphe de l'instinct conservateur de l'existence; et cette jouissance est si forte que ni les fatigues, ni les souffrances, ni les perils ne peuvent en deprendre les ames. Quiconque a vécu de cette vie n'aime qu'elle. Le but atteint ne satisfait jamais; c'est l'action de se risquer qui est nécessaire, c'est elle qui fait passer l'enthousiasme dans le sang; et quoiqu'il soit plus pur au fond de l'ame, il est encore d'une noble nature lors même qu'il a pu devenir une impulsion presque physique.

" On accuse souvent l'enthousiasme sincère de ce qui ne peut être reproché qu'à l'enthousiasme affecté; plus un sentiment est beau, plus la fausse imitation de ce sentiment est odieuse. Usurper l'admiration des hommes est ce qu'il y a de plus coupable, car on tarit en eux la source des bons mouvements en les faisant rougir de les avoir éprouvés. D'ailleurs rien n'est plus penible que les sons faux qui semblent sortir du sanctuaire même de l'ame; la vanité peut s'emparer de tout ce qui est extérieur, il n'en résultera d'autre mal que de la prétention et de la disgrace; mais quand elle se met à contrefaire les sentiments le plus intimes il semble qu'elle viole le dernier asile où l'on espéroit lui echapper. Il est facile cependant de reconnoître la sincerité dans l'enthousiasme; c'est une melodie si pure, que le moindre désaccord en detruit tout le charme; un mot, un accent, un regard expriment l'émotion concentrée qui repond à toute une vie."

" Fontenelle disoit: J'ai quatre vingts ans, je suis Français, et je n'ai pas donné dans toute ma vie le plus petit ridicule à la plus petite vertu. Ce mot supposoit une profonde connoissance de la societé. Fontenelle n'étoit pas un homme sensible, mais il avoit beaucoup d'esprit; et toutes les fois qu'on est doué d'une supériorité quelconque, on sent le besoin du serieux dans la nature humaine. Il n'y a que les gens médiocres qui voudroient que le fond de tout fut du sable, afin que nul homme ne laissât sur la terre une trace plus durable que la leur."——

" L'on voit aussi des jeunes gens ambitieux de paroître détrompés de tout enthousiasme affecter un mépris réfléchi pour les sentiments exaltés; ils croient montrer ainsi une force de raison précoce; mais c'est une décadence prématurée dont ils se vantent. Ils sont pour le talent comme ce vieillard qui demandoit si l'on avoit encore de l'amour. L'esprit dépourvu d'imagination prendroit volontiers en dédain même la nature, si elle n'etoit pas plus forte que lui."——

" Quelques raisonneurs prétendent que l'enthousiasme dégoûte de la vie commune, et que ne pouvant pas rester toujours dans cette disposition, il vaut mieux ne l'éprouver jamais; et pourquoi donc ont ils accepté d'etre jeunes, de vivre même, puisque cela ne devoit pas toujours durer? Pourquoi donc ont ils aimé, si tant est que cela leur soit

jamais arrivé, puisque la mort pouvoit les séparer des objets de leur affection? Quelle triste économie que celle de l'ame! elle nous a été donnée pour être développée, perfectionnée, prodiguée même dans un noble but.

"Plus on engourdit la vie plus on se rapproche de l'existence matérielle, et plus l'on diminue, dira-t-on, la puissance de souffrir. Cet argument séduit un grand nombre d'hommes, il consiste à tâcher d'exister le moins possible."

Thus terminates a work, which for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view, and comprehension of mind, is unequalled among the works of women; and which, in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy, is not surpassed by many among those of men.

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH

OF

FISHER AMES.

Fisher Ames was born April 9th, 1758, at Dedham, a village of Massachusetts, about nine miles south of Boston. He sprung from a family, which, although little distinguished by wealth or public honours, was one of the oldest in Massachusetts, and traced his descent in the paternal line from that celebrated calvinistic divine, the Rev. William Ames,* whose widow and children emigrated to New England in 1634. Mr. Ames's father was a physician sufficiently respectable both in character and attainments, who seems to have possessed in an uncommon degree that singular versatility of talent, and fertility of resource, which characterize the genuine New-England man. He resided and pursued his profession at Dedham, but finding the practice which that village afforded insufficient for his support, he increased his income by keeping a tavern; to which two professions he soon added a third, apparently equally incongruous, by the annual publication of an almanac, which he continued for nearly forty years, and which finally acquired great currency and reputation throughout all the eastern colonies. Fisher Ames was the youngest of five children. Dr. Ames died in 1764, leaving him, then in his sixth year, to the care of his mother, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose maternal fondness, or well judging partiality, induced her to determine, in spite of the difficulties and privations of her situation, to cultivate the talents of this her favourite child, by a liberal education. With this view, she resolved to keep up the public house which had been established by her husband, and by attention to that business, united to great diligence and economy, she finally suc-

* Author of the *Medulla Theologiæ*, and several other tracts of scholastic and controversial divinity, of high repute in their day.

ceeded in her laudable purpose. She has lived to see all her fond anticipations realized, and at length to pay that heaviest of all the taxes which nature has imposed upon length of days, and to see the son of her love go down to the grave before her.

It is somewhat curious, that although Mr. Ames's biography has been repeatedly written, and more than once with great elegance and ability, these simple facts are now for the first time plainly related to the public. His biographers and eulogists seem to have wished to veil the humble circumstances of his family as much as possible, and endeavour to conceal the tavern keeper and the maker of almanacs behind a cloud of vague generalities and studied circumlocutions. The fond partiality of friendship may perhaps serve to excuse all this; yet surely there is not much either of good sense or good taste in this squeamish delicacy. The facts, as they relate to a great man, are curious and interesting, and, as they give a clearer view of the state of society and condition of life in which his youth was passed, are of some importance in making up the general estimate of his character and talents.

Until within a few years the ordinary classical education of New England, with some few highly honourable exceptions, has been hasty and superficial; this defect was, in the case of young Ames, increased by frequent change of instructors. Such knowledge as was to be obtained, in spite of these disadvantages, he acquired with a quickness and accuracy, which gave bright promise of his maturer powers.

Soon after he had entered his twelfth year he was entered at Harvard College. This early admission to academic life, although it may excite the surprise of an Oxford scholar, is by no means uncommon upon this side of the Atlantic, where our colleges, unsupported by any of those rich foundations which the munificence or superstition of former days have established in many of the European universities, have of necessity adapted themselves to the literary wants of the country, and forming a system of education, somewhat between the discipline of the great English schools, and that course of general scientific instruction given in the Scotch and continental universities, are employed, literally, in the education of youth. We have as yet no Oxford to which our young men, when thoroughly grounded in the elementary learning of the schools, may resort either for the cultivation of

elegant literature, and the acquisition of high science, or (in the language of Sir William Blackstone) to while away the tedious interval between childhood and twenty-one.

At college Fisher Ames sustained the same reputation which he had borne at school. Though in some measure disqualified by his tender years from attaining to any remarkable degree of proficiency in the severer sciences, he was not deficient in any part of the routine of college studies; and in those branches connected with the belles lettres and eloquence, he was highly distinguished.

This, it is true, is but a commonplace characteristic of almost every youth of lively fancy and promising talents; but another fact recorded by his biographers ought more particularly to be remarked, as forming a much stronger trait both of moral and intellectual character. We are told, that "the morals of the young collegian passed the ordeal of a four years' residence at the university unhurt—that he surmounted the temptations to vice, perhaps inseparable from the place, and left it with an unsullied purity of sentiment and manners." The character thus early formed Mr. Ames retained throughout life. Having escaped the contagion of vitious example in that period when the mental habits are formed, and those moral tastes and sentiments fixed, which are seldom thoroughly eradicated in after life, even by the change of principle and opinion; he continued to preserve unimpaired that delicacy of moral feeling, which, without waiting for the slow conclusions of reason, takes instant disgust at the grossness inseparably connected with all the vices of sense, and with very many of those of the intellect and of the heart, and thus predisposes the mind for the ready reception of every virtuous sentiment and principle.

Whoever has much observed or reflected on the natural effect of gross indulgence or wild dissipation, in extinguishing the more generous affections of the heart, even where the mind is left otherwise in undiminished vigour, will perceive, in this early formation of moral character, a much stronger omen of future dignity and public usefulness, than could be afforded by the most brilliant display of sophamore talent. In the purity of his private morals was laid the broad and deep foundation of public virtue; and however popular opinion, dazzled by the glittering vices of illustrious names,

may distinguish between the public and private character of its favourites, the Alcibiades or the Bolingbroke of the day, both history, and the observation of passing life, may satisfy us, that the *habit* of vitious indulgence almost necessarily produces that cold and callous selfishness of feeling, which chills every principle of action of which *self* is not the motive and the end. Neither is it altogether without its effect on the more intellectual part of our constitution; and he must have looked upon human nature with little attention, who has not often observed the power of virtuous sentiment to elevate the genius and to fill the mind with its holy inspiration.

After Mr. Ames had received his bachelor's degree in 1774, the straitened circumstances of his family, and the troubled and perilous state of public affairs, for several years delayed him from engaging in the study of the law, which had early been fixed upon by his friends as his future profession, and to which he had always endeavoured to accommodate his studies and habits of thought.

During this period he resided with his mother at Dedham, living in a very plain, retired, and economical manner; supported chiefly by his small patrimony, and without any regular employment, except for a time, during which he had recourse, as the means of temporary maintenance, to the business of teaching in one of the *district schools* of his neighbourhood. This is an employment which the excellent school establishment of New England always affords to young men of liberal education, who have no other means of support while engaged in preparing themselves for the duties of some higher profession, and from this humble station some of the ablest and best men of our country have arisen to the highest offices of the state.

During this residence at Dedham, he was ardently engaged in various and desultory study. The natural bent of his mind did not much incline him to the pursuits of natural or mathematical science; and although he was competently instructed in the ancient languages, he seems never to have attained that extensive and accurate acquaintance with classical literature, which, among regularly bred scholars, is so generally honoured with the exclusive title of *learning*. His reading was of that rambling and multifarious kind, which Gibbon has so happily described in the record of his youth-

ful studies. He read, with avidity, every book which came in his way, with little reference to any particular point of inquiry, or systematic method of study. But indiscriminate as was this course of reading, as his mind seems at this time to have fully assumed its general form and character, and to have marked out to itself its destined objects of ambition, these disjointed fragments of learning, which might have oppressed an inferior intellect with an unwieldy mass of useless knowledge, in his mind readily found their centre of union, and contributed their part towards invigorating the reason, and enriching the fancy, of the future orator and statesman. It has been observed of Dr. Watts, that whatever science he happened to touch, was in his hands instantly transmuted into theology; so, too, it may be said of Ames, that whatsoever facts or principles in the wide range of human knowledge, at any time excited his attention, became subservient to one common purpose, and alike served to furnish him with the materials of eloquence, by enlarging his stock of imagery and illustration, and extending his views of moral and political truth. Thus it is, in the operations of intellect as well as of volition, that the *master passion*, "like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

After the ordinary course of preparatory study in the office of a practising lawyer at Boston, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession at Dedham, in 1781. He very soon acquired the reputation of an eloquent advocate—a reputation which, if it be not accompanied by a certain business talent, and habits of regular industry, is (in this country at least) much more productive of honour than of profit; and Mr. Ames does not appear to have pursued his profession with any uncommon degree of application or of success. He had little relish for those minute details of business, which the want of a more complete separation of the different professions of counsellor and attorney in the practice of our courts, necessarily imposes upon every American lawyer. The principles of law, as a science, were familiar to his mind; but he had, comparatively, little of mere technical knowledge, nor did he ever become ready and adroit in the mechanical and formulary branches of his profession. But as necessity compelled him to labour, and chained down his excursive genius to the tasks which were imposed upon it, in despite of the natural tendency and character of his mind, he acquired a respectable standing at the bar,

and a practice, if not among the first, at least amply sufficient for his support.

The philosophy of Locke and his followers has exploded the notions of inherent natural propensities and innate ideas; and Dr. Johnson has oracularly pronounced, that "the true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."* Yet, as the faculties of the mind are not simple and uniform, but quite as various, as dissimilar, and as independent of each other, as the external senses and corporeal powers, there is no reason for supposing that they do not, like them, exist naturally in every individual, variously combined in different degrees of perfection. We have, certainly, much reason to doubt the existence of these general intellectual powers, which are described, like the *materia prima* of the old philosophy, as possessing the capacity of assuming any form, and limited to none—as nothing *actually*, and every thing *potentially*. Experience, too, seems to confirm the vulgar opinion, and Mr. Ames affords another example to add to the long list of illustrious men, who, after toiling with no brilliant success, in a pursuit little adapted to their peculiar talents, have at last struck into some new path, at once discovered their own powers, and shone forth in all the splendour of original genius.

Before he had been long at the bar, he was brought into public notice, by his able discharge of an important political duty, confided to him by his native town.

The rapid depreciation of the continental paper, which took place about the close of the revolutionary war, had involved the country in all the evils incident to an uncertain and vitiated currency. A convention of delegates, regularly appointed from almost every town of Massachusetts, was held for the purpose of devising some mode of remedying this evil. This, it was proposed to effect by an arbitrary regulation of the prices of the most important and necessary articles of subsistence. This plan was at first partially adopted, and although its inefficiency in practice was almost immediately manifest to the discerning, yet it was the wish of many to continue it, and to enforce its execution by more rigorous measures. At a second meeting of this convention, Mr. Ames attended as a delegate from the town of Dedham, and in a clear and convincing speech fully demonstrated the mischief as

* Life of Cowley.

well as the futility of any attempt to regulate by power those operations of domestic commerce, which must at last be arranged by common convenience and consent.

Soon after this he began to acquire reputation as a political writer. The insurrection which broke out in the western part of Massachusetts, at a time when our principles of government were yet unsettled, and our habits of subordination and respect for the laws scarcely formed, bore an aspect so threatening as to alarm and dishearten every friend of regulated liberty. In this season of gloomy despondency, Mr. Ames endeavoured, in a series of essays, which appeared in the Boston journals, to dispel the sluggish timidity of the people, and to arouse the government to vigorous exertion; and afterwards, when the immediate danger had gone by, to instruct them to profit by the lessons of experience, by giving greater energy and stability to their government, and drawing closer and firmer the bonds of national union.

In 1788 Mr. Ames was elected to the state convention, which met at Boston, to deliberate upon the constitution submitted to the consideration of the states by the general federal convention. As he had been one of the first to point out to the public the defects and feebleness of the old confederation, he now appeared among the most zealous champions of the new system. Upon the meeting of the convention, it was understood that a majority of that body were against the adoption of the proposed constitution, and it was powerfully opposed by able and popular men, as aristocratic in many of its provisions, and destructive of the rights and sovereignties of the several states. In Massachusetts, as in all the larger states, individual jealousies and interests were arrayed against it; and many men, proud of state honours and local influence, were alarmed by fears of loss of dignity and importance by being brought into closer contact with the distinguished men of the union. Ames was roused by the importance of the subject, and defended those provisions of the new constitution, which were the chief objects of popular clamour, in several speeches of great ability. A full report of one of these, delivered in support of the biennial election of representatives in congress, has been preserved, and displays much of the political sagacity, the force and expansion of his mind, although he but seldom blazes up to that splendour of

imagination which shed its glories over his maturer years. Reason and eloquence at length triumphed over prejudice, and the constitution was finally adopted, by a majority of nineteen.

In the same year he distinguished himself in the state legislature as a warm advocate for the system of town schools. He always maintained that this system, by dispensing the blessings of education among the poorest of the people, afforded the most powerful antidote to the arts of the demagogue, at the same time that it tended to elevate and refine the moral character and to increase the purest enjoyments of the great body of the people. To his exertions during this session his native state is indebted for many material improvements in her establishment of common schools.

Mr. Ames had now discovered his own peculiar talents; he felt that he was formed rather for the senate than the bar. In 1789 he was elected a representative in the first congress under the new constitution from the district of Suffolk, which included the town of Boston. At that period, a seat in congress was no mean object of ambition. To assist in organizing the government of a rising empire, to settle the principles upon which its constitution was to be administered, to mark out its future policy, and to form its public character, to regulate its administration of justice, to redeem the national faith by adequate provision for the discharge of a debt far beyond its present resources—these were great objects, sufficient to task the most powerful minds, and to call forth all the efforts of honourable ambition.

Whether it be that great events, such as those through which the country had recently passed, always develop or form great talents, and that the rude storm of revolution having swept away those puny insects which rise and glitter in the warm sunshine of prosperity, had thus left the field of public action to the undisturbed possession of bolder and nobler minds; or that the community, not yet divided into regular parties, or agitated by political animosity, was left free to choose its most worthy citizens, without reference to local popularity, or any of those inferior considerations which the organization of party now renders of so much importance in the choice of a candidate, or from the joint operation of both these causes, the first congress of the Washington adminis

tration displayed a variety of talent and a soundness of practical wisdom which the world has seldom seen collected in any legislative body. Our legislators assembled, not to carry on the operations of political warfare, but to provide for the common interests of their country; and the hall of congress was indeed the council chamber of the nation, not a theatre to exhibit the combats of the gladiators of faction. In this enlightened and patriotic body Mr. Ames was soon conspicuous, and took an active and important part in every debate of moment.

He almost immediately attached himself to Mr. Hamilton, at that time secretary of the treasury, and entered warmly into the plans of policy and views of government, entertained by that statesman. From him, and from other able men in public office, it was his custom to obtain in conversation those details of business and minuter branches of argument which might be necessary in the discussion of the subject before the house. To these, as he revolved them in his mind, he communicated all his own colour of thought and original cast of sentiment and expression. He did not much accustom himself to any elaborate and formal preparation for debate, but having arranged the argument in his mind, he generally remained silent until near the close of the discussion, and then trusted altogether to the excitement of the moment, and the resources of his own ingenuity and imagination.

The first occasion on which he appears to have made any signal display of his powers, was upon the question whether the secretary of state, and by consequence all the other executive officers, should be made removable at the pleasure of the president alone, or whether, as in the case of appointments to office, the concurrence of the senate should also be required. He maintained that the spirit of the constitution plainly marked out the president as the sole depositary of this power, and that while the power of the senate in confirming or rejecting appointments was meant only as a check upon the corrupt exercise of patronage, the right of retaining in office, against the wish of the president, would tend to create a permanent connexion between that branch of the government and a part of the administration, thus promoting constant intrigue to secure protectors, and to shelter the instruments

of corruption. "It is," said he, "an unchaste connexion. It is tempting the senate with forbidden fruit. It should not be possible for any branch of the legislature to hope for a share of that power which they are bound to watch."

In several succeeding debates of the same congress on the organization of the courts of the United States, the location of the seat of government, the liquidation of the public debt, the incorporation of a national bank, the ratio of representation, and the bill for the encouragement of the fisheries, he took an animated and sometimes a leading part. His speech against Mr. Madison's motion for a discrimination in funding the public debt between the original holders and the purchasers on speculation, may be particularly distinguished as a very splendid effusion of argumentative eloquence.

Reports of most of these speeches may be found in the files of the Gazette of the United States, and are valuable not only for the political information which they contain, but also as they display the progress of Mr. Ames's mind, and show, that however highly gifted by nature, he owed much to cultivation and improvement. At once acknowledged, from the very commencement of his career of public life, as a man of brilliant talents, still he did not content himself with the reputation to be acquired by a few occasional flashes of ambitious eloquence; but in the conscientious discharge of his political duties, and the laborious investigation of every subject of national importance he gradually developed and invigorated the highest powers of his mind.

Upon the expiration of his term of service, in 1791, he was re-elected, and held his seat, by successive re-elections, until March 4th, 1797; thus continuing to represent his native state, during the whole period of the presidency of General Washington. In July, 1792, he married a daughter of Mr. Worthington, a lawyer of great reputation in Massachusetts. With this lady he received a fortune, not in itself very large, but which, to a man of his simple and unostentatious habits, was a competent independence.

As the people of this country became more distinctly arrayed into rival parties, their representatives of course participated in the same spirit. From this time Mr. Ames continued warmly attached to the party which supported the policy of President

Washington, and he frequently and zealously defended in the house the principal measures of that administration.

During the period of party violence which succeeded, the part which he had taken in establishing the funding system and the national bank, subjected him, in common with General Hamilton and others, to the imputation of having been swayed in his public conduct on those points, by views of private interest. This was a calumny to which of all others he was most invulnerable, since, to use the language in which he himself speaks of kindred virtue, "such were his habits, and such his nature, that the pecuniary temptations which others can only with great exertion and self denial resist, had no attractions for him."

So groundless was this calumny, and so unsupported by any appearance of truth, that it died away almost without contradiction.

As his intellectual habits were formed more to general than to particular reasoning, and as his mind, richly stored with the conclusions of speculative wisdom, was yet comparatively barren of minute practical information, he bore but a small part in the business of committees, in the labour of preparing bills, drafting reports, and bringing into a practical form those systems of public policy which he had himself been the first to advise or approve. It is even doubted whether, in the whole course of his public life, he ever framed a single bill of any importance or complication. Neither did he make himself useful to his party by becoming the sturdy champion of the cause, the indefatigable Ajax of the wordy warfare, to whom they might look, in every emergency, to attack, to defend, and to silence opposition with clamour when argument had failed.

Mr. Ames's talents were of a different and a higher order. He spoke not merely for momentary effect, and he laboured to support the measures of government by such considerations of extended and permanent policy as might survive the fleeting opinions of the hour, and vindicate them to posterity and the world.

In 1794 Mr. Madison, at that time a representative from Virginia, laid before the house a series of resolutions, proposing a retaliatory system of commercial restrictions, levelled against the trading interests of Great Britain, and in substance similar to those

measures which have since formed the basis of the foreign policy of the last years of Mr. Jefferson's administration. These were opposed by Mr. Ames in a speech of considerable length, and of great ability. It may be found in the Boston edition of his works, and is particularly valuable to the student of general politics as a practical commentary on that part of the system of Adam Smith which inculcates the importance of leaving commerce to regulate itself, unencumbered by the restrictions or the protections of the mercantile system; while, at the same time, he places in a strong point of view the folly of every violent attempt to apply general principles, however theoretically correct, without regard to existing circumstances, and the operation of contravening causes.

But it is upon his speech on the bill for making appropriations for carrying into effect the treaty concluded with Great Britain in 1795, that his reputation for parliamentary eloquence now chiefly rests. Such was the effect produced by it upon the public mind, and such its intrinsic excellence, that it seems at the present day to have almost overshadowed the remembrance of his general ability as an orator.

The subject of debate comprehended a wide and diversified field of argument. A great constitutional question was to be settled; an important point of public morality and national faith to be discussed; prejudices of every kind, political and national, were to be soothed or exposed; and in contemplating the probable consequences of the rejection of the bill, the most cool and clear-sighted reason might sketch out a scene of anticipated evil which the boldest and warmest imagination could scarcely fill up. All this Mr. Ames performed with a strength and acuteness of reasoning, an elevation of moral sentiment, and a power and pathos of eloquence, which leave the American reader little cause to blush for their countryman in comparing him with the proudest names of ancient or of English eloquence. There were, besides, some circumstances attending the delivery of this speech which gave it extraordinary interest and effect. He was at that time drooping with languor and debility, the effect of disease which had been for some time gradually undermining his constitution. It had been his deliberate determination to refrain from debate; but as the final vote drew nigh, the strong interest which he took in the

question, would not suffer him to remain silent.—He rose, pale, languid, and faltering. But as his feelings warmed into animation, the triumph of mind over bodily debility became more and more conspicuous, his eyes brightened, and his voice acquired a firmer tone. Never was attention held more firmly enchained, until at length, exhausted by the very inspiration which had for the time borne him up, he thus concluded: "I have, perhaps, as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote to reject should pass, and a spirit should rise, as it will with the public disorders, to make confusion worse confounded, even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and the constitution of my country." When he had finished, a leading member of the opposition, perceiving the effect which had been produced upon many of his party, moved to postpone the decision of the question, that "the house might not vote under the influence of a sensibility which their calmer judgment would condemn."

This is perhaps the most honourable tribute which has ever been paid to parliamentary eloquence.

At the close of this session he travelled in Virginia for the benefit of his health. Here he received the most friendly and respectful attention, and in this visit, it appears from his correspondence, he cleared his mind from certain narrow prejudices which he had formerly entertained against the *individual* character of that part of the union. About the same time the college of Princeton (N. J.) conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The multitude of independent colleges established in different parts of this country, has made these academic honours so cheap that they have now almost ceased to be a distinction: and perhaps it is best that it is so—to borrow the words of one of our old poets,

> The fame that a man wins himself, is best;
> That he may call his own. Honours put on him
> Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
> And are as soon stript off.

By careful attention to diet and exercise, Mr. Ames regained sufficient health to be able to attend the last session of the fourth congress, 1796—7, and occasionally to enter into debate and the business of the house. At the close of the session, having declined a re-election, he retired to his native town with the design of resuming the practice of the law. He soon appeared as counsel in many important causes, but finding the labours of the bar too severe for his shattered constitution, after a few years he gradually relinquished the profession, and devoted every interval of health to the management of his farm and orchard, occupations of which he had always been fond, and which he now pursued with all the ardour and interest natural to his character.

The turmoil and contentions of public life had not in any degree impaired his literary taste and habits, and the love of letters continued to solace his leisure and to dignify his retirement. He pursued with avidity all those studies which have for their object the investigation of moral truth and political science. He entered deeply into the study of general history and politics, and in particular, read, very critically, all the most eminent of the Latin historians in the original, and the Greek in translations. He kept up, and enlarged his stock of elegant literature, and read again and again, with increased delight, all those poets whose beauties had first fired his imagination, and formed his youthful taste. Of these, Virgil in the original, and Homer in the splendid paraphrase of Pope, are said to have been his peculiar favourites. There are few traits of characters more pleasing in themselves, and more strongly indicative of a naturally ingenuous and an uncorrupted mind, than the power of thus preserving a taste for the tranquil enjoyments of literature and science, unimpaired by the harassing cares, the angry passions, and all the strong excitements of political life. How much dignity and interest do the characters of Turgot and of Fox derive from this source; and how melancholy is the contrast presented by the declining age of many a "chief out of war, and statesman out of place."

For the remainder of his life, weak in health and fond of domestic enjoyments, in which he was largely blest, he remained in retirement. Still, however, he devoted his talents to the service of his country, and directed and influenced the public mind by his wri-

tings in the journals of the day; in which, disdaining all those base arts of personal invective and private anecdote by which party passions are usually excited, he endeavoured to direct the attention of his countrymen to general views of national importance, to rouse them into alarm at the gigantic power of France, and to stimulate them to the adoption of all those public establishments of defence and of dignity, by which alone the national character can be raised, and the rights and honour of the country asserted and maintained. Of these political essays, the opinions and the arguments were the result of much anxious meditation, but the decoration of style and imagery, such as arose in his mind in the ardour of composition, with little of mental labour or scrupulous revision. They were all written with great rapidity. "Often (says his ablest biographer,) in the short intervals of a busy day, on a journey, at an inn, or in a court-house."

In this practice he continued frequent and diligent, for several years, until a short time before his death.

In 1798, and one or two succeeding years, he was persuaded to accept a seat in the council of the commonwealth of Massachusetts; and when Washington died, he was appointed by the legislature to deliver a funeral eulogy before them. These were the only public honours which he received or would accept. At this period the federal party, whose cause he had so zealously supported, and with whose leaders he was in habits of the most confidential intercourse, was in power in the state government, and for some time in that of the union; and had the honours or profits of office been the objects of his ambition, the most lucrative and honourable situations would have been at his command. But he shrunk back with scrupulous delicacy from every thing which could subject the purity of his motives to the slightest suspicion. It must be a subject of the most heartfelt sorrow to every honourable, as well as every patriotic mind, that this praise of a public man has already become valuable from its rarity; and that so many of the noblest spirits and most cultivated minds of our country are every day seen polluting and degrading themselves by mixing in the vile scramble for office with lowminded intriguers, and the juggling managers of local politics.

In 1804, upon the death of Dr. Willard, Mr. Ames was unanimously elected president of Harvard College. This is, perhaps, the highest literary honour to which an American scholar can attain. Harvard College, founded in 1640, is by far the oldest, and the most liberally endowed literary establishment in the United States. Its venerable age, its noble library, its numerous list of effective professors and instructors, the reputation of many of its former and present officers, and the general high standard of literature and science which prevails throughout the institution, all conspire to give it a sort of university character for which we look in vain in any other of our American colleges. Conceiving, however, that his habits of life were such as in some measure to disqualify him from the active discharge of the duties of the office, and perhaps, as he had never made a business of learning, somewhat distrusting the accuracy and extent of his classical and scientific acquirements, these considerations, joined to the infirm and precarious state of his health, induced Mr. Ames to decline this honour.

Disease was now fast preying upon his constitution. After a few short and flattering intervals of health, he gradually declined into extreme general debility. For two years he lingered in this state, bearing his infirmities and expecting his dissolution with calm dignity, and pious resignation. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1808, he breathed his last.

At the request of a number of the citizens of Boston his remains were brought thither, and interred with the honours of a public funeral, at which a eulogy was pronounced by the Hon. Samuel Dexter, one of the earliest friends of his youth. Such posthumous tributes of respect, when bestowed on men in high official station, are often little more than a decent compliance with the ceremonials prescribed by custom; but the funeral honours of Ames were accompanied with that feeling *which passeth show*.

Haply, we may trust, that scenes like these have in them something more than the mere expression of an unavailing sorrow. They may convey to the ingenuous youth an impressive lesson of moral instruction. They may teach him to elevate his ambition from the pursuits of faction to those of patriotism, and to purify his mind from that low and grovelling spirit of office seeking which

has chilled the best feelings, and called into action the most malignant passions of our community. They may prove to him how transitory and false, even considered merely as an object of human ambition, is the reputation to be acquired from the tricks of the demagogue and the glittering emptiness of office, when compared with the purer fame of men neither rich nor powerful, who, when envy and party rancour have died with them, and the unwilling gratitude of mankind begins at last to operate, are lamented by all, because they were the common friends and the benefactors of all.

Mr. Ames left a widow and seven children, six of them sons, the eldest about fifteen at the time of his death. All accounts of his character concur in one uniform testimony to the purity of his morals, the sobriety and temperance of all his habits, and the generous warmth and tenderness of his affections. With no habits of luxurious expense or ostentation, and addicted neither to the pleasures of the table or the amusements of fashionable life, his home was always the scene of his peculiar felicity, and the gentleness of his disposition and habitual mildness of his manners admirably fitted him for the purest enjoyments of domestic life. He is described as being perfectly exempt from that weakness, so common among men of study and abstraction, of despising or affecting to despise the necessary cares and more ordinary duties of private life. He felt that imprudence was often but another form of dishonesty, and "without any tincture of avarice, he was strictly economical."

Through the whole of his life he constantly professed a firm faith in the christian revelation, which he grounded not upon reasons of political expediency, but on an earnest conviction resulting from the serious examination of the evidences and doctrines of christianity, and the frequent perusal and study of the scriptures. He was for many years a member of the congregational church at Dedham, but during the latter part of his life, joined the episcopal church, to whose doctrines and form of worship he professed himself warmly attached.*

* The writer of this article has no wish to assist in giving currency to any set of religious opinions, by lending to them the sanction of an illustrious name; upon other grounds they must stand or fall. But he has been particularly led to mention the fact, as well because it is a curious circumstance in Mr. Ames's life, as

Mr. Ames was peculiarly distinguished by the unrivalled excellence of his colloquial powers, and displayed in conversation all the animation, the brilliancy, and even the accuracy, of his written style. This was accompanied with the most perfect simplicity of manner; he had nothing of that dictatorial arrogance, that constant effort at strength and originality of expression, and those almost mechanical arts of conversation, by means of which mediocrity of intellect is so often concealed beneath well-sounding sentences, and very ordinary men metamorphosed at a cheap rate into loud and ambitious talkers, and mimic Johnsons.

Fisher Ames is one of those few American authors who have made any real addition to the general stock of literature, by originality either of thought or of expression. His mode of thinking, and his manner of expressing his thoughts, are alike his own. He has nothing tame, nothing languid, nothing tedious. Every sentence bears the strong stamp of an original mind. All is impressive, animated, fascinating. Every page teems with that crowd of thought, and that overflow of imagination, which so frequently and so strongly characterize the old English writers of the age of Shakspeare and Bacon.

One of the ruling dictators of the republic of letters has lately asserted* that there is more of the soul and spirit of poetry in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor than in all the odes and epics which have since been produced in Europe. The critic would probably smile at our transatlantic presumption were we to apply the same remark to any American author. Yet it is hazard-

because he has been repeatedly claimed in several religious publications, and in different sketches of his life and character, by the partisans of opposite religious sects, to *neither* of which he belonged. Those who are acquainted with the present state of religious controversy in Massachusetts, will readily perceive the cause of this singular circumstance. The fact, as above related, is stated on the authority of a short sketch of Mr Ames's life by the Rev. Mr Montague of Dedham, published in the *Diocesan Register, or New-England Calendar for* 1812, which contains a letter from Mr. Ames to his former pastor, stating his determination to withdraw with his family from his church, and to attend in future at the episcopal church, and concluding with strong professions of personal esteem and attachment to the reverend gentleman from whose pastoral care he thus withdrew.

* Edinburgh Review of Ford's Works.

ing little to assert that the more finished compositions of Fisher Ames contain more original and beautiful imagery, more bold and happy novelties of expression, and exquisite felicities of phrase, in short, more of all the rude elements of poetical composition, as well as much more of the animating spirit—the *mens quæ agitat molem*, which gives life and interest to the whole, than are to be found in by far the greater part of the professed poetry of the last century.

This exuberance of imagination constitutes at once the principal charm and defect of his style. It charms by its quick and splendid succession of original images, its inexhaustible fertility of allusion, and its singular felicity in the use of similitudes and metaphors which illustrate while they adorn—which are at once the most pleasing vehicles of his sentiments, and, at the same time, often serve as arguments from analogy in their support.

From the same cause arises the most prominent fault of his style; and these ornaments, profusely crowded together, like those of some of the works of modern architecture, though beautiful in themselves, yet, by distracting the attention, and forcing it to dwell too long upon the several parts, lessen the general effect of the whole composition.

Long passages, sometimes whole pages, consist of an uninterrupted string of short sentences, each one severally sparkling with condensed brilliancy, and often combining the pungency of the epigram with the pithy brevity of the proverb. The attention is always kept awake; each sentence produces its separate effect—the reader pauses to admire, but in the meanwhile the general power of the whole composition evaporates away. Thus is occasionally produced an apparent want of connexion and concatenation of thought. The incessant flashes of his fancy, and the varied ingenuity of his argument, are felt continually; but their effect, though constantly repeated, is always individual and insulated, so that his conclusion comes at last to the mind with little more force than any of the subordinate and unimportant points of his argument.

In the excursive range of his imagination he often brings together and combines images so incongruous and dissimilar as to excite that momentary surprise which is much more nearly allied to

wit than to eloquence, and never fails to be injurious to the effect of grave and elevated composition.

Yet as this profusion of intellectual luxury is poured forth without apparent effort, as it is uncontaminated by affectation, and perfectly free from that vague confusion of ideas which is so often found disguised under the trappings of rhetorical pomp, Mr. Ames's style is in an uncommon degree forcible and perspicuous. The figurative language which he so frequently employs, always expresses his meaning with as much precision as animation—it is *warm from his soul, and faithful to its fires.*

He is occasionally betrayed by the ardour of composition into a coarseness and familiarity of imagery and expression, which, however vigorous and forcible, are somewhat offensive to the refined delicacy of a cultivated taste, and, although well adapted to produce immediate effect in a popular harangue, are little suited to the chaster graces of written composition. This fault, however, though in several instances sufficiently striking, is by no means habitual.

In no American writer, either of prose or poetry, will be found more images of native growth, drawn from the peculiar scenery and manners of our own country. Still, with one or two merely verbal exceptions, he is perfectly free from every thing like provincialism, either of thought or dialect.

Our modern English prose style may be divided into two distinct manners; the one, the primitive old English, the language of conversation and business, delighting in idiomatic phrases, exclusively employing words of Saxon origin, with little regularity in the construction of sentences, but frequently charming the ear by its wild and irregular melody—in short, the style of Tillotson and Clarke, of Sir William Temple and Lord Mansfield, of Addison and Dr. Goldsmith. The other, is that introduced by several of those admirable writers who adorned the age of Elizabeth, and which was afterwards purified and polished by Dr. Johnson; which, for the most part, scrupulously avoids all idiomatic and colloquial phrases, indulges freely in the use of words borrowed from the vocabularies of science, or derived from the ancient languages, is more stately and elaborate, and peculiarly distinguished by the regularity of its construction, and the uniform modulation of its sentences. This latter style seems now to have completely established itself,

if not in public favour, at least in general use; doubtless from the greater facility with which a certain degree of mechanical skill in management of it may be acquired. Thus, it has become rare to meet with a writer of the present day, who unites elegance and correctness to the careless and unstudied graces of the Addisonian school. Ames's style, though with more of condensation of thought, and more of point and antithesis than is commonly to be found among those writers, is decidedly of this first class. His sentences are short, without studied brevity, and musical, without artificial modulation of period. He has none of the tricks of the rhetorician, no inversions of period, no farsought affectations of elegance, no studied elaboration of phrase.

Mr. Ames is said to have been a very constant reader of the bible; and he observes, in a little essay on school-books, that "in no other book is there so good English, so pure, and so elegant."

The critical reader may, I think, readily observe in his style, strong marks of familiarity with our common English version. Familiarity with merely the phraseology of scripture is very apt, as may be frequently observed in New England, to produce a certain whimsical quaintness and oddity of expression. But the writings of Ames are full of passages, which although they may sometimes startle the timid correctness of an over-scrupulous taste, fully prove that he had deeply imbued his mind with the bold and the tender imagery of the Hebrew poetry, as well as with that unaffected simplicity and purity of language which characterize our English bible. A single and very brief example may perhaps serve to illustrate this observation; and I am the rather induced to select this passage, as it has been made a subject of captious criticism. In his sketch of the character of Hamilton, after enumerating and describing, with all the eloquence of true feeling, many of the virtues of his deceased friend, he adds, "The tears that flow on this fond recital will never dry up—my heart, penetrated with the remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I write, and *I could pour it out like water*." How beautiful!

His political speculations are seldom confined to the narrow and transitory politics of the day. Like the imaginary perfect orator whose character has been so beautifully sketched by the philosophy and decorated by the fancy of Cicero, he delights to turn

the mind from temporary and personal views to the consideration of those general principles, upon which every decision of reason must ultimately rest, and without the frequent contemplation of which, says Bishop Berkely, a man may indeed be a thriving earth-worm, but he will prove but a sorry patriot. Hence the writings of Ames, like those of Burke, will long survive the interest of those political occurrences which called them forth. Mistakes as to facts, the illusions of political prejudice, or the operation of those passions inseparable from human frailty, may indeed sometimes have led him to erroneous conclusions as to the particular subject of immediate controversy; but as these causes of error operate more faintly upon general reasoning, he is always acute in the perception of principles, luminous in their exposition, and ingenious in their defence.

In enforcing his principles he seldom descends into the detail of methodical argument, or goes step by step through the deductions of logic. He reasons rather by description, by illustration, by parallel, and by example, than by syllogism. He presents his premises, and then hastens to his conclusion, without dwelling upon those intermediate processes of thought by which that conclusion is obtained; and in so vivid a manner does he display their consonance and connexion, that the mind instantly acknowledges the consistency of truth, and acquiesces in the argument. Of reasoners of this class, the malignity of petty criticism has again and again repeated that they are *eloquent* but not *argumentative*. Yet if even the simplicity of mathematical truth admits of different modes of demonstration—if the same general theorem, of which the truth may be exhibited by a series of observations and experiments, can in another mode be more definitively proved by the direct demonstration of the Greek geometry, while in the hands of a modern mathematician it appears as the rapid result of an algebraic formula, why must moral reasoning be thus restricted to one form of argument? Why should we deny the title of a reasoner to him who displays the power without the parade of logic —who erects his edifice without encumbering it with a scaffold?

Ames has, however, one source of argument and illustration, to which he has recourse in his political reasonings much more frequently than can be reconciled either to good taste or sound logic. He has a great deal too much to say about Greece and

Rome—every thing is illustrated by some reference to ancient history. Cæsar and Pompey, Brutus and Cicero, Cataline, Anthony, and all the old acquaintance of our schoolboy studies, meet us in every page, till at length we turn away from them with the same weary indifference which is felt after wading through any unaccustomed quantity of the *balmy tears* and *nectared sighs* of modern amatory poetry. But it is not merely as a matter of taste that all this is objectionable. The arguments drawn from this source are generally inconclusive, and often wholly groundless. The similitude which Mr. Ames delights to trace between ancient Rome and modern France is indeed sufficiently happy, and in his hands a fruitful source of political instruction. But when he runs the parallel between the last age of the Roman republic and the present state of our own country, most assuredly the analogy becomes wild and fanciful. The patriot may indeed observe in the actual state of our society and public morals, much—very much to lament. He will see with regret the boldness with which political calumnies and falsehoods are asserted, and the willing credulity with which they are received. He will blush for the gross ignorance and incompetence of some of those whom party violence exalts to office and honour; and he will perceive with sorrow so many of the noblest minds partaking of the general contagion, poisoned and inflamed with the vulgar and ferocious spirit of political intolerance. But what is there in any part of our country which can bear any comparison with the horrible excesses, the frequent tumults, the bloody proscriptions, the civil wars, and all that deep depravity which marked the last age of the Roman republic when already black with corruption, she laid gasping and struggling in the agonies of expiring freedom? And yet Mr. Ames gravely asserts that "all this is apparent in the United States," and that "those times were not more corrupt than our own!" Such are the wild extravagances into which genius is hurried in the heat of controversy, while resentments are fresh, and prejudices hanging thick around the mind.

The peculiar political doctrines supported by Mr. Ames are so intimately connected with the great questions of party difference which still agitate the nation, that to discuss their truth or error, would be but to enter into the heat of the controversy which at present exists between the party in power and the most decided

and high toned of their political adversaries. He is yet too near to our own times to be in all respects fairly estimated. A great mind, like a great edifice, cannot be perfectly seen in too near a view. To take in the whole, and form a correct idea of all its proportions, we must retire to a distance. Posterity alone can do this. But yet, now that *Duncan is in his grave*, and many of the fleeting opinions and feelings of the day are buried with him, a generous and candid adversary may perceive in the peculiar circumstances of the times and his situation, causes sufficient to account for many of his errors of opinion, without branding his memory with the foul stigma of foreign attachment and want of national feeling. It may be conceded, too, that his view of the situation and probable destinies of his country, are tinged with too gloomy and disheartening a hue, and that his later speculations on the dangers of American liberty appear in some degree to partake of the character of the bodily disease under which he languished, sometimes flushed with feverish animation, and sometimes drooping with languid gloom. Under the influence of these morbid feelings, he is too apt to confound the national character with that of the petty leaders and fomenters of local faction, and thus to represent it in a false and distorted view. Neither does he sufficiently take into consideration many circumstances of our character and situation, which may haply prove effectual antidotes even to the more probable evils which he has foreboded. These concessions having been freely made, enough yet remains to place his political character high in the list of enlightened and patriotic statesmen. Many of his political doctrines, and in particular those which inculcated the importance of permanent naval and military establishments, after subjecting him to the highest degree of odium, have now been confirmed by experience, and have become fixed in popular opinion; and of others the truth is probably less evident because they have either directly or indirectly produced their wished effect, and by causing a reaction of popular sentiment, tended to lessen the dangers which he dreaded.

Ames has been more than once styled the American Burke, and the appellation is not without propriety. In one singular circumstance the parallel is perfect. The earlier speeches and writings of both, while they manifest all the soundness and vigour of their maturest judgment, display comparatively little of the warmth and

richness of imagination for which they were afterwards distinguished. As reading and observation gradually stored their minds, images which they would never have tasked their fancy to seek out, spontaneously crowded in upon them, and it was more easy to employ than to reject them.

If, however, Ames was our Burke, he was Burke limited in his range of knowledge, and pruned of much of his luxuriance of intellect and all his ingenious refinements of speculative wisdom. Much of this difference doubtless arises from education, and it is still rather in degree than in kind.

His works, with the exception of an essay upon American literature, his eulogies upon Washington and Hamilton, and two or three short essays, are entirely political, and were most of them originally printed in the Boston newspapers. They were collected and published in one large octavo volume, Boston, 1809. The engraving, from a portrait of Stuart, prefixed to that volume, is said to convey a very perfect idea of his usual aspect and expression.

The notices of his life and character affixed to that collection are written with great elegance, and in a tone of lofty and tender eulogy worthy of the man whom they celebrate. But as they breathe throughout, rather the spirit of admiring friendship than of sober biography, and as the writer of the present sketch found himself in possession of several curious facts and minuter traits of character either passed over in silence or vaguely hinted at by the eloquent eulogist, he thought that a calmer view of the life and character of Fisher Ames would not be without its interest and its use. A dispassionate estimate of his services and talents may perhaps have power to disarm some of those angry party feelings which are proof against all the eloquence of enthusiastic admiration. The great poet of human nature has taught us that it is in the power of the *honest chronicler* alone to preserve the honour of the illustrious dead from corruption, and to extort from the most prejudiced enemy the frank confession that

> Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
> With thy religious truth and modesty,
> Now in his ashes honour.———

V.

For the Analectic Magazine.

The Bride of Abydos. A Turkish tale. By Lord Byron.

It has become a generally admitted fact, that an author who has attained a high reputation, writes under very formidable disadvantages. The celebrity of his past writings, while it procures for his subsequent works a more immediate and wide circulation, and a more eager and steady attention, likewise inflames public expectation often to an unreasonable, and sometimes to an insatiable, degree. To a prudent author, therefore—for we do not entirely despair of such a thing existing—success, instead of occasioning a relaxation of diligence, will suggest the necessity of augmented care and exertion, that, if he do not arrive at the extravagant anticipations of his admirers, he may, at least, not sink below his former soarings.

Lord Byron appears, in composing the work before us, to have been aware of the truth we advert to—for, either from an improved faculty, or from superior care, or perhaps from both, his Bride of Abydos is, in our opinion, more perfect, if not more delightful, than any of his former productions. From the first of his publications of importance, we mean "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which he at once started up a giant in satire, with all the poetic vigour, accuracy of observation, and happy vein of humour of Churchill, but with more amenity of thought and style, up to this of which we are speaking, he has been daily gaining ground on public opinion, by the novelty of his plans, the variety and affluence of his conceptions, the brilliancy of his fancy, and the sweet touches of pathos, which impart both dignity and tenderness to his compositions. It may, perhaps, be said of him, with more truth than of any of his cotemporaries, that he owes little, if any thing, to imitation—that he never dwindles into insipidity—that nothing commonplace escapes him, and that even known thoughts derive, from his manner of treating them, a cast of originality.

In the general structure of the tale on which the poem of the Bride of Abydos is founded, there is nothing strikingly new; it is indeed one of those which a reader versed in works of fancy, or story-telling lore, would be apt to imagine he had often encountered before in some shape or other. Possessing rather the simple air of a matter of fact narrative, than the complexity of a fabricated tale, and the time being laid at a very recent date, it seems more likely to be a current popular story, selected for its interesting catastrophe by his lordship when he was in Turkey, than a tale of his own invention.

Giaffir, a Turkish Pacha, having murdered his brother Abdallah, spares his infant son Selim, and rears him up as his own by a Grecian slave, confiding the secret only to his chief slave Haroun. Selim, having access to the haram, grows up in fraternal intercourse with Giaffir's daughter Zuleika, who, believing him to be her brother, loves him with the purest and most fervent affection.

The attachment of Selim is of a more ardent character, for, having been secretly informed by Haroun of his real history, he regards Zuleika with all the impassioned tenderness of a lover; while towards her father he cherishes the most fixed and deadly resentment. Giaffir, also conscious of deserving the vengeance of Selim, and full of the alarms and insecurity of a guilty mind, watches him with a jealous and uneasy eye, and marks with distrust, the air and tone of defiance which the latter daily assumes.

Such is the situation of the characters at the opening of the poem; when Giaffir seated in his divan, having heard that Zuleika had that morning been seen without the haram's walls, orders the chamber to be cleared, and Haroun, chief of the haram guard, to bring Zuleika before him; denouncing vengeance against him whose eye had beheld her unveiled. Haroun having departed, Selim boldly acknowledges himself to be the offending person, and tells Giaffir,

> " Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
> Was mine—then fall thy frowns on me!
> So lovelily the morning shone
> That—let the old and weary sleep—
> I could not; and to view alone
> The fairest scenes of land and deep,

With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high,
Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude:
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
And as thou knowest that for me
Soon turns the haram's grating key,
Before the guardian slaves awoke
We to the cypress groves had flown,
And made earth, main, and heaven our own."

The reader of the poem, who is not yet informed of the true relation that subsists between Giaffir and Selim, is shocked at hearing a father speak to a son in terms, not of salutary, parental rebuke, nor even of indignant severity, but of malignant reproach, indicating a settled abhorrence and contempt.

"Son of a slave!" the Pacha said,
"From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hopes to see
Aught that becomes a man in thee.
Thou, when thy arm should bend the bow,
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
Thou Greek in soul, if not in creed,
Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow.
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
Thy listless eyes so much admire,
Would lend thee something of his fire!
Thou who wouldst see this battlement
By christian cannon piecemeal rent—
Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall—
Nor strike one stroke for life or death
Against the curs of Nazareth,
Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff, not the brand.
But Haroun!—to my daughter speed—
And hark—of thine own head take heed—
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
Thou see'st yon bow——it hath a string!"

As the nature of young Selim is beautifully disclosed in the bold candour with which he assumes to himself the blame of taking Zuleika abroad, and in the refined sensibility to the beauties of nature, which he urges as his motives for doing it—so is the character of Giaffir at once unfolded by his speech, and particularly by the reference in the last line to the bow-string.

The indignation of Selim, which, though suppressed in speech, breaks forth from his eye, and is perceived by Giaffir, gives rise to a most admirable scene, in which the perception of some mystery of "occulted guilt" begins to dawn upon the reader.

"No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a christian sword—
'Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear—
Those gibes had cost another dear.
Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?'
Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
And glances even of more than ire
Flash forth—then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started—for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done,
He saw rebellion there begun—
'Come hither boy!——What, no reply?
I mark thee—and I know thee too;
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
But if thy beard had manlier length,
And if thy hand had skill and strength,
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance.'"

"As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed—
That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quailed and turn'd askance—
And why—he felt, but durst not tell."

We have more than once heard it asked, by persons who acknowledged the pleasure they had received from Lord Byron's poetry, wherein consisted their instruction?—a question which could only have been suggested by a very narrow and a partial view of the nature of that mode of instruction peculiar to certain kinds of poetry and works of fiction. Were there no other kind of instruction but the preceptive communication of moral truth, many of the most valuable productions of the muse, in every language, must renounce their claim to utility: but if, in poetry, or any other works of invention, incidents and human actions are so finely imagined, and so judiciously conducted to interesting results, as to awaken the nobler passions, to animate and inflame the finer feelings, and to give to our affections a tendency favourable to virtue and hostile to vice, they surely are instructive, and in the most successful way too; insinuating through the fascination of pleasure, the improvement of our moral and intellectual faculties. The poem before us is replete with this. In what possible form of words could the firm confidence and unabashed courage, resulting from conscious rectitude, be more attractively displayed than in the conduct of young Selim; or the meanness and timidity into which authority and power themselves are sunk by secret guilt than by that of Giaffir, in the six lines last quoted. The very same has, in many instances of secret guilt, been presented in different shapes, by our best poets—by Shakspeare frequently; and we recollect a very beautiful passage to that effect, in Scott's Marmion, where the Palmer outlooks Marmion.

"Rising upon his pilgrim staff
Right opposite the palmer stood,
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood;
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell."

A beautiful passage, but which we think outdone by that between Giaffir and Selim—though Mr. Scott has generalized his into a fine moral reflection.

"Thus oft it haps that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave."

In the works of Lord Byron there are too many passages indicative of secret sorrow, to leave a doubt in the reader's mind that his heart is a prey to melancholy; while the topics upon which these break out, show that the root of that melancholy is love robbed by death of its hopes; and the warmth with which his imagination glows in his many effusions upon female beauty and excellence, evinces the depth to which his heart was engaged. Of those we offer the following to justify our remarks:

"Who hath not proved—how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone—
The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the music breathing from her face!
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And O! *that eye was in itself a soul!*"

That this exquisite picture is drawn from the remembrance of her whose loss causes his melancholy, appears from a note affixed to the words "*Music breathing from her face,*" which note, by the way, contains a more exquisitely poetical figure than any in the whole poem. "After all, (says he,) this is rather to be felt than described—still I think there are some who will understand it—at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; *for this passage is not drawn from imagination, but memory*—that mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflection multiplied."

After some strong expressions of tenderness for his daughter, Giaffir informs her that she must prepare to receive as her husband Osman, a Bey of the House of Carasman, and leaves her, accompanied only by Haroun and Selim.

In the scene which follows, Lord Byron evinces a clear insight into the human heart, and the most happy method of approaching it. Sunk in horror at the sentence passed upon Zuleika by the pacha, Selim stands absorbed in sullen silence, almost proof against all her tender blandishments, till, ignorant of the real cause, she suggests the idea that the Bey to whom she is betrothed is an enemy of Selim's, in which case she swears by Mecca's shrine that he shall not have her hand. Roused by this tender avowal, he presses her till he obtains her consent to leave the haram at twilight, and walk with him to the seaside, in order that he may in privacy unfold to her a secret of importance to them both, and emphatically tells her that he is not what he appears.

Lord Byron upon many occasions discloses the softness, the warmth, and the sweet plaintiveness of Ovid, though it cannot be said of him, as it was of that poet when he was living in exile at Pontus, that his sorrows depress his genius—we doubt whether at any time more rapturous effusions of tenderness ever escaped the Roman poet than some which enrich the production we are considering. For instance, when Zuleika is endeavouring to reconcile him to himself, and make him speak to her:

"O, Selim dear! O, more than dearest!
Say is it I thou hat'st or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest."

"My love thou surely knew'st before,
It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
And hate the night, I know not why;
Save that we meet not but by day—
With thee to live, with thee to die,
I dare not to my hope deny:
Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
Like this—and this—no more than this,

For Alla! sure thy lips are flame,
What fever in thy veins is flushing?
My own hath nearly caught the same,
At least I feel my cheek too blushing."

With an agreement between them to meet at twilight and retire to the seashore the first Canto ends.

In the opening of the second Canto, the author indulges in that fondness for classic lore and classic ground which, next to the great master passion already alluded to, seems to hold the most supreme sovereignty over his heart. The night scene to which he brings Selim and Zuleika, is placed upon the highest of classic ground—the margin of the Hellespont; and this suggests to his enriched fancy the story of Hero and Leander, from which a train of recollections arise, and foremost among them Troy, and the divine bard to whom that celebrated city owes its immortality, and, perhaps, its existence. Readers, whose thoughts are raised to a view of such lofty themes, will peruse this part of the poem with great delight. Allusions, in themselves very beautiful, are often injured by being introduced without any obvious connexion with the main subject. But nothing can be imagined more interestingly relative than this of Hero and Leander to the story in hand; because not only the scene but the tragical catastrophe, and the causes that led to it, are in effect the same; and the recollection of the story of antiquity brings the mind of the reader into a mood fitted for the reception of the melancholy catastrophe of the modern. Indeed, no scholar can read the works of this author without observing the sublimed spirit of erudition which (to borrow the words of Doctor Parr) "pervade with essential fragrance" all his compositions. In that before us, after the beautiful allusion above, and a tribute to "the blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle," he indulges in the following apostrophe:

"O! yet—for there my steps have been,
These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn—
To trace again those fields of yore—
Believing every hillock green

Contains no fabled hero's ashes—
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own 'broad Hellespout' still dashes—
Be long my lot—and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!"

Of our author's classic enthusiasm a stronger proof cannot be imagined, than a fact mentioned by him in a note to this passage, namely, that he swam across the Hellespont.

Zuleika, conducted by Selim in the dress of a Turkish sailor, arrives at a grotto near the shore. Here he unfolds to her the secret of his birth, and of his father's murder, and informs her that during the absence of Giaffir in the war with Paswan Oglou, Haroun indulged him with liberty to go abroad, availing himself of which he had visited the Grecian Islands, and become the chief of a band of pirates, who were now on their way to the shore with a bark to convey her and him to a retreat he had provided for their reception and security, in one of those islands—and he enforces his solicitations for her departure with him, by reminding her that if she return back to the haram, the next morning will place her in the possession of Sultan Osman. The whole of this interesting scene is conducted by the author with great art, and in a charming uninterrupted strain of fine poetry. One passage claims very particular applause for the fervid glow of feeling—the enthusiastic rapture in which he describes his emotions on being set at liberty by Haroun.

"'Tis vain—my tongue cannot impart
My ALMOST DRUNKENNESS OF HEART,
When first this liberated eye
Survey'd earth—ocean—sun and sky!
As if my spirit pierced them through,
And all their inmost wonders knew—
One word alone can paint to thee
That more than feeling——I was free!
E'en for thy presence ceased to pine—
The world—nay—heaven itself, was mine."

And now for the catastrophe—while Selim is speaking to Zuleika, the approach of a multitude of people with torches gives them the sad intelligence that their escape from the haram has been

discovered. The poet rises with the exigency, and presents such an animated picture of the tremendous situation of the hapless pair that the reader imagines he sees it passing before him.

"But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply—
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
'O! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!'
Far—wide through every thicket spread
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand:—
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving,
And now almost they touch the cave—
O! must that grot be Selim's grave?"—

As a last, but almost hopeless effort, Selim fires a pistol as a signal to his band to approach the shore, and determines to fight his way to the bark. In no part of his works has the poet displayed more genius than in his description of the result.

"One bound he made, and gain'd the sand—
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band—
A gasping head, a quivering trunk;
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes:
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave;—
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength——
O! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water!"

Here we find the poet's words keep pace with the confused celerity of the transaction. The persons of his drama are breathless with fury, ardour, effort—and so seems his muse:—the fearful anxiety—the painful suspense, are kept up to the very last moment of Selim's existence—and the abruptness, as well as the particular words announcing his fall, are singularly beautiful, appropriate, and affecting. From this to the end of the poem, all is one continued blaze of poetic fire, in which the particular details before judiciously overlooked in order to get at the catastrophe, and particularly the death of Zuleika, are recapitulated. To extract all that we admire in this poem, would be to transcribe almost the whole of it. We fear that our admiration of the work may have already led us to trespass too far on some of our readers—but we are satisfied that those whose judgment is most desirable will be pleased. To the book itself we refer them for a multitude of beauties which it would be inconsistent with the nature of this article to introduce into it by way of extract.

Upon the whole, the Bride of Abydos, as it seems to have been conceived in a season of sorrow, deep and sincere, so it is breathed forth in the sweetest accents of plaintive poetry. Even in the irregularities of the verse there is harmony;—and a certain wildness and disorder which pervades it, in common with most of Lord Byron's poems, far from creating perplexity and disgust, as in other hands they generally do, fascinate with their gracefulness, and delight with their beauty. How different from the ordinary cant of Cupid's flames and darts, and the fulsome wailings of the mob of amatory rhymers, are the felicitous "breathing thoughts," the nervous diction, and the soft and elegant numbers of our poet; of what author can more be said in praise than that he differs essentially from that herd? The merits of Lord Byron, however, stand upon a still stronger foundation—the positive, intrinsic excellence of his poetry: for we venture to affirm that he who reads his Bride of Abydos, without breathing a wish for a long continuance of his lordship's labours, can be but little susceptible of the thrilling sensations of delight imparted by genuine poetry.

We cannot, however, dismiss the work without one observation more. The only exceptionable point attending it is its title. To us it appears a palpable misnomer. Zuleika, the only female in *it*, is not a BRIDE. G.

POETRY.

HALLOW MY FANCIE.

Anonymous.

In melancholic fancie
Out of myself,
In the Vulcan dancie,
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairie-elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapours,
Fain would I know,
What doth cause the tapours.
Why the clouds benight us,
And affright us,
While we travel here below.
Fain would I know, what makes the roaring thunder,
And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are, on which we gaze and wonder.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason,
Why the little ant,
All the summer season,
Layeth up provision,
On condition,
To know no winter's want:
And how huswives, that are so good and painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful,
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, ships, will descrie you,
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protesting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealth of lading.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

When I look before,
There I do behold,
There's none that sees or knows;
All the world's a gadding,
Running madding,
None doth his station hold.
He that is below, envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth;
So every man his plot and counterplot deviseth.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look what bustling
Here I do espy!
Each other justling,
Every one turmoiling,
Th' other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head, because he's out of fashion;
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the foamy ocean,
Fain would I know,
What doth cause the motion,
And returning
In its journeying,
And doth so seldom swerve!
And how these little fishes, that swim beneath salt water,
Do never blind their eye, methinks it is a matter,
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater!
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolved
How things are done;
And where the bull was calved
Of bloody Phalaris,
And where the tailor is,
That works to the man i' the moon!
Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly;
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly;
And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phaeton,
I'll mount Phœbus' chair:
Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hairs a burning,
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,
And see how they on foamy bits are playing,
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

O from what ground of nature
Doth the pelican,
That self devouring creature,
Prove so froward,
And untoward
Her vitals for to strain!
And why the subtle fox, while in death's wounds is lying,
Doth not lament his pangs by howling and by crying;
And why the milk-white swan doth sing when she's a dying.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I conclude this,
At least make essay,
What similitude is;
Why fowls of a feather
Flock and fly together,
And lambs know beasts of prey.
How nature's alchymists, these small laborious creatures,
Acknowledge still a prince in ordering their matters,
And suffer none to live, who slothing lose their features.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

I'm rapt with admiration
When I do ruminate,
Men of an occupation,
How each one calls him brother,
Yet each envieth other,
And yet still intimate!
Yea I admire to see since nature's farther sundered,
Than Antipodes to us. It is not to be wondered,
In myriads ye'll find, of one mind scarce a hundred!
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

What multitude of notions
Doth perturb my pate,
Considering the motions,
How the heavens are preserved,
And this world served,
In moisture, light, and heat!

If one spirit sits the outmost circle turning,
Or one turns another continuing in journeying,
If rapid circles motion be that which they call burning.
Hallow my fancy, whither wilt thou go!

Fain also would I prove this,
By considering,
What that, which you call love, is;
Whether it be a folly,
Or a melancholy,
Or some heroic thing!
Fain I'd have it proved, by one whom love hath wounded,
And fully upon one his desire hath founded,
Whom nothing else could please, though the world were rounded.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go!

To know this world's centre,
Height, depth, breadth, and length,
Fain would I adventure,
To search the hid attractions
Of magnetic actions,
And adamantine strength.
Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,
Where the moon sojourns, if there be trees, or fountain,
If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go!

Fain would I have it tried
By experiment,
By none can be denied;
If in this bulk of nature
There be voids less or greater,
Or all remains complete.
Fain would I know, if beasts have any reason;
If falcons killing eagles do commit a treason;
If fear of winter's want make swallows fly the season.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go!

Hallow, my fancie, hallow,
Stay, stay at home with me;
I can thee no longer follow;
For thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me,
It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy lofty soaring,
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring,
For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing:
Thou'rt welcome home my fancie, welcome home to me.

THE VIOLET.

By Walter Scott.

The violet, in her green wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye,
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What were you born to be
An hour or two's delight;
And so to bid good night;
'Twas pity nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave!

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE EMPORIUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.—Several numbers of a new series of this work have appeared in Philadelphia. The present editor is Mr. Thomas Cooper, Professor of Chymistry, &c. in Dickenson College. The talents and information of this gentleman are calculated to render this work highly useful both to manufacturers and men of mere theory. The form of the work is altered from a monthly publication to a larger size, which appears every two months The chief contents of the numbers of the present series already published, are several papers written by the editor, purporting to be treatises on several of the most interesting branches of the useful manufactures, and their auxiliary machines. We cannot help thinking the editor is treading on dangerous ground in attempting to compress systematic articles of this kind into the limits of a periodical publication, and might have been more useful in merely publishing such part of his articles as is new, or scarce and difficult to be procured. The bulk of the articles will prevent their being read for mere amusement; and the mixture of old and well known processes will render them heavy and uninteresting to the adept. Still, however, they contain a mass of information, which is extremely valuable from its compression and the list of authorities which is given. The other papers, on miscellaneous subjects, are, on the whole, well drawn up, although a few inaccuracies occur, and the whole work is well deserving of the public favour. R.

BRUCE'S JOURNAL.—We are happy to notice the publication of a fourth number of the American Mineralogical Journal, by Archibald Bruce, M. D of New-York. This work, which is principally devoted to the development of the mineralogy of this country, and the promotion of general and local mineralogical information, has been perused with great interest and approbation by the scientific circles of Europe. The vast and varied tracts of natural history in this country have as yet been but partially explored, and, perhaps, none so slightly as that of mineralogy. Naturalists, therefore, still look to it as, in some degree, a *terra incognita*, and hail with satisfaction all works like the present, which serve to throw any light on its almost untrodden regions. The present number completes the first volume, and contains, among other interesting articles, a paper on the geology and mineralogy of the Island of New-York, by Dr. Akerly. Another on the minerals in the vicinity of Baltimore, by Robert Gilmore, jun. Esq. and a third on some of the ores of Titanium, discovered within the United States, by Dr. Bruce. What we chiefly lament about this valuable work, is the extreme slowness of its growth: the present volume having been a very long time attaining its full size. It is observed, however, that those natural productions which are of slowest growth, are longest lived; if there be any analogy between those and the productions of the mind, we may augur to Dr. Bruce's work an extreme and tenacious old age.

COLLES'S TELEGRAPH.—It is with pleasure we learn that the attention of government has been attracted to the very simple and excellent telegraph of Mr. Colles. Orders have been received by him from the war department to have telegraphs erected at Sandy-Hook, the Narrows, and New-York, on experiment. Mr. C. has improved his plan still further, and we have no doubt that it will yield the most perfect satisfaction.

BRITISH POETS.—Part of the manuscript of a new work, from the pen of Thomas Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. has been received, and is in the hands of Messrs. Eastburn, Kirk & Co. for publication. This work will consist of selections from British poets, from the reign of Edward III. to the present time, with critical and biographical notices. It is the fruit of a great deal of study and labour, and will present, in the compass of three octavo volumes, a general, and at the same time a luminous and critical view of the whole region of British poetry. Something of the kind has been presented in Ellis's Specimens; but that work

comes down only to the end of the sixteenth century; whereas this will reach to the end of the eighteenth century, and will likewise contain more specimens from the stock of sterling old poetry. A work of this kind, executed by such a pen, has long been a desideratum in our literature; but is peculiarly desirable in this country, where every one is so engaged in the hurry of business as to have little of the quiet leisure necessary to extensive and critical research; and when also the collections of rare books and old authors are so scarce, as to afford but little access to those remote fountains of elegant literature.

E. J. Coale, of Baltimore, has in press Demetrius, a Russian romance.

A new poem has appeared in England, from the pen of Robert Southey, entitled Roderick, the Last of the Goths. It is expected shortly to be republished in this country.

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF CHYMISTRY.

[From the Monthly Magazine for November.]

Mr. Brande, the ingenious successor of Sir Humphrey Davy in the chymical chair at the Royal institution, has read before the Royal society a second paper on the state in which alcohol, or pure ardent spirit, exists in fermented liquors. It has been usually supposed that alcohol was a product of the process of distillation, and the experiments of Mr. B have been instituted with a view to ascertain the correctness or incorrectness of this opinion. He had previously concluded that any new arrangement of the ultimate elements of wine, which could occasion the formation of alcohol, would constantly be attended with other marks of decomposition, and that carbon would be deposited, or carbonic acid evolved; neither of which circumstances does actually take place. He has succeeded in showing that alcohol may be separated from wine without the intervention of heat, and that the same proportion may be thus procured as that yielded by distillation. His plan is as follows. He first separates the colouring matter and the acid of the wine, by means of a concentrated solution of sub-acetate of lead, and then, by sub-carbonate of potash, he finally disengages from it the alcohol. He answers the assertion, that a mixture of alcohol and water, in the same proportion in which it exists in wine, is much more intoxicating than the same quantity of wine itself, by proving that the union is incomplete; and he states also, that the acid and extractive matter blunt very much the real strength of the wine. Mr. B. therefore, again concludes, that the whole quantity of alcohol which is found after distillation, had actually pre-existed in the fermented liquor operated on.

Mr. Gay-Lussac has now demonstrated that there are only three different oxides of iron which are perfectly distinct from each other; and that the various colours which some of them assume arise from their different states of aggregation. The first oxide, which is white, and which is obtained whenever iron decomposes water by means of an acid, the acid not furnishing the oxygen by being itself also decomposed, consists of 100 parts of iron, and 28 of oxygen. The second oxide which is produced by burning iron in oxygen, or in atmospheric air, at a very elevated temperature, or where water is decomposed by iron without the auxiliary presence of an acid, contains 38 per cent. of oxygen. This second oxide, when in a mass, is of a blackish gray colour, and when precipitated, is of a deep brown, but when very minutely divided, it is green. It is also very magnetic. The third, the red oxide, is composed of 100 parts of iron and 42 parts of oxygen. In a natural state the white oxide does not exist, except in combination with carbonic acid.

The celebrated hypothesis of Sir Humphrey Davy, which assures that muriatic acid is a compound of chlorine and hydrogen, and not a compound, as has hitherto been supposed, of oxygen and some unknown base, is still unsanctioned by the opinions of many of our first chymists. Among these, professor Berzelius, of Stockholm, says, although it is difficult, experimentally, to demonstrate the incorrectness of Sir Humphrey's hypothesis, that, according to the very luminous doctrine of definite proportions, which was first given to the chymical world some years ago, by the celebrated Mr. Dalton, of Manchester, and of the truth of which Sir Humphrey himself, with every other scientific chymist, entertains no doubt, there are many combinations of muriatic acid, which, if explained according to Davy's hypothesis, are quite inconsistent with well-ascertained chymical proportions. At any rate, he at least thinks that all the facts at present known concerning muriatic acid and its combinations, may be equally well explained upon our old opinions.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF MANCHESTER.

This distinguished society has just published the second volume of its second series, containing, among others, the following papers:

An account of some Experiments to ascertain whether the Force of Steam be in proportion to the generating Heat, by John Sharpe, Esq.—Mr. Sharpe's experiments have ascertained two things: 1. That water heats equably, or in the same time (supposing the heating cause the same) from 120 deg. up to the highest temperature that it can reach without boiling, (and that temperature depends upon the pressure.) Suppose, for example, that it is heated 10 deg. or from 120 deg. to 130 deg. in three minutes; it will be heated from 270 deg. to 280 deg. in the same time. This is a very curious fact, and not easily explained, unless the thermometer is an inaccurate measurer of heat. 2. That six ounces of steam of 212 deg. condensed into water, give out as much heat as six ounces of steam at the temperature 275 deg.; but the second six ounces come over in a much shorter period than the first. Therefore the density of steam at 212 deg. is 150 times greater than at 32 deg.; and its density at 252 deg. is twice as great as at 212 deg. Hence we have the specific gravity of steam at different temperatures as follows:

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On the Theories of the Excitement of Galvanic Electricity, by William Henry, M. D. F. R. S. &c.—Sir Humphrey Davy has given a theory of the galvanic energy, in which he conceives, that when the battery is composed of copper, zinc, and solution of common salt, the zinc becomes positive, and the copper negative; therefore the zinc attracts the oxygen and acid, which are negative; and the copper, the hydrogen and alkali, which are positive. But this equilibrium is immediately destroyed by the formation of muriate of zinc, and the evolution of hydrogen gas. Hence the action of the zinc and copper is again repeated, and this goes on as long as the chymical action continues. Dr. Henry is also of opinion, that the primary excitement of electricity is owing to the chymical changes; but he conceives it to be essential to the activity of the battery, that one set of elements of the fluid should have no affinity for one of the metals. Thus, in the preceding example, the oxygen and the acid combine with the zinc; but the hydrogen and alkali, having no affinity for the copper, deposite a portion of their electricity on it, and thus the accumulation proceeds. He accounts for the evolution of the two constituents of a substance decomposed by the battery at the two poles, though at a distance from each other, by supposing a series of intermediate decompositions to go on. Suppose water to be the substance decomposed, we may conceive a series of particles of water arranged between the two poles. An atom of oxygen gas escapes at the positive pole. The hydrogen previously combined with this atom, unites with the oxygen of the next particle of water; and this successive decomposition goes on till it reaches the negative pole, when the atom of hydrogen remaining, makes it escape in the form of gas.

Here we find the poet's words keep pace with the confused celerity of the transaction. The persons of his drama are breathless with fury, ardour, effort—and so seems his muse:—the fearful anxiety—the painful suspense, are kept up to the very last moment of Selim's existence—and the abruptness, as well as the particular words announcing his fall, are singularly beautiful, appropriate, and affecting. From this to the end of the poem, all is one continued blaze of poetic fire, in which the particular details before judiciously overlooked in order to get at the catastrophe, and particularly the death of Zuleika, are recapitulated. To extract all that we admire in this poem, would be to transcribe almost the whole of it. We fear that our admiration of the work may have already led us to trespass too far on some of our readers—but we are satisfied that those whose judgment is most desirable will be pleased. To the book itself we refer them for a multitude of beauties which it would be inconsistent with the nature of this article to introduce into it by way of extract.

Upon the whole, the Bride of Abydos, as it seems to have been conceived in a season of sorrow, deep and sincere, so it is breathed forth in the sweetest accents of plaintive poetry. Even in the irregularities of the verse there is harmony;—and a certain wildness and disorder which pervades it, in common with most of Lord Byron's poems, far from creating perplexity and disgust, as in other hands they generally do, fascinate with their gracefulness, and delight with their beauty. How different from the ordinary cant of Cupid's flames and darts, and the fulsome wailings of the mob of amatory rhymers, are the felicitous "breathing thoughts," the nervous diction, and the soft and elegant numbers of our poet; of what author can more be said in praise than that he differs essentially from that herd? The merits of Lord Byron, however, stand upon a still stronger foundation—the positive, intrinsic excellence of his poetry: for we venture to affirm that he who reads his Bride of Abydos, without breathing a wish for a long continuance of his lordship's labours, can be but little susceptible of the thrilling sensations of delight imparted by genuine poetry.

We cannot, however, dismiss the work without one observation more. The only exceptionable point attending it is its title. To us it appears a palpable misnomer. Zuleika, the only female in it, is not a BRIDE. C.

POETRY.

HALLOW MY FANCIE.

Anonymous.

In melancholie fancie
Out of myself,
In the Vulcan dancie,
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairie-elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapours,
Fain would I know,
What doth cause the tapours.
Why the clouds benight us,
And affright us,
While we travel here below.
Fain would I know, what makes the roaring thunder,
And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are, on which we gaze and wonder.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason,
Why the little ant,
All the summer season,
Layeth up provision,
On condition,
To know no winter's want:
And how huswives, that are so good and painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful,
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, ships, will descrie you,
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.

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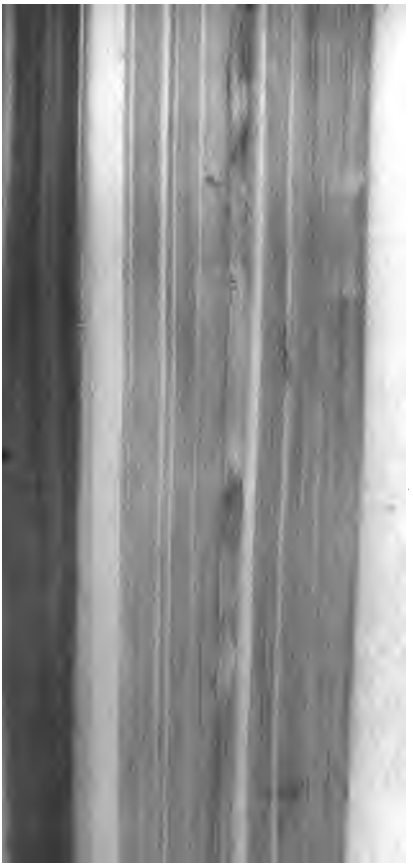

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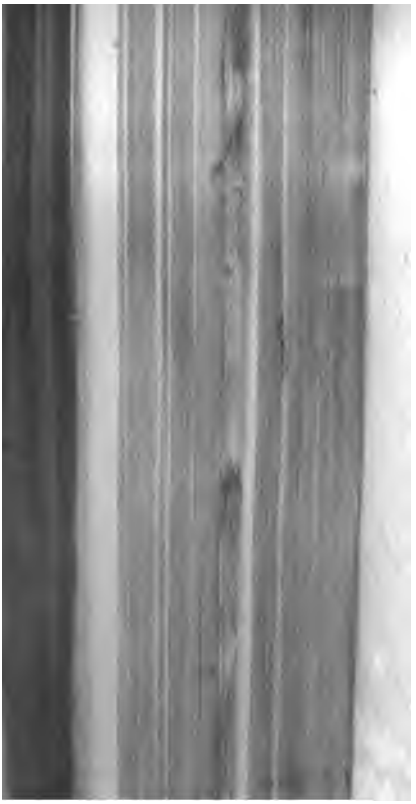

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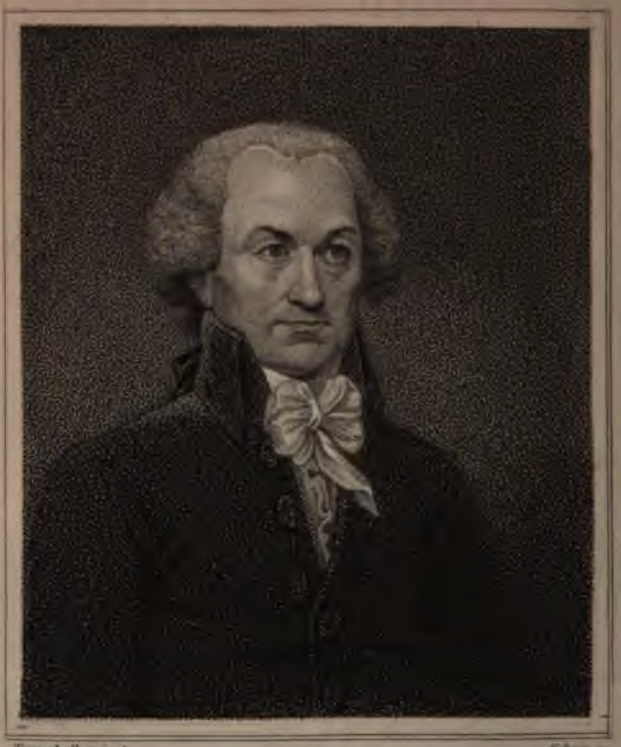

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OLIVER ELLSWORTH ESQ.r

late Chief Justice of the United States

Engraved for the Analectic Magazine – Published by M. Thomas.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

Compositions, second edition, 8vo. pp. 390.

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latter method, and finding, or fancying, some similarity between certain operations of body and mind, made use of the words which had been set apart for the former to express the latter. Thus, guiding themselves by analogies more or less whimsical, they spoke of *apprehension*, and *comprehension*, and *conception*, of *taste* and *feeling*, of *weakness* of mind and *strength* of judgment, of *subtle* reasonings, of *sublime* notions, and *obscure* arguments —pressing in this manner substantial forms into the world of shadows.

What uncertainty must arise from this accommodation of old words to new meanings is sufficiently evident. The word was familiar to the ear, and it was forgotten that it was used in an uncommon sense; the name was known, and so the necessary introduction of a definition was dispensed with. Thus, some have suffered themselves to be imposed upon; and some, it is to be feared, have been dishonest enough to impose upon others. We shrewdly suspect that, if some honest person would but take the trouble of expunging from Mr. Hume's metaphysical works a few magical words, and substituting for them others of a less familiar sound, some of his essays would wear a much less imposing shape than they do at present.

But if this inconvenience has been felt in the severer metaphysics, a study which only philosophers approach, who, by explaining their meaning, might tie down their words to a definite signification, in the metaphysics of taste it is much more to be dreaded. Here *every* one thinks himself a judge; every one has his feelings, and his taste, and his notions of what is beautiful, and grand, and pathetic; and as each man uses words in his own sense, the night-scenes in Macbeth, with some, are very pretty, and "Fluttering spread thy purple pinion" is highly sublime;—till every thing is "confusion worse confounded." Hence, strange theories, contradictory opinions. One man uses words in the vague sense of the multitude; another mounts up to their etymon to get at their true meaning; and both are equally in the wrong. In venturing our opinion upon subjects such as those of which the work before us treats, we shall endeavour to use no word of the meaning of which we have not formed ourselves, and cannot give to our readers, a definite notion.

The first of these essays is "On the Improvement of Taste." By *taste* we would be understood to mean *sensibility with respect to every thing that addresses itself to the imagination*. That a diversity of tastes exists it would be ridiculous to go about to prove; and, in speaking of the improvement of taste, it is evident that we suppose some tastes to be better than others. A previous question, then, proposes itself at the very outset. How is it to be proved that one taste is better than another? or, in short,

what is meant by a good taste? and what by a bad one? What is the standard of taste? This, as it appears to us, the essayist should have made his first consideration. The answer which we would give to such a question is simply this;—that taste is the best by means of which its possessor receives the greatest pleasure. We may talk of nature, and of criticism, and so forth; but there is an appeal from all these; and by the pleasure received must the excellency of taste be ultimately measured. There are objects around us calculated to give a pleasure which we have powers calculated to receive; taste is the carrier; and surely that taste is the best, that sensibility is the best regulated, which brings in the greatest quantity of pleasure.

It should seem, then, at first sight, that there is no standard of taste, and that, as we every day see people receiving apparently equal pleasure from very different objects, their taste must be equally good. But if it can be shown that there are certain principles, according to which nature has ordained that the sensibilities of men in general should be affected; and if, moreover, adequate and true causes may be assigned of certain anomalies in taste which are to be found in individuals, or nations at large—causes which prevent them from receiving the greatest possible pleasure from certain objects, and therefore from arriving at the perfection of taste;—it may then be considered as sufficiently made out, that there is a standard, judging by which any given taste may be pronounced good or bad. Now, as to the first part of this proof the pointing out of the general principles, according to which nature acts upon the imagination and feelings, it is the business of every work on the belles-lettres, and of that before us, among the rest, to detect and point them out: and it is to the second part that the author confines himself in the first essay—through which we shall now accompany him.

A person's taste may be bad, then, that is, may not communicate to his imagination such feelings as it is calculated to receive, from mere ignorance of excellency in the fine arts. A ballad-singer's voice, in the streets of London, or an anthem in a village church, is heard with pleasure, instead of contempt, by him who has never had the advantage of hearing better singing. To us they are "screaming wretchedness." The cycles and epicycles of the ancient astronomers, no doubt, appeared sublime to those who had never known the simplicity of the Newtonian system. To us they are mere intricacy and confusion.

Again, inattention produces the same effect as ignorance. There are certain obvious beauties and curious faults, which catch the attention, and engage the admiration, of beholders, who will not take the trouble to think. There are multitudes more, we have no doubt, of the gazers in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey,

who have been caught by drapery floating, and wings undulating, in stone, by the crisped curls of a marble wig, or by the emanation of marble rays from a marble sun, than by the nature, and elegance, and expression, of the attitudes and features of Bacon and Flaxman. Why? Simply, because they have had no one who should once make them *take notice* of the absurdities of the one, or the beauties of the other. Or, to borrow an instance from the essayist;

"There is scarcely any person, who, in reading Thomson's Seasons, will not find several beauties in external nature pointed out to him, which he may perfectly recollect to have seen, though not to have attended to before; but which, now that his attention is turned to them, he feels to be productive of the most delightful emotions. A common observer overlooks in a landscape a variety of charms which strike at once the eye of a painter. P. 4—5.

The principal source of bad taste, however, is the association of ideas. Undoubtedly, there are objects in nature which please by themselves, independently of any association. Such are light and colours; and such are the notes of music. And, by-the-by, if we might use an argument from analogy, the similarity of men's tastes with respect to these things might lead us to expect it elsewhere. It is not very common to meet with one whose eye is tormented with the tender green of spring, or the delicious blue of a summer's heaven, or who turns with pleasure from the melodies of the nightingale to the screeching of the peacock. But objects, in general, please by the associations which they recall to the imagination. Of these some are general; that is, they occur to almost all. For instance, in gazing at an extended landscape, of wood and water, gently-sloping hills and fat pasture-ground, intersected with tufted hedge-rows, and specked with neat thatched cottages, and here and there a spire peeping through the trees; the corn on the ground, perhaps, and the "sun burnt sicklemen" at their work; and all seen under a bright blue summer sky: why, a very small portion of the pleasure arising from such a sight is to be resolved into the beauties of form and colour; it springs almost entirely from the associations suggested to the mind. Our thoughts are turned to rural life and simplicity, to pastoral innocence, to the manners and pleasures of the golden age such as they are described in the poets, to the age of boyhood, when our study and our delight were in such poets and in such scenes. We think of the plenty about to be laid up in our storehouses and barns; the relief of the hungry, and the poor, and the miserable; of the large brown loaf which the cottager's wife carries home to her rosy, curly-pated children; of the beneficence of the Giver of all good; and the heart dilates with unutterable happiness.

Again, what more beautiful and picturesque than the ruins of some ancient abbey? Very beautiful to the eye, no doubt, are the colouring laid on by time, and the grotesque shapes into which the massy walls have mouldered. Very beautiful are "the broken arches black in night," and the imagery "edged with silver." But is this *sensual* pleasure the only or the chief which the reader has received in such a scene? If it be—procul, o procul. Let him not run abbey-hunting. Let him save his money and his trouble, and comfort his eye with the solemn gloom of Lombard-street, and the dingy glories of the mansion-house. Let *him* only set himself among the magnificent ruins of Furness Abbey who can enter into the feelings of Mrs. Radcliffe there.*

It appears, then, that the association of ideas is the grand source of the pleasures of the imagination, and that whoso has most of these associations suggested, enjoys the greatest pleasure from any grand or beautiful scene. But many associations are particular; that is, are suggested to particular people, according to their particular habits of life, or the situations into which they have been thrown. These may operate indifferently upon the taste. For instance, one's birth-place, or the spot where one was educated, is endeared by a thousand recollections of sports, and follies, and boyish enterprise:

> "Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
> Some little friendship, form'd and foster'd here;
> And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
> With golden visions and romantic dreams."

Such associations influence the mind through life, with respect to scenery. Again: we do not know upon what principle an unbiassed person could give the preference to the vaulted roof, the pointed arch, and clustered column of the gothic architecture, or to the elegant proportions and chaste ornaments of the corinthian: but one person has associated with the one all that is awful in re-

* "As, soothed by the venerable shades, and the view of a more venerable ruin, we rested opposite to the eastern window of the choir, where once the high altar stood, and, with five other altars, assisted the religious pomp of the scene; the images and the manners of times that were past rose to reflection. The midnight procession of monks, clothed in white, and bearing lighted tapers, appeared to the 'mind's eye' issuing to the choir through the very door case, by which such processions were wont to pass from the cloisters to perform the matin service, when, at the moment of their entering the church, the deep chanting of voices was heard, and the organ swelled a solemn peal. To fancy the strain still echoed feebly along the arcades, and died in the breeze among the woods, the rustling leaves mingling with the close. It was easy to image the abbot and the officiating priests seated beneath the richly-fretted canopy of the four stalls that still remain entire in the southern wall, and high over which is now perched a solitary yew tree, a black funereal memento to the living of those who once sat below."

ligion, and all that is romantic and mysterious in the barbarous ages; and another with the other all that is classical, all that breathes of Greece and Rome; and thus the preference of each is decided.

In such indifferent matters, then, these particular associations have their place. But there are cases in which they prove of great injury to the taste. One who had been brought up in an antique mansion, where the grounds were laid out in the old style of gardening, would, probably, if attached to the spot by a childhood agreeably spent, never shake off his affection for strait lines, cropt yews, and regular parterres. Or, to give an instance in a case of which we have had occasion lately to speak—the difference between us and our neighbours on the subject of tragedy. We think that it can be proved, with such proof as things of this kind are capable of, that the English style of tragedy is the most adapted to lay hold of the attention, and engage the feelings; *i. e.* to produce the end of tragedy. How is it that the Frenchman delights in, and defends, a style of drama so different? He has associated with the formal and insipid movements of his tragedy, the heroic majesty of Corneille's poetry, the tenderness of Racine's, the splendour of Parisian theatres, and the grace and nature of some favourite actor. He forgets that these things have pleased him in spite of the absurdities they had to contend with—the rhyming and dancing Alexandrines, the monotonous harangues, and long set dialogues;—and along with the beauties he falls in love with the absurdities.

How, then, is taste to be improved? We answer, with our author and with Mr. Burke, by extending the knowledge. Thus, the two first causes of bad taste are at once done away; and, as to associations, he whose knowledge is most extensive, and most various, will have the greatest number of general ones recalled by any particular scene, and will be the least liable to the dominion of particular ones.

The second Essay is "On the Imagination and the Association of Ideas." It is chiefly taken up with accounting for the fact, that "the emotions raised by the imagination are sometimes more vivid than those of which we are conscious in real life." A multitude of causes are brought forward; but admitting the fact, the two principal, independently of the different states of our sensibilities, appear to be, first, that the composer may select from nature those circumstances which tend to heighten the effect to be produced; and, secondly, that he may connect with the subject associations not immediately, or, however, not obviously, suggested by nature. Some remarks which we had occasion to make in a critique on Mr. Crabbe's Tales, we are glad to take this opportunity of repeating in the language, and with the authority of another.

"But although an author ought to be extremely careful to select and bring forward the important circumstances, and to prepare for their introduction where it is necessary; yet it is not to be understood that he ought always to enter into a minute detail. On the contrary, it may often have a much greater effect, not to circumscribe the reader's imagination by painting to him every feature, but rather to give hints from which he may figure the object or the scene to himself; for the imagination, when sufficiently roused, is capable of conceiving them far more awful, sublime, beautiful, or affecting, than it is possible for words to describe, or for pencil to delineate. We would, therefore, suggest as the third general principle, that wherever it may be supposed that the reader is sufficiently roused to gather from hints enough to form a picture to himself, there it will be advisable only to set his imagination to work by means of such hints as may lead him to the proper view of the subject."

"How finely is this remark exemplified in the representation which our great poet has given of Eve in Paradise!"

> "Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."

"Or, to take an instance of a very different nature, in his view of the infernal regions, it may be observed how often we have nothing more than hints for figuring to ourselves every thing that is most horrible.

> "Roving on
> In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands
> With shudd'ring horror pale and eyes aghast,
> View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
> No rest; through many a dark and dreary vale
> They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
> O'er many a fiery, many a frozen Alp,
> Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of Death,
> A universe of Death . . . . . .
> . . . . . worse
> Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived."

"Painters also adopt frequently the same plan of rousing the imagination by hints. In the celebrated picture of Achilles bewailing the death of Patroclus, we do not see the face of Achilles, although it was the idea of his anguish that the painter wished to convey. Achilles is represented covering his face with his hand; and it is from this circumstance, and from the manner in which he seems to grasp his forehead, that we figure to ourselves more than it was possible to paint." P. 33—40.

The third Essay brings us to the sublime. Our author begins, like other authors upon the subject, with an inquiry into its source. Thus, one has told us that the "emotion of sublimity" is produced

by every thing *terrible;* another, by every thing *elevated in situation;* and Dr. Blair and the essayist say, that "objects are sublime, according as they exhibit or suggest extraordinary *power.*" We may just observe here, what a delusive simplicity of system this is. Every thing sublime comprehended under one word—*power!* It is indeed one word; but it is not one idea. There is the consciousness of power in ourselves; there is the perception of power in others; there is bodily power; there is intellectual power; there is moral power. What different feelings do these things suggest! What multifarious sources of the sublime! But then it is mightily imposing to have a theory comprehended in a word—power.

The next thing that these theorists set about, is to collect a great quantity of sublime images, and, by force of subtle reasonings and whimsical associations, to show that the emotions raised thereby are strictly such as they ought to be, according to the favourite theory. Our readers shall have one or two of these associations.

"When Thomson, a few verses before those which we have just quoted, speaks of 'icy mountains high on mountains pil'd;' the awful pile instantly appears to the imagination as if it had been reared at once by some tremendous effort, even though we know that it has only been a very long and gradual accumulation of snow showers. At any rate, however it may have been formed, now that the pile is reared, we are lost in admiration at the incomparably more than human might which would be required to move it from its base."

"We can also understand how we ascribe sublimity to sounds of uncommon loudness, as the noise of many waters, the roaring of the winds, the shouts of a great multitude, the discharge of ordnance, or thunder. It proceeds not only from the violent concussions by which we conceive them to be produced, and still more perhaps from a very natural and irresistible association of ideas. For as all the violent actions of great bodies upon each other are attended with noise, hence every sound of uncommon loudness will suggest the idea of violent action, even although we should neither see nor know in what the action consists.

"Great splendour is universally regarded as sublime; but how do we reconcile it to the theory? Shall we say that it suggests the power of the Creator, who diffuses through the universe that flood of glory which illuminates the depths of space, buried before in eternal darkness? Or shall we say that it recalls to our imagination the regions inhabited by the angels of bliss, and the heaven of heavens, where God has fixed the throne of his glory in the midst of light inaccessible? These undoubtedly are sublime ideas—but, perhaps, the first is too refined, and the last too serious, to be always present when we are affected with splendour. Still, is there not a remarkable tendency in splendour to inspire us with joy, confidence, and courage, and thus to render us conscious of the force of our mind, and perhaps to give us a deceitful feeling of a still greater force than we actually possess?"

Now it is readily granted that *external* objects are sublime, merely as, by means of that curious operation of the mind called the association of ideas, they suggest something *of mind* that is so. But then it is too evident to be insisted on, that the ideas must be such as are familiar to the mind, and the association such as is wont to be made. Now we venture to affirm, that of those who have been accustomed to mountain scenery, and have felt its sublimity too, very few (if any) have been wont to consider "the awful pile" "as if it had been reared at once by some tremendous effort," or even "been lost in admiration at the incomparably more than human might which would be required to move it from its base." If the essayist should say that the force of the association may be felt, even when the association itself is not perceived—we grant it; but then the association itself must have been formerly perceived, or, at least, the two objects must have passed through the mind together; or it is utterly incomprehensible how the one should have caught any thing of sublimity from the other.

It appears to us that the way of conducting such an inquiry is, to begin by accurately examining the emotion of mind produced—the "emotion of sublimity." That our readers may be the better able to do so, we shall lay before them a few passages of acknowledged sublimity, and beg them to inquire a little into the feelings roused in their minds. The passages are indeed familiar to every one, but are not, therefore, very easily recalled when wanted.

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts, from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; and the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice." *Job.*

"And it came to pass, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God. And mount Sinai was altogether on smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice." *Exodus.*

"'See'st thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful?' *Par. Lost.*

——————"'What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
With what is else, not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfal.'" *Par. Lost.*

——————"'I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.'" *Macbeth.*

"'Those streets which never, since the days of yore,
By human footsteps had been visited;
Those streets which never more
A human foot shall tread,
Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-green,
The thousand palaces were seen
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes
Seemed reared by giants for the immortal Gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand
Like things of nature, the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer.'" *Curse of Kehama.*

——————"'O happy, cried the priests,
Your brethren who have fallen! already they
Have joined the company of blessed souls.
Already they, with song and harmony,
And in the dance of beauty, are gone forth
To follow, down his western path of light,
Yon sun, the prince of glory, from the world
Retiring to the palace of his rest.
O happy they who for their country's cause
And for their Gods shall die the brave man's death!
Them will their country consecrate with praise,
Them will their Gods reward!—They heard the priests,
Intoxicate and from the gate swarmed out
Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.'" *Madoc.*

"'He spake, and to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms

Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.'" *Par. Lost.*

——"'Thee, Lord! he sung
Father, the eternal one! whose wisdom, power,
And love—all love, all power, all wisdom thou—
Nor tongue can utter, nor can heart conceive
He in the lowest depth of being framed
Th' imperishable mind: in every change,
Through the great circle of progressive life,
He guides and guards; till evil shall be known,
And being known as evil, cease to be;
And the pure soul emancipate by death,
The enlarger, shall attain its end predoomed,
The eternal newness of eternal joy.'" *Madoc.*

——"'These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.'" *Tempest.*

Now it appears to us, upon a consideration of these and many such like passages, that there are distinctly three kinds of emotion raised in our mind, sufficiently familiar to every one, and in general confounded under the name of the sublime—the emotions of magnanimity, of reverence, and of terror. The third Mr. Burke would make exclusively the source of the sublime. Our essayist considers the terrible and the sublime as perfectly distinct, though often united in the same subject; and accordingly, after a long chapter on the sublime, devotes the whole of the next to terror. It is enough for us that the emotion of terror is in general accounted sublime. The emotion of magnanimity is what Longinus appears to have had exclusively in his eye, when he says that "our mind is raised by the true sublime, and receiving a certain proud elevation, rejoices and glories as if it had actually produced what it had heard." We may just remark that the same passage may excite this feeling in one, and the feeling of veneration in another. For instance, a young and ardent spirit puts itself in the place of Guatimozin,* imagines itself stretched out upon the burning bed, and feels endued, during the moment of enthusiasm, with the same supernatural fortitude. A calmer mind, conscious of its own want of heroism, may yet feel a deep and awful reverence for it in

* See Robertson's America.

another; and the feeling is undoubtedly in general called sublime. There are, however, objects calculated to inspire exclusively the sublime emotions of awe and reverence. Such are the gloom of a gothic building, and the solitude of mountain scenery, perhaps; such are the Mosaic account of the creation, and in general the contemplation of the goodness and greatness of the deity.

It is a curious thing that "our admiration is awakened by extraordinary force of mind in whatever form it is displayed, and even when unhappily it is exerted for the worst of purposes." Thus, forgetting the wickedness of Lady Macbeth, or Satan, in the passages above quoted, we feel ourselves for the time fully possest with the grandeur of their sentiments. We suppose that the explication of this fact will be found to be the same as of another which our readers may have observed in real life;—viz. that most men would rather be thought knaves than fools. That the swelling consciousness of superiority in ourselves, or the sense of it in others, should be agreeable sensations, there seems no reason to wonder: but that terror should be a source of pleasure appears at first sight a phenomenon almost inexplicable. It is to be accounted for, we imagine, on the theory of Hume, the theory which we endeavoured to explain in our last number but one, to which we must refer our readers. Terror, according to this, is but a necessary stimulus to send forth the imagination on its daring flights.

On the subject of terror there are some very good, though not very new, observations in the essayist.

"The effect of terrible objects is greatly heightened by obscurity. A particular and still more minute description defeats its own purpose. Even when the objects are before us, our terror is much diminished, as soon as we can prevail upon ourselves to look at them steadily. There is then no longer room for the exaggeration of the fancy, which produces by far the greatest part of the emotion. The description ought, therefore, to be conducted by alarming hints, and in such a manner as to leave an uncertainty with regard to the extent of what is dangerous or dreadful in the objects represented. 'How now,' says Macbeth to the weird sisters, when he went to their cave at the dead hour of night,

> 'How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
> What is't ye do?'

"Their answer is,

> 'A deed without a name.'

"In Paradise Lost, when Raphael relates to our first parents the history of the apostate angels, our horror at the fate of their leader

is greatly increased by a stroke of the same kind, but of still higher effect. It is where Raphael says, that the angelic host were reposing,

> 'Save those who, in their course,
> Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne
> Alternate all night long. But not so wak'd
> Satan; so call him now, his former name
> Is heard no more in heav'n.' Book V. pp. 99, 100.

"Upon the same principle, in paintings and theatrical representations, the objects of terror ought to be placed in obscurity. The witches in Macbeth, and the ghost in Hamlet, as they are generally represented, have rather a ludicrous effect. But I am persuaded it would be very different, if they were removed to a great distance at the bottom of the stage, and seen as obscurely as possible. It was a good observation of an exquisite artist, that he could conceive a picture in which no human figure, or action, nor any object very terrible in itself was represented, which yet should raise a high degree of horror. Such, he imagined, would be the effect of a picture representing a bedchamber, with a lady's slipper and a bloody dagger on the floor; and at the door, the foot of a man as just leaving the room." P. 102, 103.

In the art of creating terror by obscurity and mystery, no one was a greater adept than Mrs. Radcliffe. Her scenes are frequently very counterparts of Mr. Brown's picture. The rustling of a garment, a half-heard whisper, the tolling of a bell;—this is all; and the rest is utter silence and gloom: and yet there is terror even to suspension of breath.

"One great advantage of language above painting is this, that the author has it in his power to prepare us for the great impression. Now, in order that the scenes of terror may have their full effect, we should previously be brought to a serious, and even a melancholy frame, and startled by sudden and obscure alarms.

"In the first scene of Hamlet we are well prepared for the entry of the ghost, merely by having our attention turned to sublime objects, together with a single hint to alarm us. 'Last night of all,' says Bernardo to the officers who were on watch with him at midnight, and who had heard of the apparition;

> 'Last night of all,
> When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
> Had made his course t' illume that part of heav'n
> Where now it burns; Marcellus and myself,
> The bell then beating one———

'Peace, break thee off,' interrupted Marcellus; 'Look where it comes again.'"

Another instance of Shakspeare's skill in "preparing us for the great impression" is in Julius Cæsar. The little page falls asleep at his harp; and Brutus is left alone at the "witching

hour of night." "How ill this taper burns!" says he; thus recalling to the mind the terrors of our childhood, when we were taught that the blueness of the flame indicated the "nearing of unearthly steps." And then the ghost of Cæsar enters. "But the situation," observes our author, "in which terror is carried to the utmost height which the case will admit, is a state of suspense, when we know that some dreadful evil is every moment ready to fall on us, but at the same time have no distinct knowledge of its nature or degree; while our apprehensions are always kept alive by some new alarm, which seems to indicate the instant approach of the evil in all its horrors." Who can imagine the terrors of a spirit, which, already weakened by a consciousness of its guilt, and a remembrance of its bloody actions, should receive the full impression of a letter like the following?

"Of the troubles which surrounded Robespierre in this asylum," says an anonymous historian of the reign of our present king, "the papers, which were found in it after his death, sufficiently inform us. He received a number of letters in which the most extravagant adoration was lavished upon him; but others contained menaces and imprecations which must have frozen his blood. Among others, a letter was found which contained these terrible words: 'This hand, which traces thy sentence; this hand, which thy embarrassed eyes search in vain to discover; this hand, which presses thine with horror, shall pierce thine inhuman heart. Every day I am with thee; I see thee every day; and every hour my lifted arm seeks for thy breast. O, most accursed of men, live yet a little while to think of me. Sleep to dream of me, that my remembrance and their affright may be the first preparation of thy punishment. Adieu. This very day, in looking in thy face, I shall enjoy thy terror."

We have thus taken a very brief notice of what appear to us the three sources of the sublime. It cannot be expected that in our narrow limits we should find room to take "a survey of the different qualities which are regarded as sublime," and to point out the class to which they belong, or the associations by means of which they acquire their sublimity. We shall content ourselves with just noticing the sublimity of sounds and colours. Of sounds our readers have already seen the essayist's account. Surely it would have been a more natural account of the matter, to say, that, in childhood, we dread thunder as something which imperiously calls our attention, but the cause, and nature, and effects of which, are utterly unknown and incomprehensible to us. The impression remains when the ignorance is in part removed. From their resemblance to thunder arises the sublimity of other sounds; as the groaning of the sea, or of a cataract, or of a forest in a storm—the shouting of a large assembly—the roaring of can-

non—the pealing of a gong or of a kettle-drum.—With regard to colours,

"It is perhaps more difficult to account for the effects of those which are favourable to the sublime. These, Mr. Burke reckons to be black, and all the fuscous colours, such as brown or deep purple, and likewise strong red. Now, we can scarcely say that such colours either exhibit power, or render us conscious of it, or any how suggest its idea. Perhaps we shall go no farther than to say, that they somehow predispose the mind to be more deeply affected with either the sublime or the terrible."

That there are colours which *please* more than others, independently of any association, appears both from the case mentioned by the essayist, p. 65. and that lately made public by Professor Stewart, and Mr. Wardrop: but that any particular colour should "predispose" the mind to any particular emotion, there seems no reason to believe. It appears to us, that without any hypothesis of their somehow "predisposing the mind," it is sufficient to say, in general, that these colours are in nature united to sublime objects, to some or other of which every one is accustomed even from childhood. The lowering sky, the thunder-cloud, the sea in a storm, the heavens in a dark night lighted up with the reflection of a conflagration——all these exhibit the fuscous colours; and hence the fuscous colours acquire a sublimity, even when united to other objects. On the contrary, green, blue, pink, yellow, are the colours in which the gayest and most beautiful objects in nature are drest.

The subject of the fifth essay is Pity. With regard to its proving a source of pleasure our author's principle is, that the great charm of pity is the extraordinary height to which it raises the tender affections. If our readers think it worth the trouble of consideration, they will find that this account of the thing is not different from that given by ourselves in a late number.

We pass by several good observations on the characters which are the properest to excite our pity; that we may have room for some remarks which tragedians would do well to keep constantly in view.

"In order that we may be prepared for pathetic impressions, we should not only be brought into a serious, and even melancholy frame, but also interested for the person who is to be the object of our pity. Our attention, therefore, ought to be gradually turned from gayer scenes, and directed to those things which calm the soul, which inspire the graver emotions of love, respect, or admiration, and the gentler degrees of awe or sorrow. Not that gay objects should be excluded, but only that they should not be the principal objects; that

they should be admitted only to heighten, by contrast, the effect of those which inspire or lead to melancholy. By our being interested for the person, I understand not only affection and attachment, but likewise curiosity to be informed of his fortune." P. 156.

"But let the object of our pity be ever so engaging, yet, as pity is a painful emotion, we must remark here, as in the case of terror, that an author should not endeavour to prolong it without interruption in its higher degrees: for, either our state of mind will become too distressing, or the attempt will be abortive, from the languor and insensibility which are the consequence of violent agitation. We should be relieved, however, not by objects of drollery, which are unfavourable to the repetition of the pathetic; but by amiable views of human life, by the display of the tender affections, which will not only sooth our distress, but likewise soften our hearts, and render us easily subdued when the violence of sorrow returns. What is sublime and beautiful in external objects, may also be employed with the best effect. From the dismay and anguish of our fellow creatures we gladly pass to those views of inanimate nature which sooth to complacency, or inspire a greater melancholy: and such representations, on the other hand, form an excellent preparation, and an excellent scenery, for whatever is most violent in the pathetic." P. 166, 167.

In the observance of these two rules of nature, rather than of criticism, consist two great excellencies of our old dramatists. They took sufficient materials and sufficient time to interest us for their heroes; and they relieved our sorrow by the admixture of lighter scenes, and the charms of the most exquisite poetry. Shakspeare, and his cotemporaries and immediate successors, had no dread of what, at the present day, would be called extraneous matter. Their test, indeed, of its pertinency seems to have been different from ours:—not, can it be taken away without leaving a gap in the story? but, can it be taken away without diminishing our interest for the characters? The former is the criterion of him who writes according to the inflexible canons of criticism; the latter of him who writes by his own feelings. The different methods of the two schools of dramatists in conducting a fable has been well shown by Cumberland, in his comparison of the Fatal Dowry, and the Fair Penitent. The stories are the same: but Rowe was afraid of introducing all the circumstances which Massinger had used. Massinger brought them in, not only to keep alive the attention of his readers, (a circumstance which at present we have nothing to do with,) but to inspire them with a high admiration and affection for his hero. Rowe abstained from them, because they would have broken into the unity of his plot. Accordingly, the whole business of the two first acts of the Fatal

Dowry, is thrown into a very short narrative in the Fair Penitent. With what different feelings Altamont and Charalois are accompanied through the play, let the reader judge. Let us not be understood as speaking against the unity of subject. But then we consider that subject as one—not where all the parts, by some artificial management, are rendered necessary to the main story—but, where they all conduce to one grand end, one strong impression upon the feelings. The former will be perceived, and spoken of, and approved by the understanding; the latter may pass altogether unnoticed, but does not, therefore, produce its effect less surely.

With the unity of subject the critics, however, were not satisfied; they required also a unity of time. It is necessary, it seems, in order that we should be deeply affected in the fate of any one, that all we know about him should be comprised in the compass of a single day. Why one day should be chosen in preference to half a day, or two days, we are not sufficiently skilled in the science of *criticism* to be able to inform our readers. Had the time of the action been limited to the time of the performance, there would have been some pretence of reason for the rules. But surely if the imagination of the audience can extend three hours into twenty-four, the poor poet may venture to trespass a little further upon their indulgence. "*Addo* unam atque etiam unam." But can any thing be more absurd than this? Is it likely that, without violating all probability, the poet should be able continually to feign a train of events such, that we should become acquainted with a man in the morning, and be strongly interested in his fortunes before night? Is it likely that a day should comprise a sufficient number of events to fill five acts, in such a manner as to keep awake the interest of the audience? Is it not rather to be expected, either that a little business should be eked out with a great deal of speechifying, or that circumstances should be crowded together without the slightest attention to nature and probability? We are not acquainted with any tragedy more interesting than Othello. We have time to become perfectly familiar with every one of the dramatis personæ. We are privy to Othello's marriage, made familiar with his courtship—see him "shut up in measureless content" at Cyprus—watch him falling gradually and reluctantly by the skilful and *matured* arts of Iago—and at length follow him with pity to the bedchamber of his wife. We have seen him in many situations, and had occasion to respect and love him in all. The same may be said of Desdemona—the young, the beautiful, the artless, the innocent, the warm-hearted. Is it to be wondered at that we feel interested in their end?—But the action was not comprised in four

and twenty hours; and what critic should approve the play. Young takes the same story, and the unity of time is most diligently observed in the drama. Let us see at the expense of what absurdities. The morning introduces us to Leonora, about to be married, against her own consent, to Don Carlos. Don Carlos obtains intelligence of the loss of his whole fortune, and with it he loses the good will of his mistress's father. Here is one marriage most precipitately broken off. Don Alonzo now makes up to Leonora—the man whom she had long loved. This marriage was concluded as precipitately as the other was broken off. This may seem a pretty good day's work; but we are not at the end yet. Alonzo, by the arts of his Moorish slave, Zanga, is inspired with a jealousy of his wife, and gives orders to Zanga for the murder of Don Carlos. These orders are faithfully executed—all within the day. At evening Alonzo and his wife meet in a bower; and, after a long altercation, most heroically kill themselves.—And this is unity of time!

The other excellency of our old dramatists which we mentioned, was their mingling of lighter and gayer scenes with their most heart-breaking tragedies. Not to mention here (what we have insisted upon elsewhere) the air of probability which is given to their stories, when the characters are thus brought down to our own level, it is pretty evident that strong feeling cannot be sustained for any length of time. It is so in real life; and in the midst of the heaviest misfortunes it is surprising how the mind sometimes slips from under its load. It must be so in fictitious distresses; and if an author endeavours to keep our sympathy on the full stretch through five acts, we must infallibly laugh or fall asleep before the end of the fifth. As to the common objection that, by the introduction of levity, the source of sorrow is interrupted, and that the mind cannot take up at will the proper train of feeling, we can only say that we have not found it so in fact. The absurdities of the grave-diggers by no means lessen the feelings produced by the meditations of Hamlet among the graves; nor do the whimsicalities and downright nonsense of Sterne fortify the heart against his pathos.

A Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, during the year 1812. By Sir Robert Ker Porter.

[From the Critical Review, for November, 1813.]

The sudden destruction of the gigantic army of Bonaparte in Russia at the commencement of the last winter, reminds us of some of the extraordinary exertions of Divine Power in the old testament, by which the proud were humbled and the mighty overthrown. This valiant host, which the conqueror led from the banks of the Rhine to the eastern extremity of Europe, appeared to be invincible, and invincible it would have been to any human adversary; but its destruction was effected comparatively in a moment by the reduction of the temperature to a few degrees more than ordinary below the freezing point. Whether this awful catastrophe were the immediate interposition of the great governor of the universe, or whether it were the effect of ambition degenerating into mad temerity by unexampled success, it is of little difference with respect to the ultimate result in a moral point of view. For the train of causation, which punishes folly and pride, cruelty and injustice, though it is a part of the constitution of the universe, is nevertheless the appointment of the Deity. We, who have always been accustomed to look upon God, not as a name for a nonentity, but for power, and wisdom, and goodness perpetually active, cannot help referring to the supreme agency the memorable catastrophe which befel the French armies between the Moskwa and the Vistula.

We do not believe that the history of any people presents an instance, or rather a mass of instances, of greater self-devotion than was exhibited by the Russian people on the invasion of their country by the French army under Bonaparte. Patriotism has been sometimes thought to be the product only of free states; but here we find it alive and active in every bosom under a despotic government. We find the inhabitants of all descriptions, both bond and free, boors and nobles, willing to sacrifice their property and their homes, all that they held most dear, and even life itself, in order to preserve the independence of their country. When the news of the burning of Moscow by the citizens themselves first arrived, we believe that the general sensation was, that it was an act of barbarous temerity and infatuated self-destruction, rather than the sober and deliberate result of patriotic magnanimity and prospective calculation. But the event soon changed the general sentiment on the subject; and proved that it was less the effect of rashness than of caution, of folly than of foresight; and that, though the sacrifice was great, it was more than exceeded by the

subsequent benefit. The temporary evil was more than compensated by the permanent good. The Russian empire preserved its independence; the Russian government escaped humiliation; and Bonaparte experienced a reverse, which gave the first signal check to his unbounded ambition, and his unparalleled success.

The desperate resistance which Bonaparte experienced at Smolensko, or Smolenzk, and indeed during the whole time of his march, after passing the Russian frontier, was a sufficient presage of the efforts which were likely to be made to defeat the success of his daring and flagitious enterprise. But still he little thought that the patriotism of the Russians, and their determination not to bend their necks to a foreign yoke, would lead them, as an act of self-defence, to reduce to ashes the ancient capital of the Czars, the object of fond and long-cherished veneration.

At the battle of Borodino, which was one of the most obstinate ever fought, Sir R. Ker Porter states the loss of the Russians, in killed and wounded, to have amounted to not less than thirty thousand men, whilst he computes that of the French at more than fifty thousand. "The horses which lay on the ground from right to left numbered full five and twenty thousand. This wide destruction cost both armies nearly the whole of their ammunition." After this memorable conflict, in which whatever might be their actual loss, the French had certainly no reason to boast of their success, the Russian general Koutousoff, finding that Bonaparte had been powerfully reinforced, retired to Moscow, which, instead of staying to defend, he passed through and abandoned to the enemy. In his despatch to the Emperor Alexander, on this occasion, Koutousoff, having mentioned the alternative to which he was reduced of sacrificing Moscow, or of crouching before the invader, says,

"Moscow was left a mere desert of walls and houses, without an inhabitant. Call to mind what the human body is when deserted by the soul! so is Moscow when abandoned by its citizens. The soul of an empire is its people; and wherever they are, there is Moscow, there is the empire of Russia." * * *

"As long as the army of your imperial majesty exists, (and it will exist as long as there is a Russian alive to defend his country!) the loss of Moscow is not the loss of the empire."

This is the language of men resolutely determined to endure every extremity rather than that of foreign subjugation. It breathes a spirit not unlike that of Rome in the days of republican heroism.

Bonaparte halted before the gates of Moscow "about noon on the 14th of September." His advanced guard under Murat and Beauharnois entered the city with all the pride and circumstance

of glorious war. But the author says that Bonaparte deferred this ceremony

"until the *authorities of the city* should arrive in deputation to invite his entrance! He looked again and again towards its walls; all seemed busy there, but nothing presented itself in the form he expected. The afternoon came, and yet no person appeared. He then took the resolution of sending a Polish general into the town to suggest to the citizens the desired deputation. The general proceeded on his errand: and inquiring his way of a resident foreigner, whom chance brought in his path, he was conducted by this stranger to the palace which had been the seat of government; then to the police-office, and afterwards to the house of the governor general. In short, he made his guide lead him to every place where he might have any expectation of meeting a public functionary; but the search was in vain. He returned to Napoleon, with the information that no *legal authorities* remained in Moscow; that the city was already a desert, and would soon be a heap of ruins. This was the first time that the tyrant's expectations had been disappointed in the homage he anticipated from a captive city. No farce of a deputation, no keys presented, no plaudits of the moderation of the conqueror, were offered to the advancing Cæsar! Not one shadow of respect presented itself worthy a Bulletin or a Moniteur! However, the invader of Russia would not quite relinquish his preposterous hopes. He flattered himself that on the next day the resident foreigners at least would collect some of the terrified natives, and uniting themselves with them in the form of a representation of the city, would furnish him with some materials for publishing a triumph. In this expectation he took up his quarters for that night in the Petrofsky palace, about a mile from the St. Petersburgh barrier. The wished-for morning broke, the noon succeeded it, and still no trace of a coming deputation could be discerned. Incensed at this double disappointment, he at last gave up the expectation; and giving orders for his guard to proceed, he entered the town in sullen silence. Without the beating of drums, the discharge of cannon, or any of the parade with which he usually gratified the pride of his army, he took possession of the capital of the Czars!

Bonaparte had scarcely entered the imperial palace when the conflagration began, which soon destroyed his hopes of providing winter quarters for his army in the capital of the Czars. What would we not have given to have had the emotions of Bonaparte actually described in this awful scene, when enveloped by more than a thousand fires, which his criminal ambition had forced the Russians to kindle as the last effort of patriotic martyrdom, in order to rescue their country from the menace of his galling yoke! Are tyrants ever agitated by the sentiment of retribution? If such a sentiment ever visited the sensory of Bonaparte, surely it must have made its appearance in the midst of this scene of unspeakable horror and desolation.

"From the night of September 14th, until that of the 19th, the fire blazed in all quarters. It first broke out near the foundling hospital, and then, almost immediately, on the side of the city close to the stone bridge, and in the neighbourhood of the palace which the King of Naples selected for his residence. A third and more extensive fire burst out and spread itself along the face of the centre of the town. The inhabitants beheld their burning houses with a resignation which could only proceed from the belief that they should not long survive their destruction. The conviction that their losses would be deprivation to the enemy also; that in the flames perished his most important resources; was the tranquillizer of every regret. New fires broke forth wherever the French soldiers directed their ruthless steps. Women cast themselves into the flames to escape violation; and the blood of the brave Muscovite was vainly shed to extinguish fires kindled by his patriot hands.

"On the morning of the third day after the entrance of these robbers, a violent wind arose, and then, indeed, the conflagration became general. In less than an hour the whole extent of the capital, for many wersts, seemed a sheet of flame. All the immense tract of land above the river, which used to be covered with houses, was one sea of fire; and the sky was hidden from our eyes by the tremendous volumes of smoke which rolled over the city."

Bonaparte evidently expected that after he had obtained possession of the Russian capital, the government would be awed into proposals of peace, and he was, in some measure, the dupe of this expectation. He lost that time in Moscow which he might have employed in securing his retreat before the severities of the winter commenced. Finding that no flags of truce arrived, Bonaparte made himself two ineffectual attempts to open a negotiation with Koutousoff. General Lauriston, who was sent to the Russian head-quarters, was told by the venerable chief that "both his imperial majesty Alexander, and the nation at large, were determined never to listen to one pacific word, whilst a foreign soldier remained within the frontiers of their country." Napoleon then made an attempt to obtain an armistice upon the condition that the French army should evacuate Moscow, and retire upon Wiazma; but this effort proved equally abortive with the preceding; and the mighty conqueror, after this fatal procrastination, found himself compelled to abandon the projects of domination which he had conceived before he left the Thuilleries for his northern expedition.

Sir R. Ker Porter states that before the French retreated from Moscow, the part of the city which had escaped the flames was abandoned by Napoleon to the indiscriminate havoc and pillage of his troops. The following is part of the author's description of this scene of horror and cruelty, which, for the honour of human nature, we hope to be greatly exaggerated.

"The demon of destruction was let loose to satiate itself with human misery. The soldiers of the camp and of the town rushed from all quarters to pursue their devastating task. Nothing was to be spared; neither church, nor palace, nor private dwelling, was to be left unsacked, undestroyed. The foundling hospital alone (having been made the asylum of the French sick, and which now contained several thousand of the wounded soldiers) was to be exempt from the torch of annihilation."

"It is not possible for any imagination that has not seen the acts then committed, to form any conception of their variety of wickedness; of their demoniac wantonness of cruelty."

"Thousands of these French ruffians, almost in a state of complete nakedness, without shoes, or any clothing on their limbs, and scarce a covering but a few filthy rags flying from their bodies, were met in every direction; more like the banditto their deeds imitated, than the soldier, whose noble profession their enormities stigmatized with disgrace. In this wretched plight were all the followers of Bonaparte. His own personal guards were not better clad; having nothing in their appearance that spoke their military order but the arms they carried."

We should have been much better pleased with the perusal of Sir R. Ker Porter's work, if he had adopted more precision and simplicity in his style. He accumulates words upon words till they cease to convey any distinct meaning. And this kind of inflated rhetorical style is more particularly reprehensible in an historical work, because it tends to excite an idea that the writer is more studious of ornament than of truth. We believe that no amplification, not even that of Sir R. Ker Porter, can go beyond the sufferings of the French after the frost had set in with its utmost intensity during their retreat; but we cannot so readily believe that the whole army of Napoleon, before leaving Moscow, were, according to the above representation, "almost *in a state of complete nakedness, without shoes, or any clothing on their limbs, and scarce a covering but a few filthy rags flying from their bodies*," &c.

We shall now follow the enemy in their retreat from the Russian capital, and exhibit some of our author's descriptions of that ever memorable catastrophe. After the battle of Wiazma, on the 3d of November, in which the French under Davoust, Ney, and Beauharnois, made a desperate stand, in order to give time for the part of their army in advance to proceed, and where they were defeated by Miloradovitch, Sir R. Ker Porter says, that

"the pursuit of the enemy only finished with the night—and such a night! In that terrible darkness all the horrors of winter seemed at once to burst upon them. The snow fell unremittingly till it covered

the face of the earth, and every object upon it that was not considerably above its surface. The cold was intolerable; and now it was that the loud complaints of human nature, suffering under every ill, burst from every lip. Then, O Napoleon! were thy magnificent titles of *Conqueror*, *King*, and *Emperor*, forgotten in the general accusation of *Tyrant*, *Betrayer*, *Murderer!*

"The morning broke, and the usual track of their march had disappeared. The weltering bodies of their companions, the stiffened corses of those who had perished by famine, all were hidden from their sight under one wide waste of snow. The cry which broke from their hearts at this desolate spectacle, this whitened world, which shut from their emaciated hands every root of the earth, every blade of grass for their fainting cattle, was like the cry at the judgment day —all hope was vain, and the direst perdition seemed to await them at every point."

The winter set in more early than usual, and with an intensity seldom experienced in its commencement.

"The wretched fugitives of Napoleon were obliged to bivouac upon the naked snow, with no other covering than the drifting sleet which drove against their exposed bodies like the piercing points of arrows. In these terrible nights of more than mortal cold, they attempted to light fires; and round the half kindled sparks they huddled together, to participate the vital heat each yet contained. But it was so small, that in a few hours many hundreds died, and when morning dawned, their surviving comrades beheld them in ghastly circles of death around the glimmering ashes."

"* * The emperor, and the patriotic spirit of his nobles, had abundantly furnished the Russian army with provisions and winter clothing; and, though out under all the inclemencies of the season, they hardly felt its fierceness.

"Not so the French army. The persons who composed its legions were most of them born under more genial suns; their constitutions knew no habits answerable to the attacks which would be made on them in cold climates, and as no fictitious means had been prepared of shielding them from such inevitable evils, the consequence could not be but fatal.

"Day after day these unhappy men dragged on their wretched existence. All military ideas were thrown aside; it was no longer an army that was retreating, but a multitude of famishing individuals, each seeking his own preservation, and careless of all other objects in the world. To speak of discipline, or order, was mockery to them. They spurned at a command so impotent, that it could only issue its decrees to their perishing ranks. "Give us bread," they would cry, "and we will obey you!" Officer and private alike contemned every effort of the generals to maintain subordination, and the visible appearance of an army. They broke away in bands, like wild beasts howling for their prey; and rushing together, or in desperate solitary attempts, tore down every obstacle in their path to procure food and

raiment. Friend and foe were assailed, self preservation was their sole motive, and when no Russian property presented itself for plunder, they fell upon their own wagons, and pillaged them of their contents. A horrible distraction seized upon thousands, and wherever they moved the direst spectacles tracked their steps. Their figures now appeared hardly human; the faces of some were disfigured by the loss of various features from the inveteracy of the frost; others had lost their hands or feet, some whole limbs, but even these injuries were small, when compared with the combination of bodily sufferings (hitherto unknown in the annals of the world) which fell upon many, and produced diseases for which there is yet no name."

The horses which had long been without sufficient forage, and were, in fact, emaciated and enfeebled before the frost commenced, were the first to perish by its inclemency. Death seemed, as if in mercy, sooner to contract their interval of suffering. Day and night they perished by hundreds.

"Instead of the usual complement of horses to draw a heavy piece of artillery or a wagon, twelve, fourteen, and often twenty, were put to the task. But even with this addition, should they arrive at a rising ground up which the load was to be drawn, it became an insurmountable barrier, and guns and wagons were abandoned. The cavalry (all excepting the cavalry of the guards) were hourly dismounted to assist with their horses in these often vain attempts to save their artillery and baggage. Sometimes, to preserve the horses, the baggage was left, and frequently both were lost together; the horses sinking at once under the unequal labour, and the abandoned wagons seized in the sight of their owners by the hovering Cossacks."

The author remarks, p. 204. that Bonaparte's generals, either secretly or openly, condemned his encumbering himself with such an immense train of artillery in his retreat, which rendered so many horses necessary for its transport, and, from the effect which it had in retarding the march of the troops at a period when safety depended principally upon rapidity of movement, contributed in no small degree to the destruction of the army. The cavalry were dismounted to provide horses for the guns. The horses perished; and the guns were left behind; but not till the delay had occasioned disasters which could not afterwards be repaired.

Bonaparte with his chosen band of satellites arrived at Smolensko on the 9th of November, and on the 13th he departed for Krasnoy. Here he found that his pursuers were much nearer than he had supposed; and he anxiously awaited the coming up of Davoust, who had been left to blow up the fortifications around Smolensko before the evacuation of the town. Davoust with his

troops having arrived within about three wersts of Krasnoy was surprised by the army under Miloradovitch, and assailed with such fury that all resistance was vain.

"The *Great Napoleon*," says our author, "from amidst his guards, witnessed the commencement of this terrific rout; but not waiting to behold its issue, he turned his horse, and fled at full gallop with his suite towards the town of Laidy. Thus did he abandon a division of his army, to which he had hitherto affixed so much consequence, and leave to the fury of an incensed enemy, a field-marshal whom he had always affected to regard with peculiar esteem.

"The complete destruction of the whole corps of Davoust succeeded to the acclaim of victory from the Russian lines. The cries of his deserted and dying soldiers must have followed the flying steps of Napoleon, as he vanished from the field. He was deaf to the appeal, and was seen no more. The wretched creatures who escaped the swords of their conquerors, sought shelter in the neighbouring woods which skirt the Dneiper, for an extent of five wersts. There these desolate beings, wounded, starving, and naked, laid them down under the frozen thickets, and soon forgot the desertion of their leader and their own miseries in the sleep of death."

The author allows that Davoust, instead of taking to flight like his master, "maintained his character of general to the last," and did not recede a step "until the total destruction of his division, and the flight of the few who survived, drew him along with them into the woods." The corps of Ney was cut off by the destruction of that of Davoust, and appears to have experienced nearly a similar fate. Ney had pressed forward with confidence, and "arrived within half a cannon shot of the Russian batteries," which were disposed so as to command the only passage to Krasnoy by the highway, when he received a

"summons to surrender. At this he laughed, still believing that the troops he now saw were, at the best, but a small detachment. 'Je saurai me faire jour!' exclaimed he, and rushed to put into execution his determination.

"The answer to this reply was immediately made by the Russian guns, and then, indeed, was he convinced of his mistake. He saw his men, at the distance of two hundred paces from the cannon's mouths, fall in whole ranks, but the instantaneous slaughter did not check the resolution either of the soldiers or their commander. The surprise only seemed to elicit the full blaze of their courage, and they charged upon the batteries with the most furious impetuosity. The carnage was dreadful: showers of grape mowed down hundreds, but still the vacuum was filled. A valour worthy of the noblest cause was exhibited by column after column pressing towards the batteries, to glory or the grave."

"* * * The wretched survivors followed the track in the snow

yet left them by the fugitives of the preceding day, and fled into the woods. Ney crossed the Boristhenes at the extremity of these thickets, leaving in the hands of his conquerors his colours, cannon, and baggage."

When Bonaparte reached Orcha, in his rapid flight, he learned that his magazines at Minsk had fallen into the hands of Admiral Tchitchagoff. He had not evacuated Orcha long before it was entered by the Cossacks. Fortune favoured Bonaparte, personally, as much in his flight from Moscow as in that from Egypt; and he is perhaps doomed to pay the forfeit of his crimes by some more ceremonious weapon than the Cossack spear. If Bonaparte escaped, it was not owing to the want of vigilant pursuit on the part of Platoff, of Tchitchagoff, or of Vigtenstein. Vigtenstein nearly came up with Bonaparte at the moment of his crossing the Berezina; over which two bridges had been thrown. We shall quote the author's account of the passage of this river by Napoleon and his suite, and of the accumulation of misery, which overtook thousands of his followers at this point. The description is altogether one of the best in the present work. The horrors which it details, and the sufferings which were endured, were so great as to render all exaggeration impossible; and, therefore, we here give our author credit for fidelity of representation.

"The instant the work" (meaning the bridge) "was passable, the impatient *Emperor of the French* ordered over a sufficient number of his guards to render the way tolerably safe from immediate molestation; and the moment that was ascertained, he followed with his suite and principal generals, a promiscuous crowd of soldiers pressing after him. The bridge was hardly cleared of his weight and of that of his chosen companions, when the rush of fugitives redoubled. No order could be kept with the hordes that poured towards its passage for escape and life, for the Russians were in their rear; the thunder of Vigtenstein was rolling over their heads. No pen can describe the confusion and the horror of the scenes which ensued. The French army had lost its rear guard, and they found themselves at once exposed to all the operations of the vengeful enemy. On the right and on the left there was no escape; cannon, bayonets, and sabres, menaced them on every side; certain death was on their rear; in their front alone was there any hope of safety; and, frantic with the desperate alternative, thousands upon thousands flew towards the Berezina, some plunging into the river, but most directing their steps to the newly constructed bridges, which seemed to offer them a passage from their enemies. Misery had long disorganized the French army, and in the present dismay no voice of order was heard: the tumult was tremendous, was destructive of each other, as the despairing wretches pressed forward and struggled for precedence in the moment of escape.

"Vigtenstein stood in horror, viewing this chaos of human misery; to close it at once in death or in capitulation was the wish of his brave heart: but the enemy was frantic; nothing could be heard but the roar of cannon and the cries of despair. The wounded and the dying covered the surface of the ground; the survivors rushed in wild fury upon their affrighted comrades on the bridges. They could not penetrate, but only press upon a crowd at the nearest extremity; for the whole bodies of these passages were so filled with desperate fugitives that they crushed on each other to suffocation and to death. Trains of artillery, baggage, cavalry, and wagons of all kinds, being intermixed and driven pell-mell to one point, hundreds of human beings were trodden down, trampled on, torn and mashed to pieces. Officers and soldiers were mingled in one mass; self preservation was the only stimulus, and seeking that, many a despairing wretch precipitated his comrade to destruction, that he might find his place on the bridge. Thousands fell into the river, thousands threw themselves into the hideous stream, hoping to save themselves by swimming, but in a few minutes they were jammed amidst the blocks of ice which rolled along its floods, and either killed in the concussion, or frozen to death by the extremity of the cold. The air resounded with the yells and shrieks (it was something more horrible than cries) of the dying, wounded, and drowning; but they were only heard at intervals, for one continued roar seemed to fill the heavens, of the Russian artillery pouring its floods of deathful retribution on the heads of the desolators of its country. Welcome indeed were the deaths it sent; few were his pangs who fell by the ball or the sabre, compared with his torture who lay mangled beneath the crowding feet of his comrades, who expired amid the crashing horrors of a world of ice. But the despair of these fated wretches was not yet complete. The head which had planned all these evils might yet be amongst them: and the bridges, groaning beneath the weight of their loads, were to be fired! The deed was done: and still crowd upon crowd continued to press each other forward, choking up the passage amid bursting flames, scorched and frozen at the same instant, till at length the whole sunk with a death-like noise into the bosom of the Berezina."

At Smorgoni, Bonaparte resigned the command of the army to Murat, and, having put on a disguise, according to the statement of our author,

"stole with Caulincourt into a wretched sledge, and proceeded over the snows as swiftly as his fears would carry him towards Warsaw. On the 17th he passed through Wilna without hardly a minute's delay; and on the evening of the 20th, sheltered his head in safety in the Polish capital! The final escape of Napoleon was known to a very few only for some time after it was effected; but as he shot through Wilna he found it expedient to see Maret. The conference did not last many minutes, and then he departed with as much secrecy and haste as if a pursuer were in every gale."

Here we take our leave of Sir R. Ker Porter; but, at parting, shall just remark that we should have received much more pleasure from the perusal of his work, and should have thought it worthy of much higher commendation if it had been less frothy and declamatory. The worthy knight has all the bad taste of the Della Crusca school; and we know not a worse school that an author can frequent if he wish to write pure English or plain sense. We will just adduce an instance or two of the affinity in phraseology between Sir R. Ker Porter and Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, &c. &c. At p. 133. he says, that if the pacific proposals of Bonaparte, when at Moscow, had been accepted, the Russian people would have been "a nation of slaves, plunged into a *gulf of intellectual darkness more barren of light than that of the remotest hyperborean hordes.*" In the same p. 133. he talks of the "*sun of mental light and personal liberty which rose with Alexander's natal star.*" The following is another notable specimen of the Della Crusca foppery of phrase: "General Miloradovitch ceased not to press upon their left flank while he proceeded with Platoff and his *clouds of the Don*, which, with *a fiercer fire than ever shot from the Boreal Morn*, hung on the corps of Beauharnois."

Sir R. Ker Porter will probably think us very sour curmudgeons for finding fault with his "*Boreal Morn*," but we cannot compliment the knight at the expense of taste and of truth.

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

[The substance of the narrative part of the following article was originally published about a year ago in a periodical publication of considerable literary merit, which, from various causes, did not meet with the success it deserved, and was confined to a very limited circulation. As the facts had been collected with considerable labour, and from different sources of the *highest authority*, the writer was desirous that this biography should appear in some form which might insure it a more general attention. But upon looking over it for the purpose of making some slight corrections and additions with regard to facts, so many other alterations suggested themselves, and so many observations occurred to him as arising naturally out of the narrative, that he found it more easy to write a new biography, than to revise the old one. As, however, the general statement of facts is of course nearly the same, and some paragraphs have been retained with but slight alterations, it was thought proper to mention this circumstance, lest, perhaps, the author should be suspected of plagiarism from the former anonymous article.]

THERE is in every community a certain natural aristocracy, whose members, by the power of native talents, fashion to their own model the character of the society around them. Their individual influence may oftentimes be scarcely perceptible, but their aggregate weight is at length always felt, and they leave the strong impression of their own peculiar genius indelibly stamped upon the character of the age and nation. These master-spirits of the times may be divided into three great classes, the characteristic features of which are sometimes blended in an individual, but in the main very strongly distinguish them from each other. First, may be ranked those whose genius is kindled by the divine enthusiasm of poetry and eloquence, and who are largely endowed with a facility of selecting and combining lofty or pleasing images, and with that creative fancy which embodies and animates them; faculties, which, displayed in various modes, and evolved in different degrees, by exercise and cultivation, are the sources of all that adorns, and much which gladdens life.

Distinct from these may be placed the men of theory and abstraction—the discoverers and the teachers of high truth and general principles; and lastly, those born for the management of

affairs, and formed by nature for the bustle and the contests of active life, who, without waiting for the gradual formation of particular habit by the slow process of education or of practice, assimilate themselves at once to their station, and discharge whatever duties may be imposed upon them with as much ability as if their whole lives had been spent in the minutest details of that single employment. This last appears to have been the most usual form in which American genius has hitherto displayed itself. We may as yet say of our country, with regard to Europe, what Cicero has observed of his own, in comparison with Greece, that we must look *thither* for models of literary excellence—at home, for examples of active virtue—*Ut virtutis a nostris, sic doctrinæ sunt ab illis exempla repetenda.*

Fisher Ames, indeed, seems to have possessed a genius partaking equally of many of the most brilliant qualities of the first and second order, and Alexander Hamilton was equally distinguished for the peculiar talents of the second and third classes. The subject of the present biographical sketch, purely American in all his habits of life, and the whole cast of his mind, may be considered as no unfit representative of our general national character. With no one quality in common with the poet, and partaking little of the character of the speculative philosopher, he may be placed, if not at the head, certainly among the very first of the men formed for the able discharge of great duties in the most arduous and diversified scenes of active life.

Oliver Ellsworth was born at Windsor, a village in the interior of Connecticut, April 29th, 1745, of respectable but not very wealthy parents. He was brought up in the simple, regular, and frugal mode of life which at that time universally prevailed throughout the province, and which is still, although in a less degree, a striking characteristic of the domestic manners of Connecticut.

The state of manners and of education in New England, about this period, was, perhaps, of all others, the best calculated to rear up men fitted to struggle through the toils, the difficulties, and the dangers of a great revolution, without endangering the safety of those republican institutions for which they contended, either by turbulent violence, or unprincipled ambition. A greater proportion of the whole population of the country had received a

liberal education, than was probably the case in any other part of the civilized world. Thus, in addition to the number of men, not, indeed, profoundly learned, but competently instructed for any ordinary purpose of active life, a great mass of general information was diffused, and a universal activity of mind excited, throughout the whole community. The bigotry and fanaticism which occasionally disgraced the elder puritan settlers had died away; much, too, of their rigid virtue and high-toned principle had gradually decayed with them; but enough was left to keep up a very general regard to moral and religious character, and an habitual reference to principle, in the conduct and opinions of the great body of the people. Above all, the peculiar state of the country, which had just emerged from the hardships of a new and half-peopled colony, while it excluded most of the luxuries and many of the refinements of civilized life, had a strong tendency to train up the youth in those habits of simplicity and privation, of personal independence, and of constant activity of mind and body, which—however ill the parallel may accord with the magnificent illusions of classical prejudice—in fact constituted the most essential part of that education which formed the heroes and patriots of republican antiquity. *Sanctos illis, horrida, mores—tradidit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas.*

In this state of society was Mr. Ellsworth's character first formed, and the early impressions of his youth may be traced through the whole uniform tenor of his public and private life. His youth was passed alternately in agricultural labours, and in the elementary studies of a liberal education. At the age of seventeen he entered Yale College, but after some residence there, in consequence of some boyish disgust or irregularity, he removed to Princeton, where he completed his academic course, and received the degree of A. B. in 1766.

His standing as a student was sufficiently respectable; but he is said to have been much more remarkable for his shrewdness and adroit management in all the little politics of the college, than for any uncommon proficiency in science or literature. Within two or three years after his leaving college, he was admitted to the bar in Connecticut, and commenced the practice of his profession in the county of Hartford. The jurisprudence of Connecticut, after a long period of darkness and uncertainty, had, a

very short time before Mr. Ellsworth's entrance upon professional life, assumed a regular form.

The common law, after overcoming many doubts, and some strenuous opposition,* was fully received; a regular mode of practice, not very formal, but sufficiently accurate for every ordinary purpose, was now settled; and the decisions of Lord Mansfield, and the other great English judges, who had introduced light and order into the scholastic refinements and nice technical distinctions of the ancient law, and gradually adapted it to the necessities of an enlightened age, and a commercial people, were at length familiarly cited at the Connecticut bar. This amelioration of the legal system was accompanied or preceded by a corresponding improvement in literature and taste, and public speakers and advocates found themselves compelled to pay much greater attention to correctness, and even elegance, of language, than the public taste had ever before required. With this era of legal and intellectual light Mr. Ellsworth commenced his professional career. He had not laid a very deep foundation either of general or of professional learning; but the native vigour of his mind supplied every deficiency; the rapidity of his conceptions made up for the want of previous knowledge; the diligent study of the cases which arose in actual business, stored his mind with principles; whatever was thus acquired was firmly rooted in his memory; and thus, as he became eminent, he grew learned. The whole powers of his mind were applied, with unremitted attention to the business of his profession, and those public duties in which he was occasionally engaged. Capable of great application, and constitutionally full of ardour, he pursued every object to which he applied himself with a strong and constant interest which never suffered his mind to flag or grow torpid with listless indolence. But his ardour was always under the guidance of sober reason. His cold and colourless imagination never led him astray from the realities of life to wanton in the gay visions of fancy; and his attention was seldom distracted by that general literary curiosity which so often beguiles the man of genius away from his destined pursuit, to waste his powers in studies of no immediate personal utility. At the same time his un-

* See Root's Reports, preface.

blemished character, his uniform prudence and regularity of conduct, acquired him the general confidence and respect of his fellow citizens—a people in a remarkable degree attentive to all the decorum and decencies of civilized life. He very soon rose into high reputation and lucrative practice; and before he had been long at the bar received the appointment of *state's attorney* for the district of Hartford, an office at that time of very considerable emolument. This he continued to hold during the greater part of the revolutionary war. From the very commencement of that contest he declared himself resolutely on the side of his country; and on two or three occasions, when Connecticut was harassed by the incursions of the enemy, went out with the militia of his county into actual service, more, however, for the sake of example, than from any particular inclination to military life. For several sessions in the years immediately preceding the declaration of independence, he represented the town in which he resided in the general assembly of the state, with great reputation, and took a large share, not only in the ordinary business of the house, but also in all those public acts and declarations which were called forth by the peculiar circumstances of the times. About the commencement of the war he presided for a short time at the *pay-table*, as it was called, or office of public account of the state of Connecticut.

There is no more remarkable peculiarity in that curious system of political customs and unwritten law which constitutes what has been quaintly termed the *steady habits* of Connecticut, than the regular probation through which the public men of that state are invariably obliged to pass before they can rise to the more important offices of the government. The political history of Connecticut is probably without a single instance of those sudden elevations, so frequent in several of the larger states of the union, of persons raised at once from obscurity, and, without being known, even by reputation, to the great body of the people, carried on by the mere force of party, to the highest honours of the state. In Connecticut, no superiority of talents or combination of fortunate circumstances, still less the arrangements of political dexterity, can ever procure for the aspiring young politician a full dispensation from these preliminary services. He must always, for a certain time, be held up to public examination, and is then

suffered to pass step by step, through the different gradations of office. It is true, that when he has once fairly ascended to a certain height on this ladder of promotion, it must be owing to some deficiency of character or of mind, if he does not continue to mount. As soon as a vacancy occurs above him, the crowd of active and aspiring men below, pushes him on almost without his own agency to make room in his turn for another. The progress may be indeed more or less rapid according to the character and popularity of the individual; but whatever is gained is certain, and the ascent, though sometimes slow, is sure.

Mr. Ellsworth was now fairly entered upon this career, and with a character and talents so admirably adapted to the state of society around him, he was enabled, without trick or artifice, or the sacrifice of principle, to take at the flood that *tide which leads to fortune.*

In 1777 he was chosen a delegate to the congress of the United States, in which body he continued to hold his seat for nearly three years, during the most dubious and eventful period of our revolutionary contest. Here he was particularly distinguished for his unyielding firmness and political courage, as well as for his powers in debate, and unwearied application in the discharge of public business. This last quality, although one of the most important in the character of the statesman, as it possesses none of the glare and show by which popular opinion is dazzled, is very ordinarily altogether neglected in forming our estimate of the talents of public men. Those who look merely upon the exterior of public affairs, are seldom aware that there is in every legislative body a constant demand and employment of a kind of talents, always more useful, and oftentimes of a higher order, than those by which the columns of our gazettes are filled with wordy debate and florid declamation.

Our countrymen have always been remarkable for these business talents, and they were at this period largely called forth, as well by the situation of public affairs, full of doubt, of difficulty, and of peril, as by the peculiar constitution of our continental congress. This body, while it united in itself the most important legislative, executive, and even, in some instances, judicial functions, and apparently wielded without check or control the sovereignty of

the nation, was yet so limited in its powers, and from its very constitution so inefficient, that it was constantly obliged to have recourse to all the influence of personal character, and of address, and dexterous management of popular feeling, in order to carry into effect the most urgent and necessary measures. During the greater part of the time which Mr. Ellsworth sat in congress he was a member of the Marine committee, which acted as a board of admiralty, and had the general superintendence of the naval affairs of the United States, and also of the committee of appeals, which, until the erection of a court for that purpose, in 1780, examined and reported to congress upon all appeals made from the decisions of the several admiralty courts established in the different states. Upon the expiration of his term of service, in 1780, he was elected by his native state a member of their council, a body nearly corresponding with the senate or upper house of our other state constitutions; this place he held by annual re-elections until 1784, when he was appointed a judge of the *superior court* of the state. He continued in the regular discharge of his judicial duties, with much ability and reputation for several years, until the adoption of the new constitution.

In 1787, Judge Ellsworth was chosen by the legislature one of the delegates to represent the state of Connecticut in the convention which was held in the ensuing summer at Philadelphia for the purpose of framing a more efficient system of government for the confederation.

As the general political principles and habits of the people were now fully formed, there could be little diversity of opinion as to the great and leading principles which were to be the basis of the new form of government. But with regard to the particular mode of republicanism best calculated to preserve and secure the enjoyment of our civil liberty, very different opinions appear to have been entertained by some of the most enlightened members of the convention, even among those who afterwards cordially united in the support of our present constitution.

As the convention sat with closed doors, it is not precisely known what were Judge Ellsworth's favourite plans of government, or what part he bore in forming the constitution into its actual shape, further than that the present organization and mode of appoint-

ment of the senate, was in part suggested by him, and throughout received his uniform support. It is, however, in general, well ascertained, that he was an industrious and influential member of that illustrious assembly, and that, though by no means bigoted to any speculative system of pure democracy, he was uniformly desirous of retaining the most simple and unmixed republicanism at all consistent with the situation and probable destinies of his country. Having been called away by other duties before the adjournment of the convention, his name is not among those signed to the constitution, but that instrument, when finally agreed upon, received his warmest approbation and support.

Almost immediately upon his return to Connecticut, he was elected by the people a member of the state convention, called to consider on the ratification of the constitution submitted to the states by the general federal convention; and in this body, which was composed of most of the distinguished men of the state, he explained, and defended with great ability, those provisions of the proposed constitution, which had been selected as the objects of the most violent attack. Two of these speeches, one delivered upon the opening of the convention, in which he enforces the general advantages of a unity of national government, and a second, in vindication of the article vesting congress with the power of imposing taxes and commercial duties, are preserved in the third volume of that useful collection of American documents, Cary's "American Museum." The student of American politics, who is at all conversant with the debates of the conventions of Virginia and New-York, and with that admirable exposition of the principles of our constitution contained in the *Federalist*, will derive from these speeches but little addition to his stock of political science. They are, however, extremely well adapted to answer their immediate purpose. He goes over the whole ground of debate in a popular and forcible manner, illustrates his argument by frequent references to the local customs and institutions of New England, and applies the whole with much good sense to the particular interests and policy of Connecticut. In all probability, these plain and popular harangues had a much more powerful effect upon the opinions of that portion of his audience to which they were especially addressed, than could have been pro-

duced by the comprehensive views and acute discrimination of Hamilton, or the bold and animated declamation of Patrick Henry.

As soon as the constitution had been ratified by the requisite number of states, Judge Ellsworth was elected a senator in the first congress under the new confederation, which met at New-York, in 1789. In this station, he contributed largely towards settling those great principles upon which the government was thenceforward to be administered, organizing the different departments of state, and planning and building up all those civil institutions and schemes of national policy which were gradually formed under the Washington administration. Among other acts of great public importance, the bill for organizing the judiciary establishment of the United States was drawn up by him, in concert with Dr. Johnson, his colleague in the senate from the state of Connecticut. This was a work of much labour and of some address, as it was necessary to form a system which might not only answer the great ends of public justice, but at the same time preserve a general uniformity in the mode of its administration, and maintain the dignity and authority of the national government, without encroaching upon the state jurisdictions, or too rudely innovating upon their established forms of practice. No part of the new form of government had excited more local jealousies, or encountered more violent prejudices, than those articles upon which the judiciary system is founded, and it was deemed expedient, in order to procure for it a more favourable reception, to yield up several points of mere convenience and secondary importance.

The terrifying apprehensions of dangers from that quarter impending over our liberties, which were at this time entertained, and the variety and ingenuity of the arguments urged against the useful, and, as they now appear to us, necessary, judicial establishments of the national government, could scarcely, at the present day, be supposed possible, had no authentic record of the fact been preserved.* There are few sources of higher intellectual gratification and instruction than that afforded to us by the study of the minuter details of history and politics in thus enabling us to bring the past, immediately under our inspection, and to place ourselves, as it were, in the situation of some superior being, calmly

* See Lloyd's Congressional Register, vol. 2.

looking down upon the toils, the plans, the deliberations, and the contests of short-sighted and arrogant mortals, and seeing them gravely speculating upon future probabilities, never to be realized, elated with hopes or depressed by fears, alike groundless and empty, and agitated by passions soon to pass away forever.

It has been observed that this act bears many marks of its origin, and retains several strong features of the peculiar practice of Connecticut.

When the senate was classed by lot, Mr. Ellsworth fell into that class whose first term of service was limited to two years; upon the expiration of which period he was re-elected for the full term of six years, and continued to hold his seat until 1796, during almost the whole of the administration of President Washington.

This situation contributed much to evolve the latent powers of his vigorous mind, which was roused and elevated by the collision of powerful talents, and the ardent investigation of great questions. Every important point which came under discussion in the senate, was examined by him with the most laborious application, and revolved again and again with the most unremitted and ardent meditation. During the course of such an investigation, his mind seemed to be tasked to its utmost strength; and he would pass whole days, and sometimes nights, in walking up and down his chamber absorbed in mental labour. It was almost impossible to divert his attention towards any other object, before he had thoroughly formed his conclusions on the subject which engaged him. When at last the question which had thus excited him was finally determined, he appeared at once relieved from a weight of thought, and was left languid and exhausted, as if he had been wearied out by severe bodily labour.

When he had once definitely made up his opinion, after this mature and impartial examination, he was immoveably firm in his purpose, and was often thought somewhat too strenuous and uncompromising in the support of his own particular views.

His leading principles of policy were simple and uniform. He thought that the great objects of national government should be, to give dignity and stability to the political system by the prompt and vigorous execution of the laws, and to keep the body politic in a firm and healthy tone, by the most rigid economy of expendi-

ture, and a severe republican simplicity in all its public measures and institutions.

When the French revolution in its gradual progress, mixing the blackest atrocities with the most splendid phantoms of republican liberty, had given a new aspect to the public affairs of this country as well as to those of the whole civilized world, and at length arrayed the American people into those parties, which, although their ground of difference is changed, still divide the nation, Mr. Ellsworth, together with a very large majority of the state which he represented, adhered to the administration, and supported with much zeal all the public measures of President Washington.

A distinguished gentleman, whose early and constant habits of intimacy with Mr. Ellsworth afforded him the most ample opportunities of observing the progress and character of his mind, has expressed his opinion that in no part of his life did he display a more evident and remarkable development and progressive improvement of talent than during the term of his service in the senate of the United States. This period extended nearly to the fifty-second year of his age, long before which time of life, the intellectual powers of most men have arrived at their full maturity, and if not perfectly stationary, are at least become awkward and unpliable to any new trains of thought, or unaccustomed mode of mental exertion. Medical writers have observed that there is nothing which more powerfully conduces to longevity than a strong attachment to life. This is perhaps equally true with respect to longevity of mind; and he who will not suffer his mind to be benumbed by the torpor and indifference of advancing age, but resolutely keeps it open to the accession of new ideas, and engages with ardour and animation in some liberal pursuit, will preserve every faculty in unimpaired vigour, and even in a state of regular improvement, to a far later period, than if, like the great mass of mankind, he had, as soon as the natural curiosity and ardour of youth abated, narrowed his views to his own immediate interests or convenience, and sat down contented for the rest of his life with his present stock of knowledge and opinions.

On the 4th of March, 1796, in consequence of the resignation of Chief Justice Jay, Mr. Ellsworth received the appointment of

Chief Justice of the United States. As another gentleman of high eminence had at first been selected by the president to fill this office, this was an unlooked for elevation, and the new chief justice at first doubted his own ability to discharge this high trust. In the course of his practice and judicial duties in Connecticut, at that time almost wholly an agricultural state, he had little inducement or opportunity to make himself familiar with the principles of commercial law, and his acquaintance with foreign and national jurisprudence was almost entirely confined to those subjects which had fallen under his investigation in the discharge of his senatorial and other public duties. Besides, he had now for several years been drawn aside, by political pursuits, from the practice of his profession, and no man who does not in some degree judge from his own experience can completely realize how evanescent and fleeting are the impressions left upon the memory by all those branches of professional knowledge which do not depend upon general principles of reason, but, as must of necessity be the case with regard to a considerable part of every system of positive law, are either altogether arbitrary, or founded upon technical reasoning, and analogy to a series of precedents. Immediately upon his appointment he commenced a very extensive course of legal studies upon those points in which he felt himself especially deficient, and pursued it with unremitted application in every interval of public employment. It is probable, too, that he had underrated his previous acquirements, for neither the public, nor the bar in any part of the union, remarked any deficiency in legal learning; nor did he ever display in any of his judicial opinions, that unwieldly show of citations and crude mass of reading, in which those to whom learning is not yet familiar, are so fond of indulging. Independently of that general ability and business cast of character which fitted him for almost every situation in which he might be placed, he was remarkably well adapted for this office. If there was any station for which he was peculiarly formed by nature, it was that of a judge. His habits of patient and impartial investigation, his sound and accurate judgment, and his quick perception, all conspired to render him every way worthy of the station which he filled, and had his appointment been made

somewhat earlier in life, his mind more liberalized and adorned in youth by general learning and elegant literature, and in mature age more concentrated towards the single object of legal science, he would doubtless have ranked among the most accomplished and able magistrates of any age or nation. Amid all the comparative disadvantages under which he laboured, although a less splendid, he was probably not a less useful officer, and if he threw little new light upon the great principles of natural justice or commercial law, he most certainly performed all the ordinary duties of his important and laborious office not merely with ability, but with patience, diligence, and strict integrity. He rose rapidly in public opinion and the estimation of the bar; and in a period of violent party rancour, the purity and impartiality of his judicial character was untarnished even by suspicion.

It is a circumstance, which the present political situation of our country has rendered particularly worthy of remark, that in an opinion delivered by the chief justice, on an eastern circuit, the English common law doctrine, with respect to allegiance and expatriation, were recognised and adopted for the first time in any court of the United States. It is curious, too, that this doctrine, arising out of a very artificial state of society, and generally defended either upon common law principles, or upon those of positive national law, is placed by the chief justice upon the very same ground of an imaginary social contract, which formed the basis of the wild speculations of the citizen of Geneva, and the pretext for many of the most atrocious crimes of revolutionary France. So various are the operations of the human mind, and so inconsistent the conclusions which may be drawn by equally plausible chains of reasoning from the same source.

One of the eulogists of Judge Ellsworth has observed, "that his charges to the jury were rich not only in legal principles, but in moral sentiments, delivered in a manner which gave them a tenfold energy and impression." This is, perhaps, literally true; but it is expressed in a manner calculated to convey false and exaggerated ideas of the character of his judicial eloquence. Although he doubtless very often applied and explained, powerfully and perspicuously, those sound principles of sober and rigid morality which governed his own conduct, yet he did not, like Burke

or Hamilton, possess that opulent and redundant mind, which, whatever may be the immediate subject of its contemplation, pours forth without effort the full flood of eloquence and reason, in large and various discourse, fraught with knowledge, and rich in moral and political wisdom.

This observation is not dictated by any desire to degrade the character of our illustrious countryman, but is meant merely to prevent misconception, and to point out more definitely the peculiar character of his excellence. The danger to which every biographer is most exposed, and it is one into which those of our own country have very frequently fallen, is the strong propensity to vague and indiscriminate eulogy; and thus, instead of a series of faithful portraits of our heroes and sages, the reader is presented with a collection of Chinese paintings, highly varnished indeed, and oftentimes minutely finished, but all bearing precisely the same general aspect, and uniformly gaudy and glaring, without perspective or relief.

For nearly four years Chief Justice Ellsworth continued to preside in the highest court of law in the United States, with great dignity and reputation, until towards the close of the year 1799, when, after a short naval war between France and the United States, some overtures for a peace were made by the French government to President Adams, and it was determined to send out a mission of three envoys plenipotentiary to adjust the existing differences. To this important trust the chief justice was nominated in company with Governor Davie of North Carolina, and the Hon. William Vans Murray, at that time resident minister of the United States at the Hague. After some hesitation, and with much reluctance, he accepted the appointment. He had already began to experience some of the infirmities of approaching age, and the fatigues and sickness of an unusually long and tempestuous winter's voyage, now gave an additional shock to his constitution, and fixed upon him diseases from which he never recovered. The envoys found the government in the hands of the first consul, who, as he had not entered into the views of his predecessors, the executive directory, with regard to this country, nor yet formed his great plan of commercial warfare against Great Britain, readily entered into negotiations which terminated

in the adjustment of differences. The negotiation, which took place at Paris, was managed on the part of France by Joseph Bonaparte, and Fluriau and Rederre, counsellors of state, and on that of the United States principally by the chief justice. This was to him a perfectly new and unaccustomed scene of action, and although his usual vigour of mind did not desert him, he appeared in it to less advantage than in any other situation in which he was placed in the course of his long and active life. But slightly acquainted with the arts, the forms, and the ambiguous and guarded language of diplomacy, he frequently laid himself open to his adroit adversaries, and it required all his firmness and ability to recover the ground thus incautiously lost. He was thought by the wily diplomatists of the French court, to have wasted much time and talent in endeavouring to prove to them the right or wrong of every position which was advanced in the course of the negotiation, while *they* regarded the whole business as a mere matter of bargain and compromise; this, however, is an error of judgment, if it be one, which I trust our country will never wish to see corrected in any of her public agents. When it is considered that in addition to the difficulty of the business in which he was engaged, and the novelty of his situation, Judge Ellsworth was, during this period, suffering under the attacks of severe disease, it will not be wondered at, that in some minor points the treaty which he formed did not fully answer the just claims and expectations of the American people. It was, however, in all probability, the best that could be procured, and, as such, was ratified by the president and senate.

Being now advanced in years, infirm in health, almost unacquainted with the French language, with little taste for the fine arts, and severe and rigid in his morals and habits of life, it will readily be imagined that in gay and luxurious Paris he found himself much out of his proper element. As soon as the treaty of peace and commercial arrangements was concluded, he passed over to England, partly for the gratification of a liberal curiosity, but chiefly for the purpose of trying the efficacy of some of the mineral waters in those nephritic complaints with which he was afflicted.

The waters afforded him little permanent relief; but he was gratified by receiving the most marked attention from many of the leading public men of Great Britain. Curiosity to see an American chief justice also drew about him many of the most eminent lawyers and judges. One of these, an old lawyer, high in office, whose whole life had been spent in the unvarying routine of the business of Westminster-Hall, and whose mind, rendered by long and uninterrupted habit perfectly technical, presented a curious contrast to the various talents and diversified pursuits of our chief justice, is said, immediately upon his introduction, to have accosted him with "Pray, chief justice, in what cases do the half blood in America take by descent?"

During his residence in England, finding that his constitution was radically impaired, and too feeble to again support the fatigues of extensive circuits, and his other judicial labours, he transmitted to President Adams a resignation of his office. In the following year he returned to America, and retired to his family residence at Windsor. He had, while at the bar, enjoyed a very lucrative practice; the profits of his profession had always been regularly and judiciously invested, and the fortune thus acquired had been augmented, by the economy and simplicity of his mode of life, to a degree of wealth rarely found among that general mediocrity of fortune which prevails throughout Connecticut. Thus independent in his circumstances, and satisfied with public honours, it was his intention to retire altogether from public life. The lingering disease and untimely death of a favourite son, a youth of much promise, which took place about this time, contributed, together with the infirm and precarious state of his own health, to depress his spirits as much as a mind naturally so firm and vigorous could be affected by external circumstances. Yet, when the *freemen* of Connecticut, desirous of testifying their respect for his character and services, and strengthening their state administration by the weight of his talents and reputation, took the opportunity of the first vacancy which occurred, to elect him, in 1802, a member of the council; he did not refuse the call of public duty, and continued in this station the remainder of his life, faithfully attending to the public business, in spite of the attacks of disease, and the pressure of domestic affliction. Be-

ing thus again brought upon the stage of active life, his natural ardour and earnestness in whatsoever he engaged, induced him to frequently enter into the detail of party politics with much interest, and, perhaps, with more warmth than became his age and character. His leisure was chiefly passed in agricultural occupations. During this period he published, in one of the Connecticut journals, a series of brief essays on rural affairs, some of which contained a very whimsical mixture of agriculture and politics.

His seat in the council made him, *ex officio*, a member of the board of fellows of Yale College; and he entered very zealously into all the concerns and interests of that highly respectable and important institution. His official duties were the more laborious, because, during the time in which he held a seat in the council, that body exercised the double powers of a constituent branch of the legislature, and of the final court of appeals from all inferior state jurisdictions. He was particularly attentive to this latter department of his duty.

This union of legislative and judicial powers, which had been introduced into several of our provincial and state governments, in imitation of the British house of lords, has, after long trial under various circumstances, been at length laid aside in every state except that of New-York.

The facility with which in this country political errors are corrected, old abuses remedied, and all our civil institutions from time to time adapted to the existing state of society, though but little regarded by ourselves, yet if contrasted with the legislation of other countries, affords us a fit subject of the highest national exultation. Even in Great Britain, where so vast an amount of highly cultivated talents is called into action, upon the consideration of every great public question, it is wonderful how firmly many of their ancient abuses and absurdities are rooted in the system of government, and how slowly the most enlightened speculations make their way from the closet of the scholar into the parliament and the cabinet. There are numerous instances of wise and salutary reforms, (such, for instance, as that of the criminal code,) which, in England, after having for years exercised the sagacity of their philosophers and more speculative statesmen —their Benthams and Romillys, are at length slowly making

their way into favour, while, in this country, they have been long ago adopted without any parade of philosophical disquisition, and carried at once into effect with the most happy results. It is true, that this advantage is not without its accompanying evils, and the ease with which reform is effected, at the same time prepares the public mind for innovation intended merely for temporary and factious purposes. But this evil has not hitherto proved of any very serious magnitude, and there is great reason to trust that it will gradually be removed by the natural progress of public sentiment, and the formation of a stronger national character. When, at length, the dictates of patriotism and principle shall derive new power from popular opinion and early feelings and prejudices, our public men of all parties will perceive that a sincere respect and uniform support of those institutions, under the shelter of which our civil liberties have grown up and flourished, and an undeviating regard to certain fundamental principles of government and of public policy, are essential not only to the happiness and dignity of the nation, but to their own permanent interest and reputation, and to every lofty purpose of honourable ambition.

The inconveniences incident to the formation of this court of errors, as well as to that of the superior court, as it was then established, induced the legislature, in their spring session in 1807, to new model their judiciary system. They organized three circuit courts, approximating somewhat more nearly than had yet been done in Connecticut to the English *nisi prius* system, which, when united, form a court of appeals of the last resort. When this arrangement was completed, desirous of giving greater dignity to their new system, they broke through the rule by which, in that systematic state, all promotions are made according to seniority and regular gradation, and appointed Mr. Ellsworth chief justice of the state. He was not deterred by any considerations of false pride, arising from his having filled the highest judicial station in the union, and at first consented to accept this appointment to an office of a more limited though independent jurisdiction; but before the close of the session in which this appointment was made, feeling strong symptoms of a more violent recurrence of his disease, he became convinced of his inability to discharge its duties, and declined the office. A short and flat-

tering interval of health ensued, but he again relapsed, and after a severe illness, which he bore with pious fortitude, he died at his house at Windsor, November 26th, 1807, in the sixty-third year of his age.

He married early in life a lady of respectable family and connexions in Connecticut, by whom he had four sons and three daughters. During the greater part of his public life his family residence was at Windsor, where he lived in a plain and unostentatious style. His habits of life were regular and frugal, and his manners were marked with a grave and dignified simplicity, altogether in unison with his general character. His economy was regular and systematic, but though very attentive to all pecuniary concerns, he is by no means to be charged with grovelling avarice or sordid parsimony. Perfectly free from the influence of that weak and frivolous vanity which looks abroad for those principles of action and that approbation which should be sought within, his rule of life was not borrowed from the opinion of the world, nor formed to agree with the laws of artificial honour. He appears to have been more under the control of intellect than of sentiment; though often powerfully excited and interested by whatever engaged his attention, neither interest nor passion could overcloud his strong and clear perception of right and wrong. At the same time, he does not seem to have very powerfully felt that instinctive sentiment of moral beauty or deformity which, in warm and generous natures, almost always outruns the slow conclusions of ethical reasoning. Through the whole course of an active life, and a long series of public honours, he preserved an unspotted reputation, and enjoyed in an eminent degree the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens.

The honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon him by some of the most respectable American colleges, and he received at different times most of those literary honours which are usually conferred upon men in high public station. But they were bestowed without solicitation, and received with indifference. He was never much desirous of decking himself with these trappings of learning, or of swelling out his reputation above its natural bulk by those adventitious honours which are so easily acquired in this country, where every city is filled with learned societies am-

ply furnished with sounding names and a long list of well titled officers.

He is said in the latter part of his life to have employed some portion of his leisure in the study of controversial theology, and to have been particularly attached to the writings of the profoundly learned, but on some points heretical, Dr. Lardner.

Like most men who have long been in the habit of public speaking without much practice in the art of writing, but who have sufficient literature and good taste to perceive the faults and inaccuracies of their own compositions, he composed slowly and with labour. From this circumstance all his writings, except those upon subjects purely professional, even his private letters, were in a remarkable degree brief and pithy; and in his later judicial opinions he appears to have cultivated a simple conciseness of style, altogether at variance with that wordy diffusion which has now become the prevailing fault of American eloquence. This character of his style is rendered more remarkable in the opinions delivered in the supreme court of the United States, by the singular contrast which it presents to the elaborate and florid dissertations of one of his associates.

His opinions delivered in the superior court of Connecticut are preserved in Kirby's Reports, and those in the supreme court of the United States in Dallas's.

His portrait by Trumbull, which has been several times engraved, is a spirited and pretty accurate likeness, although it does not fully convey an idea of the characteristic plainness of his appearance.

Oliver Ellsworth, though not among the most learned or brilliant, was, without controversy, one of the ablest men whom New England has produced. As a statesman he was chiefly remarkable for his sound good sense and sagacity,

> ——————the gift of heaven,
> And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

As an advocate and parliamentary orator, his characteristic features were strength and originality of thought. In argument and debate he was always powerful and impressive, frequently ardent and animated; yet this ardour was rather the earnest vehemence

of strong reason, than the glow of imagination, or the warm burst of feeling. With few of the external graces of the orator; with little ornament or polish of language; not very copious; not very flowing; he had, in an uncommon degree, the power of commanding attention and enforcing conviction. He satisfied or subdued the reason, with little endeavour either to excite the feelings or to gratify the fancy.

He did not bring to the consideration of his subject that fertility of mind, and opulence of knowledge, which enable their possessor to examine his subject in every possible point of view, and to make every kind of information in some degree tributary to the investigation; but, like most men of powerful intellect, but little general cultivation, he seized at once upon the strongest point and left it for no other. He did not enter the field of controversy in the glittering panoply of science, wielding at pleasure all her arms, but like Hercules with his club, armed with a single weapon, but that one, powerful and massy.

Upon the bench, his patience and diligent attention, united to his quickness of apprehension, and the clearness of his perceptions, contributed to great despatch of business, and soundness of decisions. His opinions at bar, as they are preserved in the reports, are concise and perspicuous. Seizing the leading points in the case, and throwing aside all adventitious circumstances, he established the principle clearly and definitely, without any ostentatious parade of legal research, or far-sought ingenuity of argument.

Considered either as a lawyer, or as a scholar, he seems to have been rather practically well informed than profoundly or extensively learned; and although by no means deficient in any part of that knowledge which lies "in the beaten track of regular study," he had made little proficiency in the rarer elegancies of literature, or the more curious parts of learning. Throughout life he was rather a thinking than a reading man—his mind was always actively employed, but the subjects of his meditation were more generally those which arose from the occurrences of actual life, than such as were furnished by the speculations of the learned. He was formed by nature more for the discharge of active duties, than for contemplative study, or abstract science.

That facility and quickness of associations, by which, from a few faint and distant hints, a whole chain of argument is at once evolved in the mind, was a faculty which his intellectual character exhibited in very high perfection. Nor was this power such as is often formed in ordinary minds by long habits of business or study, and altogether confined to certain classes of ideas; but the general versatility, as well as the vigour of his talents, was displayed in the uniform ability which he evinced in numerous and very dissimilar public employments. His name is strongly associated with the history of our liberties, and of our most valuable institutions, and has already become venerable as it has long been dear to his country.

V.

To the Editor of the Analectic Magazine.

SIR,

OLD nations, like old belles, are naturally inclined to be jealous of young ones, and seldom miss an opportunity of making ill-natured reflections on their youth, their manners, or their accomplishments. This jealousy appears more particularly in the affected contempt with which the writers of old England, and especially the critics, who are always the most conceited of the whole tribe of authors, treat every thing written in this new world, except, perhaps, a political pamphlet, or speech, that happens to accord with their opinions. Not content with attacking our books in a body, they have descended even to words, and what is still more insulting, words of our own invention, and therefore deservedly dear to us all. These they are pleased in derision to call Americanisms, as if an Americanism was not as respectable as an Anglicism, a Gallicism, or any other ism whatever. Nothing can be more provoking than to see, when one of these critics encounters a "lengthy" or a "progressing," how the wretch begins to grin. He immediately puts it in italics, or posts a tall note of admiration at the end, to allure his readers to come and gaze at this curious transatlantic monster. After thus, as it were, pointing their finger in derision at us, some of these vain, silly fellows will observe, with a deal of liberality, as he thinks, that the people of the new world, for all this, are not quite so barbarous as some people think, but in reality speak nearly as good English as the cockneys; have almost as much refinement as the manufacturers of Birmingham; and are quite as civilized as the Cornish wreckers, or the students of the universities. This attempt to interfere with the privilege of speech, a privilege for which our ancestors left their native country, and afterwards maintained a seven years' war, is, I think, an ungenerous return for the perfect sobriety of countenance with which we are accustomed to listen to their almost irresistible Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and Leicestershire dialects. Neither is it at all analogous to the scru-

pulous delicacy with which we refrain from laughing at their "ard hegs," their "had'nt oughts," or to the liberal toleration we give to a vast number of English books, which are bought up in this country for no other reason, I believe, than that they were written in Old England. The truth is, we have a mighty predilection, or rather an indiscriminate admiration, for every thing of foreign growth, and it is, perhaps, this very ignorant and superstitious veneration that encourages foreigners to treat us with such supercilious airs of superiority.

Taking into consideration the patience with which we listen to the bad English of Englishmen, I think common neighbourly politeness might restrain them from treating our "lengthys" with such disrespect, and permit us the undisturbed enjoyment of the few words we have ventured to add to our natural inheritance. Yet such is the ingratitude of these people, that I have actually heard an unfeeling assassinator of the king's English rail at the "ideous habsurdity of the Hamerican abit of speaking."

Setting, however, aside the courtesy due from one polite nation to another, which ought to restrain them from carping at each other's modes of expression, I maintain that we have a right to make what alterations and additions we please in the language. It is ours by right of conquest, for when we wrested these states from England, we subdued the language with them, and in acquiring a right to make laws for the land, gained also the power of making laws for the language. If, therefore, we should think proper to make a new grammar, alter the spelling and pronunciation, and invent a dozen more letters—in short, to make a French revolution among the alphabet, and, like true republicans, degrade that great aristocrat A. down to the bottom of the set, and put honest Z. in its place, I don't see that any body would have a right to complain. To be sure, when we subjugated the English tongue, we allowed it to retain its original name. But it is now, in the eye of national law, the American language, and though we may choose to retain the greater part of it, as we did of their system of jurisprudence, yet, in order to demonstrate that it was not for want of genius to make a better, it was proper that we should make certain additions and improvements. Our language, as well as almost every thing else in this new world, wants a national physiognomy; for if we

resemble any thing, it is an infant before it grows old enough to look like any body, or exhibit even a family likeness.

To adopt a language, without making any alteration, is a proof of extreme poverty of intellect, as well as want of spirit. Every nation ought to have a dialect at least somewhat distinct from all others, as a proof of its independence; and I cannot help viewing this conspiracy of the foreign critics, to make us swallow our very words, as much more dangerous, as well as degrading, than Henry's plot, the impressment of seamen, or the orders in council. The blockade of the mouth of the Elbe was the original foundation of the present war; what, then, shall we say to this attempt to blockade the mouths of the good people of America.

But between ourselves, Sir, I view this attack upon one branch of our manufacturing system in a very serious light, as forming a material part of that great system, devised by the English government, to keep us in a state of literary dependence, well knowing that to furnish a nation with books is to hold it in complete subjection. I mean the light militia of duodecimos and pamphlets, which, like flying artillery, scour the country far and wide, carrying all before them. It is these which do most of the good or mischief in society, and enslave or emancipate nations. Your ponderous folios and fat quartos never yet altered the opinions of the people, or occasioned a revolution. It is your thin books that, like "lean Cassius," excite the apprehension of the tyrant. The influence of this species of literature is indeed wonderful in the present age of the world. Every body reads something, if it is only a newspaper or even a review, and I much question whether it is now possible for any but a very consummate politician to keep his head long above water, unless he is buoyed up on one side by a newspaper, and on the other by a review. It is pretty notorious that the present British ministry would have been driven from their posts by the spirited attacks of the Edinburgh Review and Cobbett's Register, had they not been most manfully backed by the Quarterly, and Courier. To depose the sovereign of any reading people I would require no other army than the four and twenty letters marshalled under able commanders.

Conscious of their importance, the writers of the present day,

and most especially the critics, of whom there are reckoned not less than an army of ten thousand, who—like a troop of Swiss, are to be let out for hire—take great state upon themselves, and, not content with deciding what is English in England, most impudently attempt to take the very words out of our mouths here in this free country. Why, Sir, they might as well attempt to take the bread out of our mouths—and better too, for there are a vast number of our American patriots who love talking better than bread.

That the intention of these critics is to establish an unwarrantable British literary influence in this country, and, through the medium of our language, tyrannize over us as they did before the revolution, is, I think, plain enough. What is it constitutes perfect liberty?—The liberty of speech. To interfere with that liberty is to infringe on the right of national sovereignty, which consists as much in coining words as in coining money, and, like matrimonial sovereignty, is intimately connected with the exercise of the tongue. Perhaps some people who possess that sort of wisdom which is only visible to themselves, may smile at the importance which I have given to mere sounds. But those of more mature reflection know that language is the strongest tie between nations as well as men. Nations no more than individuals can make love to each other in different tongues; and it has accordingly been made one of the indications of Bonaparte's ambitious designs against the liberties of the world, that he took unwearied pains to disseminate the French tongue, and always, before he invaded a country, sent a good number of "language masters," by way of pioneers, to corrupt the people and clear the way for him. Thus, too, the people of New England, by only fancying they speak better English than their neighbours, have acquired a singular predilection for England; and the devotion of Mr. Jefferson to France is to be traced, according to the most keen-sighted politicians, to his having learned the French language.

It is, therefore, high time, I think, to warn my countrymen of their danger, and call upon them to resist, before it is too late, this deep laid conspiracy against that most invaluable immunity, the liberty of speech, without which we shall, in a little time, become like dumb beasts. Between ourselves, one of the greatest politi-

cians of our ward has assured me that one of the grounds of the present war was the insult offered by the British critics, "od rot em," to those genuine native citizens, Messrs. Lengthy and Progressing. They are both parliamentary words; (as they say in congress;) they were born and brought up in this country, have never set foot out of it, and I would as soon submit to the impressment of seamen, as to be thus bullied out of words of our own honest begetting. We shall never be truly independent, I am afraid, till we make our own books, and coin our own words—two things as necessary to national sovereignty, as making laws and coining money. The best way, perhaps, to avoid the impending danger would be, to invent an entire new language. There are a great many writers in this country who could materially assist in this important undertaking, and several famous orators who might, without much trouble, help us to some words that would make good their citizenship even on board a British man of war. In order to encourage this plan, the test of literary merit might be made to consist in the invention of a new word, instead of the conception of a new idea. If proper rewards were held out as temptations, I do really think that in so many talkative republics, we might, at no distant period, collect a sufficient quantity of words that would establish their claim to originality in any court of criticism, to begin business on a small scale.

But it is hardly to be hoped that this desirable plan will ever be put in execution. It is not easy to persuade a whole nation to forget its native tongue and learn another. We are not so old, indeed, as Dr. Johnson was when he talked of learning Dutch, but we have lived long enough in the world to get a habit; and habits are like our night gown and slippers, we may put them by for a little time to walk in public, or pay visits of ceremony, but when nobody is by, we are sure to call for the night gown and slippers again.

All that is possible to be done, I fear, is to recommend to the fourth of July orators, members of congress, and eminent literati, to hold fast by honest "Lengthy," and stick to "Progressing," as the palladium of our safety, and the bulwark of our independence. If the preachers would now and then introduce them into their sermons it would recommend them most effectually; but

they are so strangely bigoted to what they are pleased to call classical models, and so apt to resist all innovations, good or bad, that there is little hope of this. Much, however, may be done in the way of progressing towards this desirable end; if we were to enter into a covenant to buy no books, and read no speeches, but such as are not only lengthy in themselves, but also abound in lengthies and progressings; if, in addition to this, the fashionable orators in congress would introduce them a little oftener than they do, it would be the means of restoring them to a greater degree of public estimation. They are almost the only words exclusively our own, and the last words a nation ought to eat, are words of its own lawful manufacturing. For my part, I mean to have a "starling" taught them, who shall "hallow lengthy" in the ear of every transatlantic critic who shall dare to beard this most orthodox and parliamentary word.

I have been more lengthy and zealous in my defence of this little phrase, than perhaps you may think was necessary or proper; but the honest truth of the matter is, that if it is routed from the language, I shall be no more

Your humble servant,

Lemuel Lengthy.

P.

For the Analectic Magazine.

METEORIC STONES.

Instances of the fall of meteoric stones have long been known in various parts of the earth. At all times, their descent has been attended with light and explosion, and if discovered soon after their descent, they are found more or less heated. This phenomenon, the meteoric stone, so often noticed, has not yet received a solution at all satisfactory to me. The notion that they are masses ejected from volcanoes in our earth or moon, seems too extravagant to detain the attention for a moment. Such a piece of artillery as would be required to project these stones to such heights, could not be discharged *silently*, and yet the descent of meteoric stones has never been attended or preceded by any earthquake, or known volcanic eruption.

The other supposition that these meteoric stones are formed suddenly in the higher regions of our atmosphere, by some wonderful combination of their before floating minute parts, is in some small degree countenanced by the sudden production of hail of a large size. The occurrence is so familiar to us that we have ceased to wonder that a blast of excessive cold air, coming instantaneously in contact with ambient moisture, should bind it together in masses of even a pound weight, although such a hailstone has, perhaps, never, or very rarely, been known. But how much more out of the reach of our kindest credulity is it, to believe that a mass of iron and earth of more than a hundred weight, should be produced in mid-air! In 1809, I think, one of these meteoric stones fell in or near Greenfield, in Connecticut. The writer saw the largest part of it which was found. It bore the general appearance of iron ore; its exterior was covered slightly with rust; small portions of pure malleable iron were intermixed with the mass. It was found soon after its descent, quite warm;

the usual meteoric accompaniments, brilliant light and loud explosions, attended its fall. If such large and solid masses are generated in the upper regions of air, by some great shock which might possibly produce or be attended with light and explosion, it should seem that the effect being produced, the light and noise would cease, and the newly formed stone descend, with the usual rapidity of other falling bodies, quietly to earth. But not so with our meteoric masses; they are in their descent, when nearest the earth, seen, or rather guessed at, by brilliant flashes of light, and by loud noise, and are found burst in pieces.

The difficulties suggested to every mind which reasons from what *we know*, in the preceding theories, are too numerous to be pursued now; volumes might be written of the reasons *quare non*, while the only countenance afforded is by a little hail, a wretched protection to the formers of a huge irregular stone!

I beg leave to reason from what *we know*, and when compelled to travel out of that direct, plain road, let me find one most parallel with it—*analogy*.

According to the Newtonian philosophy, all smaller bodies, having freedom to move, tend or gravitate to their nearest larger neighbours. Upon which plan every member of the planetary system is found to proceed. Most of the planets of our system are known to be attended with satellites, and from time to time new ones are discovered. No doubt millions of bodies, large and *small*, perform the celestial rounds, to us utterly unseen, and the old whim, that sun, moon and stars were made to shine for the exclusive benefit of such vermin as we are, is long since exploded. This law of gravitation is not confined to act upon bodies of any given diameters, either 1,000 or 1,000,000 of miles. It may with equal reasons, act upon a moon of one foot diameter as upon one of 2,000 miles; then, where is the difficulty attending the following proposition? *This earth is attended not only by the moon, but by numerous satellites of very inferior and various dimensions from one foot to several miles in diameter.* Some twenty or thirty years since, a meteor was seen in England, and I believe in France, which caused a path of light of great extent, and was attended by loud noises. It did not, as far as it is known, touch the earth; it was computed, at the nearest distance, to be 45 miles from the

earth, and to be of about 3 *miles* diameter! This I suppose to have been a satellite, which, by some irregularity in the motions of its governing bodies, has been compelled, in that part of its orbit, to approach near enough to earth to dip into the higher parts of our atmosphere, and by that inconceivable velocity which is necessary to support it in its career, it causes a friction of air which produces light and fire. Its centrifugal power was (fortunately) able to restore it to its orbicular movements again in safety. That meteor may be placed at a mean distance of (say) 1,000 miles. Would it be visible? Certainly not. Would the transit of such a meteor be observable over the sun or moon? Probably it might; but its motion would necessarily make that transit almost instantaneous. So that if ever observed, it has passed for the transit of some *insect* before the telescope.

I consider the theory just stated to be consistent with what is well known to be the laws governing bodies moving freely in space. I see no difficulty in the idea of a moon of the diameter of one foot any more than of 2,000 miles, revolving around this earth, or any other planet.

It is, perhaps, as necessary a property, and as certainly the destination of planets to fall, as of plums and apples. The fall of the latter is said to have suggested to Newton the doctrine of gravitation. I have taken the liberty from large moons to furnish our earth at least with a great many small ones.

A satellite of one foot diameter, supposing it to move around this earth at the distance of 500 miles, must, according to the laws of gravitation, travel in its orbit with a velocity beyond conception great.

Such a satellite, when, by some irregularity, caused by an unusual influence of comets, or by any other cause, it is compelled to approach too near our atmosphere, first touches the nearer parts of it, and will be somewhat retarded, and thus enable the centripetal to overcome the centrifugal force, and there cannot be a doubt that its velocity will create so great a friction as to produce heat and light; and finally, when it has dipped into the denser regions of air, brilliant flashes of light and loud explosions, and will be burst in pieces.

Perhaps it is not supposing irrationally, to suppose that the pe-

riod of the revolutions of all bodies will terminate thus. The smaller bodies will first fall to their primaries, these to their primaries, and the great whole be aggregated, for the purposes of another almighty distribution by him

"Who moulded in his palm these spacious orbs,
"And bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound."

M.

HISTORY

OF JAMES MITCHELL,

A BOY BORN BLIND AND DEAF.

[By James Wardrop, F. R. S. Edinburgh.]

THE following history of a boy, born blind and deaf, affords a most interesting, though lamentable, example of a defect in the organization of the human frame, which, as far as I know, has not yet been described; and lays open a field of curious and valuable philosophical investigation, which has not hitherto been much explored.

The boy, when brought to London, and put under my care, had passed the fourteenth year of his age. He was accompanied by his father, a respectable clergyman in the north of Scotland, and by his sister; from whom, and from the observations I was enabled to make, the subsequent history has been collected.

He had the usual appearances of strength and good health, and his countenance was extremely pleasing, and indicated a considerable deal of intelligence.

On examining the state of his eyes, the pupil of each was observed to be obscured by a cataract.

In the right eye the cataract was of a white colour and pearly lustre, and appeared to pervade the whole of the crystalline lens. The pupil, however, readily dilated or contracted, according to the different degrees of light to which it was exposed. The cataract in the left eye was not equally opaque; about one third of it being dim and clouded, arising, as it appeared, from very thin dusky webs crossing it in various directions, the rest being of an opaque white colour. The pupil of this eye did not, however, seem so susceptible of impressions from varieties in the intensity of light, as that of the other eye, nor did he employ this eye so often as the other to gratify his fondness for light.

I could discover no defect in the organization of his ears.

Soon after his birth, his parents observed the cataracts in both eyes, and they also discovered, at a very early age, that he was deaf, as no sounds appeared to excite his attention, and no noise seemed to awake him during sleep.

About the time of life when he was attempting to walk, he began to be attracted by bright and dazzling colours, and to derive pleasure from striking his teeth with sonorous bodies. He also ap-

peared anxious to smell and feel those substances which had become known to him through the medium of his other senses.

As he advanced in years, various circumstances concurred to prove, that neither the retina nor the auditory nerve were entirely insensible to the impressions of light and sound; and that though he derived little information from these organs, he received from them a considerable degree of gratification.

He used to hold between his eye and luminous objects such bodies as he had found to increase the quantity of light; and it was one of his chief amusements to concentrate the sun's rays, by means of pieces of glass, transparent pebbles, or similar substance, which he held between his eye and the light, and turned about in various directions. There were other modes by which he was often in the habit of gratifying his desire of light. He would go to any out-house or room within his reach, shut the windows and doors, and remain there for a considerable time, with his eyes fixed on some small hole or chink which admitted the sun's rays, eagerly catching them. He would also, during the winter nights, frequently retire to a corner of a dark room, and kindle a light for his amusement. Such, indeed, seemed to be the degree of pleasure which he received from feasting his eyes with light, that he would often occupy himself in this manner for several hours without interruption. In this, as well as in the gratification of the other senses, his countenance and gestures displayed a most interesting avidity and curiosity.

It was difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain with precision, the degree of sight which he enjoyed; but from the preternatural acuteness which his senses of touch and smell had acquired, in consequence of having been habitually employed to collect that information for which the sight is peculiarly adapted, it may be with confidence presumed, that he derived little, if any, assistance from his eyes, as organs of vision. Besides, the appearances of the disease in the eyes were such as to render it extremely probable that they enabled him merely to distinguish some colours and differences in the intensity of light.

The organs of hearing seemed equally unfit for receiving the impressions of ordinary sounds, as his eyes were those of objects of sight.

Many circumstances, at the same time, seemed to prove that he was not altogether insensible to *sound*. It has been already observed, that he often amused himself by striking hard substances against his teeth, from which he appeared to derive as much gratification as he did from receiving the impression of light on his eyes. In his childhood, one of the most remarkable circumstances relating to him was this eager desire to strike any hard substance against his teeth. He was particularly gratified

when it was a key, or any instrument which produced a sharp sound; and he struck it always upon his front teeth. When a ring of keys was given to him, he seized them with great avidity, and tried each separately by suspending it loosely between two of his fingers, so as to allow it to vibrate freely; and after tingling them amongst his teeth, in this manner, he generally selected one from the others, the sound of which seemed to please him most. This, indeed, was one of his most favourite amusements, and it was surprising how long it would arrest his attention, and with what eagerness he would, on all occasions, renew it. A gentleman observing this circumstance, brought to him a musical snuff-box (a French trinket containing a small musical instrument, which played airs by means of a spring) and placed it between his teeth. This seemed not only to excite his wonder, but to afford him exquisite delight; and his father and sister, who were present, remarked, that they had never seen him so much interested on any former occasion. Whilst the instrument continued to play, he kept it closely between his teeth, and even when the notes were ended, he continued to hold the box to his mouth, and to examine it minutely with his fingers, his lips, and the point of his tongue, expressing, by his gestures and by his countenance, extreme curiosity.

Besides the musical snuff-box, I procured for him a common *musical key*. When it was first applied to his tooth, he exhibited expressions of fear mixed with surprise. However, he soon perceived that it was attended with no harm, so that he not only allowed it to be renewed, but he soon acquired the habit of striking it on his own hand, so as to make it sound, and then touching his teeth with it. One day his father observed him place it upon the external ear. He has also, on some occasions, been observed to take notice of, and to appear uneasy with, very loud sounds. Though, therefore, the teeth, besides being organs of mastication, and also serving as organs of touch in examining the food in the mouth, so that the hard and indigestible part may be rejected, in this boy they seemed to be the best channel of communicating sound to the auditory nerve.

His organs of touch, of smell, and of taste, had all acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and appeared to have supplied, in an astonishing manner, the deficiencies in the senses of seeing and hearing. By those of touch, and smell in particular, he was in the habit of examining every thing within his reach. Large objects, such as the furniture of a room, he felt over with his fingers, whilst those which were more minute, and which excited more of his interest, he applied to his teeth, or touched with the point of his tongue. In exercising the sense of touch, it was interesting to notice the delicate and precise manner by which he applied the ex-

tremities of his fingers, and with what ease and flexibility he would insinuate the point of his tongue into all the inequalities of the body under his examination.

But there were many substances which he not only touched, but smelled during his examination.

To the sense of smell he seemed chiefly indebted for his knowledge of different persons. He appeared to know his relations and intimate friends by smelling them very slightly, and he at once detected strangers. It was difficult, however, to ascertain at what distance he could distinguish people by this sense; but, from what I was able to observe, he appeared to be able to do so at a considerable distance from the object. This was particularly striking when a person entered the room, as he seemed to be aware of this before he could derive information from any other sense than that of smell.*

In selecting his food he was always guided by his sense of smell; for he never took any thing into his mouth without previously smelling it attentively.

His taste was extremely delicate, and he showed a great predilection for some kinds of food, whilst there were others of which he never partook. He had on no occasion tasted butter, cheese, or any of the pulpy fruits; but he was fond of milk, plain-dressed animal food, apples, peas, and other simple nutriment. He never took food from any one but his parents or sister.

But the imperfections which have been noticed in his organs of sight and of hearing, were by no means accompanied with such defects in the *powers of his mind* as might be suspected. He seemed to possess the faculties of the understanding in a considerable degree, and when we reflect that his channels of communication with the external world must have afforded very slow means of acquiring information, it is rather surprising how much knowledge he had obtained.

Impressions transmitted to the human soul through the medium of *one* sense might call into being some of the most important operations of intellect. Facts have been given to prove that this boy possessed both recollection and judgment. We are ignorant

* Perhaps he might have been informed of the approach of a person by the vibration of the floor of the room being communicated to his organs of touch.

"Quand les enfans Luco (M. Desmortiers observes) ne regardent pas leur mère elle a beau les appeller; ils ne l'entendent point; mais si elle frotte le pied sur le carreau, ils sentent ce mouvement, et se tournent aussitôt vers elle. Le bruit de cannon, des tambours, des voitures, des chevaux, *le mouvement même d'un homme* qui marche derrière eux, se fait quelquefois sentir aux poignets, mais le plus souvent à l'estomach, ou plutôt au centre nerveux du diaphragme. C'est une chose merveilleuse que la sensibilité de cette partie dans les Sourds-Muets, celle de pieds, et en général de tout le corps, aux impressions du bruit et du mouvement. Elle les avertit dans bien des circonstances où des oreilles délicates ne disent rien." See Mémoire sur les Sourdes-Muets de Naissance, par le Bouvyer Desmortiers. Paris, An. VIII.

of the qualities of bodies which influenced his determinations and his affections. On all occasions, however, it was clear, that he made his experiments on the objects which he examined with all the accuracy and caution that his circumscribed means of gaining intelligence could admit. The senses he enjoyed being thus disciplined, acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and must have furnished him with information respecting the qualities of many bodies, which we either overlook, or are in the habit of obtaining through other channels.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the boy's mind was his avidity and curiosity to become acquainted with the different objects around him. When a person came into the room where he was, the moment he knew of his presence, he fearlessly went up to him, and touched him all over, and smelled him with eagerness. He showed the same inquisitiveness in becoming acquainted with every thing within the sphere of his observation, and was daily in the habit of exploring the objects around his father's abode. He had become familiar with all the most minute parts of the house and furniture, the out-houses, and several of the adjacent fields, and the various farming utensils.

He showed great partiality to some animals, particularly to horses, and nothing seemed to give him more delight than to be put on one of their backs. When his father went out to ride, he was always the first to watch his return; and it was astonishing how he became warned of this, from remarking a variety of little incidents. His father putting on his boots, and such like occurrences, were all accurately observed by the boy, and led him to conclude how his father was to be employed. In the remote situation where he resided, male visiters were most frequent, and, therefore, the first thing he generally did, was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots; if he did, he immediately quitted him, went to the lobby, found out, and accurately examined, his whip, then proceeded to the stable and handled his horse with great care, and the utmost attention. It occasionally happened, that visiters arrived in a carriage. He never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and amused himself with the elasticity of the springs.

The locks of doors attracted much of his notice, and he seemed to derive great pleasure from turning the keys.

He was very docile and obedient to his father and to his sister, who accompanied him to London, and reposed in them every confidence for his safety, and for the means of his subsistence.

It has been already noticed, that he never took food from any one but the branches of his own family. I several times offered him an apple, of which I knew he was extremely fond, but he al-

ways refused it with signs of mistrust, though the same apple, afterwards given him by his sister, was accepted of greedily.

It was difficult to ascertain the manner in which his mind was guided in the judgment he formed of strangers, as there were some people whom he never permitted to approach him, whilst others at once excited his interest and attention.

The opinions which he formed of individuals, and the means he employed to study their character, were extremely interesting. In doing this, he appeared to be chiefly influenced by the impressions communicated to him by his sense of smell. When a stranger approached him, he eagerly began to touch some part of his body, commonly taking hold of the arm, which he held near his nose, and after two or three strong inspirations, through the nostrils, he appeared to form a decided opinion regarding him. If this was favourable, he showed a disposition to become more intimate, examined more minutely his dress, and expressed by his countenance more or less satisfaction: but if it happened to be unfavourable, he suddenly went off to a distance, with expressions of carelessness or of disgust.

When he was first brought to my house to have his eyes examined, he both touched and smelled several parts of my body, and the following day, whenever he found me near him, he grasped my arm, then smelled it, and immediately recognised me; which he signified to his father by touching his eyelids with the fingers of both hands, and imitating the examination of his eyes, which I had formerly made. I was very much struck with his behaviour during this examination. He held his head, and allowed his eyes to be touched, with an apparent interest and anxiety, as if he had been aware of the object of my occupation. On expressing to his father my surprise at the apparent consciousness of the boy of what was to be done, he said that he had frequently, during the voyage from Scotland, signified his expectation and his desire that some operation should be performed on his eyes. About two years before this period, he had been brought up to London by sea, with the hope of getting an attempt made to improve his sight and his hearing. The membrane of the tympanum of both ears was punctured by Mr. Astley Cooper, with no benefit; and several medical gentlemen examined his eyes, and endeavoured to perform some operations on them. In this, however, they completely failed, from the powerful resistance which he made to all their efforts to secure him, and hold the eye quiet. The lively remembrance which he seemed to have of these events, and the recurrence of the same circumstances attending his coming here at this time, made him very naturally conceive that his parents had again brought him from home with the same view as formerly. During the first examination, and on several future ones, when I

purposely handled the eye roughly, I was surprised to find him submit to every thing that was done, with fortitude and complete resignation; as if he was persuaded that he had an organ imperfectly developed, and an imperfection to be remedied by the assistance of his fellow creatures.

Many little incidents in his life have displayed a good deal of reasoning and observation. On one occasion, a pair of shoes were given to him, which he found too small, and his mother put them aside into a closet. Some time afterwards, young Mitchell found means to get the key of the closet, opened the door, and taking out the shoes, put them on a young man, his attendant, whom they fitted exactly.

On another occasion, finding his sister's shoes very wet, he appeared uneasy until she changed them.

From his father having had farm servants, he attempted to imitate them in some of their employments, and was particularly fond of assisting them in cleaning the stable.

At one time, when his brothers were employed making basket-work, he attempted to imitate them; but he did not seem to have patience to overcome the difficulties he had to surmount.

In many of his actions, he displayed a retentive memory, and in no one was this more remarkable than on his second voyage to London. Indeed, as the objects of his attention must have been very limited, it is not to be wondered at that those few should be well remembered.

He seemed to select and show a preference to particular *forms*, *smells*, and other *qualities* of bodies. He has often been observed to break substances with his teeth, or by other means, so as to give them a form which seemed to please him. He also preferred to touch those substances which were smooth, and which had a rounded form; and he has been known to employ many hours in selecting from the channel of a river, which was near his father's house, small stones of a rounded shape, nearly of the same weight, and having smooth surfaces. These, too, he would arrange in a circular form on the bank of the river, and place himself in the centre of the circle. He also seemed to be much pleased with some smells, and equally disgusted with others, and this latter he expressed by squeezing his nostrils, and turning his head from whence the smell came. He showed an equal nicety in the selection of his food.

He sometimes showed a good deal of *drollery* and *cunning*, particularly in his amusements with his constant companion and friend, his sister. He took great pleasure in locking people up in a room or closet, and would sometimes conceal things about his person, or otherwise, which he knew not to be his own property; and when he was detected doing so, he would laugh heartily.

That he was endowed with affection and kindness to his own family cannot be doubted. The meeting with his mother, after his return from London, (to be afterwards noticed,) showed this very strongly. On one occasion, finding his mother unwell, he was observed to weep; and on another, when his attendant happened to have a sore foot, he went up to a garret room to find a particular stool for his foot to rest upon, which he himself had made use of on a similar occasion long before. He seemed fond, too, of young children, and was often in the habit of taking them up in his arms.

His disposition and temper were generally placid, and when kind means were employed he was obedient and docile. But if he was teased or interrupted in any of his amusements he became irascible, and sometimes got into violent paroxysms of rage. At no other time did he ever make use of his voice, with which he produced most harsh and loud screams.

It is not one of the least curious parts of his history, that he seemed to have *a love of finery*. He early showed a great partiality to new clothes, and when the tailor used to come to make clothes at his father's house, (a practice common in that part of the country,) it seemed to afford him great pleasure to sit down beside him whilst he was at work, and he never left him until his own suit was finished. He expressed much disappointment and anger, when any of his brothers got new clothes, and none were given to him. Immediately before he came to London, each of his brothers got a new hat, his father considering his old one good enough for the sea voyage. Such, however, was his disappointment and rage, that he secretly went to one of the out-houses and tore the old hat to pieces. Indeed, his fondness for new clothes afforded a means of rewarding him when he merited approbation, and his parents knew no mode more severe of punishing him than by obliging him to wear old ones.

With respect to the means which were employed to communicate to him information, and which he employed to communicate his desires and feelings to others, these were very ingenious and simple. His sister, under whose management he chiefly was, had contrived signs addressing his organs of touch, by which she could control him, and regulate his conduct. On the other hand, he, by his gestures, could express his wishes and desires. His sister employed various modes of holding his arm, and patting him on the head and shoulders, to express consent and different degrees of approbation. She signified *time* by shutting his eyelids and putting down his head; which done once, meant one night. He expressed his wish to go to bed by reclining his head; distinguished me by touching his eyes; and many workmen by imitating their different employments. When he wished for food he pointed to his mouth, or to the place where provisions were usually kept.

Operation.

In the hope of restoring this boy's sight, my attention was solely directed to the removal of the cataract of the right eye. Having thought it preferable *to extract* the lens of that eye, and conceiving this might be accomplished by having him properly secured, I placed him on a table in a room lighted from the roof: and having secured him with skilful assistants, I attempted to introduce the cornea knife; but the resistance which he made was such as to render it impracticable to use that instrument. He seemed to know that something was to be done to his eye, and he at first readily yielded and allowed himself to be placed and held on the table. The uneasiness, however, which the pressure necessary to keep the eyeball steady and the eyelids open, seemed to overcome his resolution, and his exertions became so violent that it was quite impossible to secure even his head.

A second attempt was made the day following, having previously taken more precautions in order to secure him; but so violent were his exertions and cries, and so irascible did he become, that all present were glad to relinquish their posts, and I was impressed with the conviction, that nothing but a powerful piece of machinery calculated to grasp every joint of his body would be at all sufficient to enable any operation to be performed. Some days having elapsed without the hope of being able to get the operation performed, I at last thought of a machine which completely answered the wished-for purpose, and which I may describe, as on a future occasion, under similar circumstances, it may be found useful. It consisted of a kind of box, long enough to contain all his body except the head. The sides were fixed on hinges, so that they might be folded in upon the body; it had no top part, and the bottom was made long enough to reach sufficiently far beyond the sides at one extremity, so that a perpendicular plane of wood was fixed on it, in which there was a niche of such a size as accurately to contain the head. The machine being placed erect, and lined with a blanket to prevent any risk of his being injured, he was easily secured in it by folding the sides on his body, and fixing them with circular ropes; and in this manner, notwithstanding a most powerful resistance and many harassing screams, he was placed on a table and kept quite steady. I had now given up all hopes of extracting the cataract, and determined to try *couching*, an operation which, though not generally so successful, was preferable in this case, as there was not so much danger of doing any essential injury to the eye, even if it did not succeed. Much difficulty was found in holding open the eyelids, and keeping the

globe of the eye steady; but this was ultimately accomplished by Mr. Ware, who was kind enough on this occasion to lend me his able assistance. As soon as the couching needle touched the eye he remained quite steady, and his dreadful screaming ceased. I made use of the needle recommended by Mr. Cheselden, and with its sharp edge cut through the anterior portion of the crystalline capsule, and with its point dragged the lens from the sphere of the pupil. On depressing the point of the needle the lens remained out of view, except a small portion of its inferior edge, so that I then withdrew the instrument. A small quantity of blood was effused in the anterior chamber. The operation being finished, he was liberated from the machine in which he was fixed. He then expressed great satisfaction, gazed around him, and appeared as if he could distinguish objects. This, however, could not be ascertained in a manner quite satisfactory, as it would have been prejudicial to his recovery to make any experiments; but it might be perceived from the change in the expression of his countenance. The eye, accordingly, being bound up, he was carried home, and put to bed in a dark room; after which he was bled in the arm.

On the *second day* after the operation the eye was slightly inflamed. The bandage was continued, and he remained in the darkened room. He had been restless and impatient during the night, his skin dry and hot, and his pulse quicker than natural.

On the *third day* all febrile symptoms were gone, and he had slept well. His eye, too, appeared less inflamed, though easily irritated by exposure to light.

On the *fourth day* I examined the eye accurately, and observed the state of his vision. I found that the crystalline lens had altered its situation since the operation, and could be again distinguished, covering about one fourth of the upper edge of the pupil. The other part of the pupil was quite transparent, and all the blood which had been effused into the anterior chamber during the operation was now absorbed. On making trial if he could distinguish any object, he readily discerned a book placed on the coverlet of the bed, and in many of his attempts to touch it seemed to judge pretty accurately of its distance.

On the *fifth day* he got out of bed, and was brought into a room having an equal and moderate light. Before either touching or *seeming* to smell me he recognised me, which he expressed by the fear of something to be done to his eyes. He went about the room readily, and the appearance of his countenance was much altered, having acquired that look which indicated the enjoyment of vision. Indeed, before the operation he always walked with much freedom, and I had observed, that even on a very rugged and unequal road he did not stumble, or suffer in the least from jolting.

He appeared well acquainted with the furniture of the room, having lived in it several days previous to the operation; and though, from placing things before him, he evidently distinguished and attempted to touch them, judging of their distances with tolerable accuracy, yet he seemed to trust little to the information given by the eye, and always turned away his head, while he carefully examined, by his sense of touch, the whole surfaces of the bodies presented to him.

On the *sixth day* he appeared stronger, amused himself a good deal with looking out at the window, and seemed to observe the carts and carriages which were passing in the street. On putting a shilling on the middle of a table he instantly touched it.

On the *seventh day* the inflammation was nearly gone, and he observed a piece of white paper of the size of half a sixpence put upon the table. I took him into the street, and he appeared much interested in the busy scene around him, though at times he seemed frightened. A post supporting a scaffold at the distance of two or three yards chiefly attracted his notice, and he timorously approached it, groping, and stretching out his hand cautiously until he touched it.

He was at this time removed from his lodging to an uncle's house, who, being a tailor, had a room full of various coloured clothes, which afforded young Mitchell an unceasing source of pleasure and amusement.

He expressed a great desire for a suit of new clothes, and it was signified to him that his wishes would be complied with; and being allowed to make a choice, he selected from among the variety of colours a light yellow for his breeches, and a green colour for his coat and waistcoat. Accordingly these were made, and as I solicited his father not to allow them to be put on until I was present, it was signified to him that he should have permission to wear them in two days. The mode by which he received this communication was by closing his eyelids, and bending down his head twice, thereby expressing that he must first have two sleeps. One day after the clothes were finished, I called and requested that he should be dressed in them. This was intimated to him by his uncle, touching his coat and giving him a ring of keys, one of which opened the door of the room where the clothes were kept. He gladly grasped the keys, and in an instant pitched on the one he wanted, opened the door, and brought a bundle containing his new suit into the room where his father, uncle, sister, another gentleman and myself were sitting. With a joyful smile he loosened the bundle, and took out of the coat pocket a pair of new white stockings, a pair of yellow gloves, and a pair of new shoes. The succeeding scene was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary displays of sensual gratification which can well be con-

ceived. He first began by trying his new shoes, after throwing away the old ones with great scorn, and then, with a smiling countenance, went to his father and to his sister, holding up to each of them and to me his feet in succession, that we might admire his treasure.

He next put on the yellow gloves, and in like manner showing them to his father and sister, they expressed their admiration by patting him on his head and shoulders. He afterwards sat down opposite to a window, stretched out on each knee an expanded hand, and seemed to contemplate the beauty of his gloves with a degree of gratification scarcely to be imagined. At one time I attempted to deceive him by putting a yellow glove, very little soiled, in the place of his new ones. But this he instantly detected *as a trick*, and smiled, throwing away the old glove and demanding his new one. This occupation lasted a considerable time, after which he and his sister retired to another room, where he was dressed completely in his new suit. The expression of his countenance, on returning into the room in his gaudy uniform, excited universal laughter, and every means were taken to flatter his vanity and increase his delight!

Though the garments continued to occasion much delight, yet there were additional sources of enjoyment now laid open to him from his newly acquired powers of vision. One day I gave him a pair of green glasses to wear, in order to lessen the influence of the bright sunshine on his eye, which remained still irritable. He looked through them at a number of objects in succession, and so great was his surprise, and so excessive his pleasure, that he burst into a loud fit of laughter. He continued to keep possession of the glasses, wearing which became one of his favourite amusements.

He, in general, seemed much pleased with objects which were of a *white*, and still more particularly those of a *red* colour. I observed him one day take from his pocket a piece of red sealing-wax, which he appeared to have preserved for the beauty of its colour. A white waistcoat or white stockings pleased him exceedingly, and he always gave a marked preference to yellow gloves.

Young Mitchell left London towards the beginning of September, 1810, and returned home by sea. Soon after I received from his father the following account of his son: "James seemed much amused with the shipping in the river, and until we passed Yarmouth Roads. During the rest of the passage we were so far out at sea that there was little to attract his notice, except the objects around him on deck. He appeared to feel no anxiety till we reached this coast, and observed land and a boat coming along side of the vessel to carry some of the passengers on shore. He

seemed then to express both anxiety and joy, and we had no sooner got into the river which led to the landing-place, than he observed, from the side of the boat, the sandy bottom, and was desirous to get out. When we got to land he appeared happy, and felt impatient to proceed homewards. On our arrival that evening, after a journey of seventeen or eighteen miles, he expressed great pleasure on meeting with his mother and the rest of the family. He made signs that his eye had been *operated* upon, that he also *saw* with it, and at the same time signified that he was fixed in a particular posture, alluding to the machine in which he had been secured during the operation. He has now learnt to feed himself, and put on his own clothes. No particular object has yet attracted his attention in the way of amusement."

A considerable time elapsed before any further accounts of young Mitchell reached me. I then learnt that his sight, instead of improving, as I had been led to hope, was impaired, from the opaque crystalline lens not having been absorbed, and again covering the pupil; an accident by no means unusual after *couching* the cataract.

Since that time, however, I have been informed that his sight has began to improve, the fragments of the lens, and opaque portion of its capsule, are undergoing a gradual absorption, and enabling him to distinguish objects which are not very minute, and of a bright colour. From this sense, therefore, he is not yet enabled to acquire much additional information, and it still seems only to afford him the enjoyment of feasting his eyes with light, and with various colours.

As he has advanced in life, his temper has become more irascible; he is less tractable; and he has all the signs of puberty. No circumstance in his history seems to show that he has any notion of difference in sex.

The picture which I have attempted to delineate of this boy's lamentable situation, whilst it must excite our sympathy, cannot fail at the same time to give rise to much philosophical speculation on one of the most interesting subjects which can engage the human understanding. It is a most wonderful and instructive experiment instituted by *Nature* herself to illustrate the progress of human intellect, to mark the influence of the different organs of perception in the development of its various faculties; thereby realizing what many philosophers have contemplated in imagination, but never before witnessed.

The boy is now in Scotland, and Professor Dugald Stewart, to whom I have communicated every circumstance of his case, is taking a lively interest in procuring some suitable provision, which might enable the boy to be placed where an attempt could be made to educate him, and perhaps, also, to improve his sight by

another operation. If this plan be executed under the immediate care and management of Mr. Stewart, every thing will be done which can promote the happiness of this interesting youth, whilst science will reap the benefit of the observations of one of the most ingenious and most profound philosophers of the present day.

THE ARAB PIRATES.

(From Morier's Travels in Persia.)

The Arabs in every age have been alike distinguished for a spirit of commerce and of plunder; and were early and great navigators, both as merchants and as pirates. In the time of Mahomed there existed a predatory tribe, whose chief is described in the Koran, according to Ebn Haukal, as "the king, who forcibly seized every sound ship." This empire is said to have been founded prior to the time of Moses; and if the continuance of the same occupations on the spot be a proof of the identity of the people, it may be traced to the Arabs of the present day.

The Portuguese power was often violated by these pirates: and in the same age the English interests in the east were so much endangered by them, that one of the agents in Persia (who had all indeed successively made representations on the necessity of sending an armed force to destroy them) declared, that "they were likely to become as great plagues in India as the Algerines were in Europe." Some of these ships had from 30 to 50 guns; and one of their fleets, consisting of five ships, carried between them one thousand five hundred men. Within the last few years, their attacks have been almost indiscriminate; nor had they learnt to respect even the English colours, as the instance in the text, and the subsequent capture of the Minerva, Captain Hopgood, proved too well. The British government, however, knowing the intimate connexion of these pirates on the coast with the Wahabee, proceeded in the suppression of the evil with cautious judgment; and when, by the extension of these outrages to themselves, they were driven to vindicate the honour of their flag, and to extirpate their enemies, they regarded all the ports, which had not actually included the British within their depredations, as still neutral; and endeavoured to confine their warfare to reprisals, for specific acts of violence, rather than to commit themselves generally against the Wahabee, by extending the attack to those of that alliance, who, amid all their piracies, had yet not violated the commerce of England.

We might, indeed, thus separate the Joassmee tribe from the Wahabee, for we had already, in a formal treaty, recognised them as an independent power; though, perhaps, for all other purposes, they might be considered as identified. The strength, however, of the Joassmees alone was very considerable. The ports in their possession contained, according to a well-authenticated calculation, in the middle of the year 1809, 63 large vessels, and 810 of smaller sizes; together manned by near 19,000 men. This force was increasing; the pirates, in a fleet of 55 ships, of various sizes, containing altogether 5,000 men, had, after a fight of two days, taken the Minerva, and murdered almost all the crew; in the next month a fleet of 70 sail of vessels (navigated severally by numbers rising from 80 to 150 and 200 men) were cruising about the Gulf, and threatening Bushire: and the chief of Ras al Khyma, whose harbour was almost the exclusive resort of the larger vessels, had dared to demand a tribute from the British government, that their ships might navigate the Persian Gulf in safety. Our forbearance was now exhausted, and an expedition was sent from Bombay, under Captain Wainwright, and Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, of his Majesty's sea and land forces, to attack the pirates in their ports. The first object was Ras al Khyma. The armament, after a short siege, carried the place by storm, destroyed all the naval equipments, and sparing the smaller vessels, burnt the 50 large ships which the harbour contained. They proceeded to the ports of the Arab pirates on the Persian coast, and completed the destruction of all their means of annoyance. They then attacked Shinass, one of their harbours on the Indian ocean. The defence of this place was most heroical; and was conducted indeed for the Joassmees, as was subsequently learnt, by a favourite and confidential general of Saood Ibn Abdool Uzzeer, the chief of the Wahabee. When on the third day of the siege, the few survivors were called upon to surrender, they replied, that they preferred death to submission; and when the towers were falling round them, they returned upon their assailants the hand-grenades and fire-balls before they could burst. Twice Lieutenant-Colonel Smith ceased firing, to endeavour to spare the unavailing effusion of blood; till at length, when they were assured of being protected from the fury of the troops of our ally the Imaun of Muscat, which had co-operated with us, they surrendered to the English.

The expedition then scoured all the coast a second time, to destroy any fragments of that pirate power against which it was directed; and extirpated in every quarter all the means of annoyance which the Joassmees possessed. There was indeed another force of another tribe, which might eventually grow up into a formidable enemy; but this was distinctly under the protection of the Wahabee, who had invested its chief with the title of Sheik al Behr,

or "Lord of the Sea;" and till it marked its hostility to us, by joining in the attacks upon our commerce, it was judged expedient not to confound it in one indiscriminate warfare; but rather to open a communication with this particular chief, and through him to the Wahabee himself, advising the one to prohibit the piracies of his dependants, and requiring the other to respect the flag of England. In answer, the Wahabee observed, "The cause of the hostilities carrying on between me and the members of the faith, is their having turned away from the Book of the Creator, and refused to submit to their own prophet Mahomed. It is not, therefore, those of another sect, against whom I wage war, nor do I interfere in their hostile operations, nor assist them against any one; whilst under the power of the Almighty, I have risen superior to all my enemies." * * * "Under these circumstances, I have deemed it necessary to advise you that I shall not approach your shores, and have interdicted the followers of the Mahomedan faith and their vessels, from offering any molestation to your vessels; any of your merchants, therefore, who may appear in, or wish to come to my ports, will be in security; and any person on my part, who may repair to you, ought in like manner to be in safety." * * * "Be not, therefore, elated with the conflagration of a few vessels, for they are of no estimation in my opinion, in that of their owners, or of their country. In truth, then, war is bitter; and a fool only engages in it, as a poet has said."

The want of timber has always been felt so much by the people of the two Gulfs, and of the western coast of the Indian ocean, that a check on their supplies from the Malabar coast, which Brigadier General Malcolm very seasonably suggested, will probably keep down the future growth of the pirate power. The fleet of the soldan of Egypt, which was destined to relieve Din, was formed of Dalmatian timber, transported over land to the arsenals of Suez; and even some of the houses at Siraff, on the Gulf of Persia, were formed of European wood. In the seventeenth century, the Arabs of Muscat, who subsequently formed connexions on the Malabar coast to procure timber, obtained permission from the King of Pegu to build ships in the ports of his country. If, therefore, the importation of foreign wood were cut off, the Arabs could hardly, without extreme difficulty, maintain a naval force.

THE SICILIAN CHARACTER.

(*From Galt's Voyages and Travels.*)

Our knowledge of the characters of nations is derived from history; but there are moral features among every people which history never describes. In estimating the character of the Sicilians, this consideration ought to be particularly borne in mind. The island has been so long connected with Naples, that the two countries, in opinion, have become almost inseparably blended; and much of that bloody colouring, which darkens the complexion of their general national character, may, properly, belong only to the Neapolitan. Still, however, the circumstances of the Sicilian government, from an early era, serve to show, that the political attachments of the people have never been lasting, nor have they, in any epoch of their story, evinced that they possessed that resolute courage which has often enabled small communities to acquire immortal renown, in their opposition to superior powers.

The Sicilians are rather a sly than a cunning race; perhaps no nation in Europe possesses so much naïveté. Loquacious and ingenious, they make more use of persuasion in their dealings than any other people. It is not enough that a Sicilian objects the high price of what he desires to purchase; he expatiates on the inferiority of the quality; recalls to recollection how long he has been a customer; enumerates, one by one, counting them on his fingers, the circumstance of unlucky bargains that he has had; flatteringly contrasts the opulence of the English with the poverty of the Sicilians; animadverts on the politics of the government; magnifies the value of his ready money; insinuates that he may change his merchant; and often retires, and returns several times, before he offers his ultimatum. Nor in selling does he practise less address. There is not a single point of his wares that does not possess something extraordinary, or beautiful: no other shop in the town has any thing like them; so cheap, or so excellent. If the price be high, What will you give? and it is seldom that a Sicilian refuses the offer of an Englishman.

The inhabitants of this island are, in the proper sense of the term, highly superstitious; but the dicta of ignorance are so interwoven with the creeds of popery, that many notions of vulgar superstition are regarded as essentials of religion. The only exception is a belief in the effects of the influence of evil eyes: and even over this the priesthood have acquired jurisdiction. For they persuade the people to buy bits of blessed rags and paper, which, when worn suspended round the neck, have the effect, as they

pretend, of neutralizing the malignancy. The influence of an evil look is instantaneous; and the person who happens to glance it, may be unconscious of what he does: it smites the subject with sudden malady, or impresses his mind with lugubrious images, and unfits him for the prosecution of premeditated intentions. It is useless to speculate on the fantasies of the human mind; but, in this case, the constant flickering of electricity in this climate, and the occasional breathing of pestiferous exhalations, from the vegetable corruptions in the bottoms of the valleys, afford a plausible reason for the sudden distempers and dejections which are ascribed to the aspect of ungracious eyes. The same superstition is well known in Scotland; but it is more generally prevalent among the Sicilians than the Scotch. Whether it is, among us, an imported or indigenous belief, cannot now be ascertained. Over all the ancient extent of the papal empire there is a great similarity in the topics of vulgar credulity.

The Sicilians have, certainly, a very keen relish of humour; and, now and then, one may perceive in them a strong trait of peculiarity, not individual but national, which, notwithstanding their ancient proficiency, is an assurance to think that they may yet attain some literary superiority which shall be regarded as original. A description of manners and customs, by a genuine Sicilian, otherwise properly qualified, would equally surprise and delight.

SICILIAN NOBILITY.

(From the Same.)

Of the character and condition of the Sicilian nobles I have uniformly received but one opinion. The time of by far the greater number is spent in the pursuit of amusement, and of any other object than the public good. The most of them are in debt, and the incomes of but few are adequate to their wants: many are in a state of absolute beggary.

One evening, as I happened to be returning home, I fell in with a procession of monks and soldiers bearing an image of St. Francis; and not having seen any thing of the kind before, I went with the crowd into a church towards which the procession was moving. While reckoning the number of the friars as they entered, and having reached a hundred and seventy, all excellent subjects for soldiers, a well-dressed gentleman came up to me, and, bowing, pointed to some of the ornaments as objects worthy of a stranger's curiosity; but, perceiving me shy of entering into conversation with him, and the procession entering the church at the same time, he walked, or was forced by the current of the crowd, away.

The idol being placed near the high altar, the crowd began to chant a hymn. As they all fell on their knees, and my tight prejudices and small clothes would not permit me to do the same, I turned into one of the side chapels, and, leaning against the railing of the altar, began to speculate on the spectacle before me, when the stranger again accosted me. Somewhat disconcerted by the interruption, and by the forwardness of the man, I abruptly quitted my place. But, before I had moved two steps, he approached, and bowing, said, I am the Baron M——, and my palace is just opposite. At this instant the worshippers rose, and the procession turning to go out at one of the side doors near where we were standing, before I could retreat, I found myself involved in the crowd, and obliged to go with the stream. When I reached the street, I found the stranger again at my side. This is very extraordinary, thought I; and, without seeming to notice him, walked away. He followed; and when we had got out of the nucleus of the throng, he seized me firmly by the arm, and drew me aside. Enraged and alarmed at this mysterious treatment, I shook him fiercely from me. For about the time that one might count twenty, he seemed to hesitate; and then, suddenly coming back, repeated, in Italian, with considerable energy, "I—I am the Baron M——. This is my palace; but I have nothing to eat!" I looked at the building, near the gate of which we were then standing; it was old and ruinous; there was no lamp in the court-yard, and only a faint light glimmering in one of the windows.

Mistaking my silence and astonishment, he pulled out his watch, and, placing it in my hand, entreated me to give him some money. As I had no disposition to become a pawnbroker, I returned it with some expressions of surprise, and took out my purse with the intention of giving it to him, for it only contained two or three small pieces. But here all the solemnity of the adventure terminated. He snatched it out of my hand, and emptying the contents into his own, returned it; and wishing me a good night, ran into the gateway.

POETRY.

For the Analectic Magazine.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

AWAKE, my beloved! my fair come away,
While the song of the grove hails the rising of day;
Lo! spring's blooming treasures enamel the lawn,
And the storms of dark winter are over and gone.

O sweet as thy breath is each zephyr that blows,
And bright as thy cheek is the blush of the rose;
And soft as thine accents of tenderness bland
Is the voice of the turtle-dove heard in our land.

Then come and I'll lead thee to close woven bowers,
Where the wild brook flows smoothly through margins of flowers;
Where the shy steps of love no intrusion need fear,
And its tender confidings no mortal can hear.

The wild brook shall dimple with pleasure and pride,
As thy beauties reflected are seen in its tide;
And the willow shall bend its fond branches so green,
To kiss the pure wave where thine image has been.

How sweet at this season to wander the grove
With the timid delays and fond toit'rings of love;
The murmuring whisper, the sigh half suppress'd,
And the glance quick withdrawn where the soul stands confess'd.

Alas, that the glories of morning should fly!
That the bud of the rose should just open and die;
That spring, the blest season of love, should depart,
And the voice of the turtle no more touch the heart!

Thus beauty decays—but returns never more!
And the spring-time of youth—ah how soon is it o'er!
Then enjoy youth, and spring-time, and morn, while you may—
O rise, my beloved! my fair come away!

Upon the hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower, or prison pent,
Reviews the wit of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey,
A tiger, at his ruthless play?
Or, is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricksy, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguil'd,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favoured playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove;
When time hath spoiled thee of our love;
Still be thou deem'd by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenish'd oft with sav'ry food.

Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast;
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid;
And children show, with glist'ning eyes,
The place where poor old pussy lies.

A MODERN POETICAL EPITOME.

[From Mr. Barrett's "Heroine, or Adventures of a Fair Romance Reader."]

SENSIBILITY AND THE LAMB.

A mele-dramatic effusion.

Dear sensibility, O la!
I heard a little lamb cry ba!
Says I, so you have lost mamma?
Ah!

The little lamb, as I said so,
Prisking about the field did go,
And frisking, trod upon my toe;
Oh!

THE MOON AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A nocturnal sonnet.

[From the same.]

Now while within their wings each feathered pair
Hide their bush'd heads, thy visit, moon, renew;
Shake thy pale tresses down, irradiate air,
Earth, and the spicy flowers that scent the dew.
The lonely nightingale shall pipe to thee,
And I will moralize her minstrelsy.

Ten thousand birds the sun resplendent sing,
One only warbles to the milder moon,
Thus for the great, how many wake the string,
Thus for the good, how few the lyre attune.

THE DEATH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

A deadly water sonnet.

[From the same.]

Where the blue stream reflected flowerets pale,
A fluttering butterfly, with many a freak,
Dipped into dancing bells, and spread its sail
Of azure pinions, edged with jetty streak.
I snatched it passing; but a pinion frail,
Ingrained with mealy gold, I chanced to break.

The mangled insect, ill deserving bane,
Falls in the hollow of a lily new.
My tears drop after it, but drop in vain.
The cup, embalmed with azure airs and dew,
And flowery dust and grains of fragrant seed,
Can ne'er revive it from the fatal deed.

So guileless nymphs attract some traitorous eye,
So by the spoiler crushed, reject all joy and die.

ON A PRETTY LITTLE MAID OF MY MOTHE

To Dorothy Pulvertaf.

[From the same.]

If Black sea, White sea, Red sea ran
One tide of ink to Ispahan;
If all the geese in Lincoln fens,
Produc'd spontaneous, well-made pens;
If Holland old or Holland new,
One wond'rous sheet of paper grew;
Could I, by stenographic power,
Write twenty libraries an hour;
And should I sing but half the grace
Of half a freckle on thy face;
Each syllable I wrote, should reach
From Inverness to Bognor's beach;
Each hairstroke be a river Rhine,
Each verse an equinoctial line.

and literary, his ready talents, and industrious application. We cannot, however, permit his predecessor to make his modest retreat into the shades of private life, without giving him our applause for the independence, the candour, the correct taste, the national spirit, and the amiable and courteous temper with which he has discharged his editorial duties. We trust that though relieved from the irksome and ever recurring task of a periodical work, he will not suffer his mind to be idle, but that we may still be gratified by the chaste productions of his classic pen.

The infant state of letters in this country gives the public a peremptory claim on the intellect of every scholar and man of genius; and the stream of national literature is yet too turbid not to covet the contributions of every rill of pure and elegant English.

Dunlap's Life of Cooke. While this work was in the press here, Mr. Dunlap sent a copy in manuscript to England for publication. A bargain was made with an English bookseller which would have been very advantageous, but, unfortunately, a printed copy got out in time to be seized upon and published by another bookseller, with the customary avidity of the craft, so as to forestall the manuscript copy, and to rob the author of his well merited profits. The work appears to have been well received in England, and to have met with a very extensive sale. The Eclectic Review observes, "We are very glad that the biography of Cooke has fallen into the hands of a man like Mr. Dunlap. With an enthusiastic admiration of his hero's talents, Mr. D. never attempts to palliate his vices—not even to apologize for them. They appear to have struck the mind of the author very forcibly, and very forcibly he gives them to the reader." The reviewers take particular notice of the great curiosity excited by the arrival of Cooke; the extravagant sums paid, in some of the cities, to procure advantageous seats at the theatre, and the enthusiasm with which he was admired. One observes, "We did not know that the Americans had carried their *rage* for theatrical amusements to so great a height. Our readers will draw their own inference from the fact. It seems to mark a state of society, differing essentially from that which prevailed some years ago." "It proves the action of curiosity on the public mind in America, with a force at least equal to its action on the public mind in Britain; connected with preceding extracts, it seems to mark a disposition to excess in the American character, which deserves notice."

Field Pinx.t

Edwin sc

WILLIAM CLIFFTON.

Engraved for the Academic Magazine. Published by W. Thomas

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FOR JUNE, 1814.

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Histoire des Croisades. Première Partie contenant l'Histoire de la première Croisade. Par M. Michaud. Avec une Carte de l'Asie Mineure, les plans d'Antioche, de Jerusalem, &c. 8vo.

[From the Critical Review.]

IF the present circumstances of the French empire are unfavourable to the free and vigorous exertions of native genius, to the exercise of political talent, and the advance of moral and religious philosophy, we should yet be far from the truth were we to infer that the unparalleled restrictions of the liberty of the press had

operated to the extinction of all literary power and energ
mains to be proved (and we may hope that it is a probl
likely to be solved) how long a continuance of the systen
by the present ruler of France, will be necessary to put
stop to the progress of the human intellect, and drive back
cultivated people to their original barbarism; but we h
cient evidence that no such effect is yet to be contempl
the annals of French literature have probably never
within so short a space of time, so great a number of val
interesting works in the departments of history and the bell
as during the period that these restrictions have been in

Of these productions we have noticed several of late,
only, to justify our assertions, recall to our readers the wo
M. Sismondi and Ginguéné, relating to the civil and mi
tory of the middle ages in Italy. That which we now
from the portion already executed and at present in our h
fair to rival the works last mentioned in interest and util
have not, as yet, possessed any general history of the crus
can be read with satisfaction and pleasure. The best are
imperfect summaries, which leave the reader to desire m
information than they are capable of communicating, whi
knowledge of particulars, he has hitherto been condemn
to have recourse to original authorities, which are almos
able, and if attained, scarcely legible, or to dry, tasteles
tions, which repel curiosity and demand attention only o
of the matter they contain, and which is nowhere else
with.

With this preface, we sit down, not to add to the list
details, by furnishing an abstract of the contents of the p
lume, but to select some passages of the most striking in
most ably wrought in description, to enable our readers to
themselves of the value which ought to be set upon the w
It is just, however, before we look further, to let our aut
for himself as to his view of the task he has undertaken t

"Those among us who have undertaken subjects of ancie
had for their guides the historians of Rome and Athens.
liant colours of Tacitus, Livy, and Thucydides, were read
pencil. For me, I have no models to follow, and am redu
necessity of giving a language to those historians of the m
whom our era disdains. They have seldom supported me in
by the charm of style, and the elegance of narration; but, if
afforded me no lessons in the art of writing, they at least
me events of an interest sufficiently powerful to redeem all

of their genius and of my own. Perhaps it will be found, in reading this history, that an epoch in which all is prodigious, has nothing to lose by a simple and faithful representation. The frankness of our old historians revives for me the persons and characters they describe; and if I have profited by the lessons they teach me, the age in which they lived shall not be altogether unobservable in my recitals. It would have been easy for me to censure bitterly, as others have done, their ignorance and their credulity; but I respect in them the openness and candour of the times of which they are the interpreters. Without giving faith to all their recitals, I have not disdained the fables which they relate to us, and which were believed by their cotemporaries; for the knowledge of what was believed in those days, serves to bring us acquainted with the manners of our ancestors, and forms an essential part of their history.

"We have no need in these days of any great sagacity to distinguish the fabulous from the real in our ancient chronicles. It is more difficult to reconcile, on certain points, the often contradictory assertions of the Latins, the Greeks, the Saracens, and to disengage, in the history of the crusades, the various impressions derived from religious fanaticism, from human policy, and from human passions. I do not pretend to resolve difficult problems better than others, or to raise myself above my subject, in judging of the times and of the people that will present themselves before me. Without giving myself up to digressions, in which it is always easy to make a display of our acquirements, after having scrupulously examined the historical monuments which remain to us, I shall faithfully speak what I believe to be the truth, and shall abandon dissertations to the learned, and conjectures to the philosopher." Exposition, p. 6—8.

On the question, so often discussed, of the moral and political effects of the crusades, our author does not so far forget the promise contained in his last paragraph, as either to enlarge in argument or to express any positive opinion. It is a question which has, of late, been very ably treated in essays honoured with the rewards of the national institute; but M. Michaud, very sensibly, we think, after leaving the general inference to be drawn by his readers from the facts developed in the progress of his work, describes his own judgment as fluctuating in the middle channel between the currents of the two opposite opinions to which the question has given birth.

"Without believing," says he, "that the holy wars have occasioned all the evil or all the good that has been attributed to them, it must be allowed that they were a source of tears to the generations which saw and took part in them; but, like the evils and the storms of hu-

man life, which render man better, and often contribute to the advance of his reasoning faculties, they have served to hasten the experience of nations, and it may be said that after having for a moment shaken, they have subsequently strengthened, the foundations of society. This opinion, stripped of all spirit of exaggeration and system, will perhaps appear the most reasonable: besides, I experience some pleasure in adopting it, because it is consolatory for the age we live in. The present generation, which has witnessed the explosion of so many passions on the political stage, which has suffered so many calamities, will not see without interest that Providence sometimes makes use of great revolutions for the purpose of enlightening mankind, and ensuring in times to come the prosperity of empires." P. 10.

The first of the four books into which the present volume is divided, contains a summary view of the several revolutions of the Holy Land, from the time of Constantine to the period of the first crusade, and an account of the rise and progress of the religious custom of pilgrimages to the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem, interspersed with some amusing anecdotes respecting the most illustrious personages who devoted themselves to these pious undertakings. We shall not stop to make any quotations from this preliminary part of the history, and (although for a different reason) shall also abstain from repeating the well-known tale of Peter the Hermit, the Council of Clermont, and the exertions of Pope Urban in the prosecution of the enterprise which the enthusiastic Cœnobite had suggested. The picture of the universal delirium which those exertions and that enthusiasm produced, affords, however, too favourable a specimen of our author's descriptive powers to be passed over in silence.

"From the moment that the spring returned nothing could restrain the impatience of the crusaders; they began their march for the places which were destined for their rendezvous. The greater number went on foot; some horsemen appeared in the midst of the multitude; many travelled in carts, others coasted along the shores in vessels; they were differently clothed, armed with lances, swords, javelins, iron maces, &c. The crowd of crusaders offered a whimsical and confused medley of all ranks and conditions; women appeared in arms among the warriors; prostitution displayed itself amidst all the rigours of penance. Old age was seen by the side of infancy, opulence next to misery; the helmet was confounded with the cowl, the mitre with the sword. In the neighbourhood of towns and fortresses, in plains and on mountains, forts and pavilions raised their heads; everywhere appeared the preparations of war and revelling. Here were heard the noise of war and

the sound of trumpets: a little further the chanting of psalms and canticles. From the Tiber to the sea, from the Rhine to beyond the Pyrenees, nothing could be seen but troops of men, invested with the cross, swearing to exterminate the Saracens, and singing their conquests by anticipation. On all sides was heard the war cry of the crusaders, God wills it! *Dieu le veut, Dieu le veut.*

"Fathers led their children themselves, and made them swear to conquer or die for Jesus Christ. Warriors tore themselves from the arms of their wives and families, and promised to come back victorious. Women and old men, whose weakness was left without support, accompanied their sons or their husbands to the nearest town, and, unable to separate themselves from the objects of their affection, took the determination of following them to Jerusalem. Those who remained in Europe envied the fate of the crusaders, and could not restrain their tears; those who went to seek death in Asia were full of hope and gladness.* Whole families, whole villages, took their departure for Palestine, and carried away in their march all they met with on their passage. They marched without foresight, and refused to believe that he who nourishes the young ones of birds would suffer his pilgrims, sanctified by the cross, to perish from misery. Their ignorance added to their illusion, and lent to all objects they contemplated an air of enchantment; they continually fancied that they were drawing near the end of their pilgrimage. The children of the villagers, whenever a town or a castle presented itself to their eyes, asked if that were Jerusalem.† Many great lords, who had passed their lives in their rural dungeons, were as much uninformed as their vassals; they caused their fishing and hunting tackle to be carried with them, and rode with their spaniel before them, and a hawk on their fists. They hoped to reach Jerusalem with abundance of merriment, and to display to all Asia the coarse luxury of their castles.

"Amidst the universal delirium, not a single sage was heard to utter the voice of reason; nobody was then astonished at what now causes our surprise. These scenes, so strange, in which all the world acted a part, were to be a spectacle only for posterity." P. 113—115.

"Quel prodige, en effet," observes our author in another place, "doit plus étonner le philosophe, que le spectacle de l'Europe, qui s'agite, pour ainsi dire, jusque dans ses fondemens, se déplace tout entière, et se lève comme un seul homme pour marcher en armes vers l'Orient?"

All the narratives of the first crusade are exceedingly confused and perplexed whenever they attempt to describe the several distinct corps of which the great expedition was composed, and the

* *Tristitia remanentibus, gaudium autem euntibus erat.* (Fulc. Carnot.)

† *Videres mirum quiddam; ipsos infantulos, dum obviam habent quælibet castella vel urbes, si hæc esset Jerusalem, ad quam tenderent, rogitare.* (Guibert Abb.)

precise routes which they respectively pursued in their
Constantinople, which appears to have been the place
rendezvous to all. M. Michaud adverts to this deficie
mer historians; but he has by no means redeemed
which he seems to give, of supplying, or even of ende
supply it. He enables us to follow with tolerable ac
course of the first great tumultuary army, led by Peter
and Gaultier *sans avoir*, the last remnants of which wer
and annihilated in the plains of Bithynia; and the ho
quently collected under the priest Godeschall and Coun
are sufficiently distinguished from all the rest, and from
by their different distinctions and catastrophes. Bu
comes to give an account of the more regular exped
manded by Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Thoulou
hemond, we expect to meet with a method and order in
tion which we are far from finding, and are condemne
alight in the midst of the imperial city, and meet each se
already assembled there before us, without any distinct
of their respective progress, or of the manner in which
came the obstacles and difficulties which we know to
their way. The want of perspicuity which we remark
of the narrative, and on which we should have forborne
were it not that the author appears to claim some merit
remedied the defects of former historians, is amply supp
dramatic effect which he has given to his subject by dis
various characters of his principal personages at their fir
tion on the historical theatre. These several pictures ar
coloured, without any appearance of labour in the deta
the strictest fidelity to the features of the original port
thus, for instance, that he has delineated the hero of
lemme liberata.

* We cannot pass over the mention of this last-named army of cru
noticing what has struck us as a remarkable piece of disingenuity in
antipathy to the crusaders seems to partake not a little of his general
sophical bigotry. He dwells with manifest pleasure on the horrible
the Jews which these deluded fanatics substituted in the room of thei
pedition to Jerusalem, "astonished," as our author says, "that peopl
make war upon the Mussulmans, who only kept possession of the sepul
while they left in peace a people which had crucified its God;" but he
to inform us that, while these enormities were committed by a disord
of the lowest classes of society, headed by a few individuals of notoriously
abandoned principles, there were found in that unenlightened age, eh
(the Bishops of Worms, Treves, Spire, and Mayence) sufficiently im
true spirit of their religion to open their churches and palaces for tha
the miserable victims of persecution. Such examples as these, thoug
tered through the annals of superstition and ignorance, are too precio
looked or neglected, except by those who wish to find, in the history
only the details of its abuses, and the crimes and errors of its weak an
fessors.

and Gaultier *sans avoir*, the la
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"The cotemporary history, which has transmitted to us his portrait, informs us, that he united the bravery and the virtues of a hero to the simplicity of a Cœnobite.* His address in battle, an extraordinary strength of body, made him be admired in the midst of camps. Prudence and moderation tempered his valour; his devotion was sincere and disinterested, and never in the holy war did he exercise his courage and his vengeance except against the enemies of Christ. Faithful to his word, liberal, affable, full of humanity, princes and knights looked up to him as their model, and his soldiers as their father; all the warriors wished to fight under his banners. If he was not the chief of the crusades, as some historians have pretended, he at least obtained the command which virtue confers. In the midst of their divisions and quarrels, the princes and barons often implored the wisdom of Godfrey, and in the dangers of war, his counsels were regarded as absolute orders." P. 144.

Others of the principal crusaders are characterized no less successfully.

"The people of Vermandois marched with the subjects of Philip, under the colours of their Count Hugh, a young prince whose brilliant qualities had been the admiration of the court. Proud of his rank as brother to the king of France, and first of the French knights, he made himself be remarked by his bravery and the ostentation of his manners. He displayed an invincible courage in the field, but suffered himself to be too easily overcome by flattery, and wanted perseverance under reverses. Although poorly appanaged by fortune, no hero of the crusade gave evidence of intentions more noble and more disinterested. If he had not merited by his exploits the surname of *Great*, which history has given him, he might have obtained it for having listened only to his zeal, and sought glory alone in a war which offered kingdoms to the ambition of princes and even of simple knights.

"Robert, surnamed *Curthose*, Duke of Normandy, who conducted his vassals to the holy war, was the eldest son of William the Conqueror. He united to noble qualities defects the most reprehensible in a prince. In his youth he was unable to bear the paternal authority; but more led away by the love of independence than by a real ambition, after having made war on his father in order to reign in Normandy, he neglected the opportunity of ascending the throne on the death of William. His lightness, his inconstancy, and weakness, made him the object of contempt to his subjects and to his enemies. His profuseness ruined his

* An anonymous historian of the crusades expresses himself in these terms, speaking of Godfrey: *Tantum levis ut magis in se monachum quam militem figuraret.* Guibert says, moreover, *cujus mira humilitas et monachis jam imitanda modestia.* (See Bongars, p. 548.)

...withal to defray the expenses of
in the hands of his brother, Will
he lived in accused of impiety, a
the crusaders, seized with joy upo
vince which he hoped one day to
contributions on the clergy whic
the church silver to pay the sum o
his departure for the Holy Land, f
his dukedom." P. 153.

The characters of Robert, Ea
Lance and Sword of the Christian
and Chartres, the number of whos
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to dwell upon for the present, and
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" Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum,
fortunes and in the glory of this holy e
neither less courage nor less genius th
Cotemporary authors, who never fail to
of their heroes, inform us, that he surpa
followers; his eyes were blue, and ap
gance. His presence, says Anna Com
as his reputation astonished the mind.
have said that he had studied the art of
himself under arms, it might have been b
life in learning the management of the la
the school of the Norman heroes, he ca
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"Whatever could lead to the accomplishment of his designs appeared to him to be just. He had learned of his father to regard as his enemies all those whose estates or riches were the objects of his covetousness: he was restrained, neither by the fear of God, nor by the opinion of men, nor by his own oaths. He had followed Robert in the war against the Emperor Alexis, and had distinguished himself in the battles of Durazzo and Larissa: but, disinherited by will, nothing remained for him at the death of his father but the remembrance of his exploits, and the example of his family. He had declared war against his brother Roger, and had just compelled him to cede the principality of Tarentum, when they began to speak in Europe about the expedition to the east. The deliverance of the sepulchre of Jesus Christ was not that which inflamed his zeal, or decided him to take the cross. As he had vowed an eternal hatred against the Grecian emperors, he smiled at the idea of traversing their empire at the head of an army; and, full of confidence in his fortune, he hoped to erect for himself a kingdom before he should arrive at Jerusalem." P. 159.

This artful and ambitious character is poetically contrasted with that of the most celebrated of the knights who ranged themselves under his standard, and who furnished the model for one of the most interesting personages in the immortal poem of Tasso.

"All these warriors were already renowned for their exploits; but none among them deserved to fix the attention of posterity so much as the brave Tancred.* Although he belonged to a family in which ambition was hereditary, he had no other passion than that of combating the infidels. Piety, glory, and perhaps his friendship for Bohemond, were alone able to conduct him into Asia. His cotemporaries admired his romantic loftiness, and his uncultivated pride. He never yielded except to the empire of virtue and sometimes to that of beauty. A stranger to all considerations and all the interests of policy, he knew no law but those of religion and honour, and was always ready to lay down his life for their sake. The annals of chivalry offer no model more accomplished; poetry and history have joined in his celebration, and have bestowed on him the same praises." P. 162.

We should add to these the pictures of the warlike Bishop of Puy, (Adhemar de Monteil,) and of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, the Nestor of Tasso. But, for want of room, we pass them over, and hasten to that of the Emperor Alexis Comnenus, which our author appears to have estimated with more impartiality than either the zeal of the cotemporary Latin historians, or the equally unjust though less pardonable prejudices of modern philosophers, would admit.

* Raoul de Caen has written, half in prose, half in verse, the *Acts of Tancred.* (See the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum* of Martenne, Tom. I. or the Collection of Muratori, Tom. III.)

heaven, to all the army of th
assault which was meditated.

"The pilgrims, persuaded that the
open themselves not less to devotion t
cility to the exhortations of the hermit
to follow his advice, which they looke
himself. After three days of a rigor
from their quarters, and marched, bare
the walls of the Holy City. They
clad in white, bearing the images of t
and canticles. Their banners were d
trumpets resounded afar. It was thus
the tour of Jericho, whose walls fell to
martial instruments.

"The crusaders began their march f
which is in front of Calvary; they adva
as they entered the valley of Jehoshaph
St. Stephen, and *the first elect of God.*
wards the Mount of Olives, they contempl
in which Jesus Christ exuded a bloody sw
Saviour of the world shed tears over Jerus
the summit of the mountain, the most imp
itself to their eyes. To the east they be
the shores of the Dead Sea and of the rive
surveyed at their feet the Holy City and
sacred ruins. Assembled together in th
Jesus Christ ascended to heaven, and on
the marks of his feet, they heard the exhort
bishops.

"Arnoul de Rohés, chaplain of the Duke
to them a pathetic discourse

injuries, and cherish each other in mutual love, Tancred and Raymond, who had long been at variance, embraced in the presence of all the christian army. The soldiers, and the other chiefs, followed their example. The rich promised to comfort by their alms the poor and the orphans who bore the cross. All men forgot their fatal animosities, and swore to remain faithful to the precepts of evangelical charity.

" While the crusaders thus gave themselves up to the transports of their devotion and piety, the Saracens collected on the ramparts of Jerusalem, lifted in the air crucifixes which they loaded with outrage; they insulted the ceremonies of the christians by their gestures and clamours. ' You hear,' said the hermit Peter, ' you hear the threats and blasphemies of these enemies of the true God; swear to defend Jesus Christ, made prisoner and crucified a second time by the infidels. You see him expiring anew upon Calvary for the redemption of your sins.' At these words the Cœnobite is interrupted by groans and cries of indignation which arose on all sides against the infidels. ' Yes, I swear by your piety,' pursued the orator, ' I swear by your arms, that the reign of the impious approaches to its termination. The host of the Lord has no longer but to appear, and all this vain crowd of mussulmans will be dispersed like shadows. To-day they are yet filled with pride and insolence, to-morrow they will be frozen with fear, and will fall motionless before you, like those guardians of the sepulchre who felt their weapons fall out of their hands, and fell dead with affright when an earthquake announced the presence of a Deity on this very Calvary which you are now going to scale. Yet a few moments, and these towers, the last rampart of the infidels, will become the asylum of the christians; these mosques, which rise upon the ruins of christianity, shall serve for the temple of the true God, and Jerusalem shall resound with the praises only of the Lord.'

" At these last words of Peter, the liveliest transports burst from the ranks of the crusaders; they again embrace amidst floods of tears, and exhort each other mutually to endure the fatigues and evils for which they are at length about to receive their glorious reward. The christians then descend from the Mount of Olives to regain their camp, and, taking the road towards the south, they salute on their right hand the tomb of David, and pass near the fishpond of Siloah where Jesus Christ restored his sight to the man born blind; they perceive at a greater distance the ruins of the palaces of Judah, and advance along the declivity of Mount Sion, where other remembrances come to add to their enthusiasm. Towards evening, the christian army returned to its quarters, repeating these words of the prophet: ' Those of the west shall fear the Lord, and those of the east shall behold his glory.' Re-entered within their camp, the most part of the pilgrims passed the night in prayer; the chiefs and the soldiers confess their sins at the feet of the priests, and receive their God, whose promises filled them with hope and confidence." P. 390, &c.

It must be acknowledged that there are ample materials in this long description of the procession of the pilgrims, for poetical ornament; and the most fervent admirers of Tasso must regret,

with our author, that he missed so fair and manifest an opportunity of enriching his poem by the admission of them.

The scenes which immediately followed the capture of Jerusalem are of a nature to awaken much reflection on the strange inconsistencies of human nature, and such as does not at all tend to raise our ideas of mortal perfection, or inspire us with feelings of self-gratulation and complacency. Our author appears to have contemplated them in a very philosophical view, and we know no passage in his work that sets good sense and his powers of just discrimination in a more favourable light. After dwelling no longer than the occasion demanded on the horrible atrocities committed by the victorious crusaders, and which their historians record with expressions of exultation rather than of horror, or even of censure, he thus proceeds to relate the extraordinary occurrences which immediately followed.

"At the sight of their brethren, (the pilgrims whom they had rescued from their long captivity,) the soldiers of the cross no doubt began to recollect that they had come to worship at the tomb of Jesus. The pious Godfrey, who had abstained from the carnage which succeeded the victory, quitted his companions, and, followed by three servants, repaired, without arms, and barefooted, to the church of the holy sepulchre. The news of this act of devotion soon spread throughout the christian army; immediately all their vengeance, all their fury, was appeased; the crusaders stripped themselves of their bloody garments, made all Jerusalem re-echo with their lamentations, their sobs, and groans, and, conducted by the clergy of the country, walked together, their feet bare, and their heads uncovered, towards the church of the Resurrection. When the christian army was thus assembled together upon Calvary the night began to fall; silence reigned throughout the public places, and around the ramparts: nothing was heard throughout the Holy City but the penitential psalms, and the words of Isaiah—'Ye that love Jerusalem, rejoice with her.' The crusaders then displayed a devotion so lively and tender, that one would have said, according to the remark of a modern historian, (Le Père Maimbourg,) that these same men who were come from taking a town by assault and committing the most horrible carnage, were in fact issuing from a long retreat, and from the profoundest meditation on the mysteries of our faith. These inexplicable contrasts often occur in the history of the crusades. Some writers have thought to find in them a pretext for accusing the christian religion; others, not less blind nor less passionate, have attempted to excuse the deplorable excesses of fanaticism; the impartial historian thinks it enough to record them, and mourns in silence the weakness of human nature." P. 413.

Among the various authorities to which our author has had recourse in the compilation of this work, we have already men-

tioned, as entirely new to the historical reader, the MS. History of Armenia, by Matthew of Edessa. We cannot refuse ourselves the indulgence of noticing another MS. for the sake of the particular anecdote which has been selected from it, although that anecdote bears no immediate reference to the crusade itself. It is in speaking of the state of "the science of legislation," at this epoch, that M. Michaud mentions the ordinances which Gaston de Béarn, one of the heroes of the crusade, had drawn up, previous to his setting out on the expedition, for the regulation of his states during his absence.

"Among these," says our author, "we meet with some dispositions which deserve to be recorded by history, because they present to us the feeble commencements of a legislation which it required a length of time and fortunate circumstances to bring to perfection. '*The peace*,' says this legislator of the eleventh century, '*shall at all times be preserved towards the clergy, monks, travellers, ladies, and their attendants. If any man takes refuge with a lady, he shall be secure in his person on payment of damages. Peace be with the peasant: his oxen and his instruments of agriculture shall not be liable to seizure.*'"

This valuable extract is from a manuscript history of Béarn, "qu'a bien voula nous communiquer, un de nos magistrats les plus distingués, qui consacre ses loisirs à la culture des lettres. Cette histoire, remarquable par une sage érudition et une saine critique, doit jeter une grande lumière sur les temps reculés dont nous parlons." (Note p. 480.) We earnestly entreat Field Marshal the Marquis Wellington, in his projected invasion of the southern provinces of France, to take good care not to hurt either this respectable magistrate or his manuscript.

In the "Pièces Justificatives," collected at the end of this volume, the reader will find a mass of curious anecdote, and many important documents well worthy of being brought to light and preserved; but we have not space nor leisure left us to analyze their contents, or give any further extracts. We hope it will not be long before we shall have to announce a continuation of the work.

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by Mr. Dewar in those striking c
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tored and simple with a design constantly in view."—"An inquisitive turn of mind is generally accompanied with some degree of thoughtfulness. A Highlander is both inquisitive and thoughtful, so is an Irishman; though I am inclined to think that he has not got quite so much of the pensive philosopher in his nature. He can much more easily become jocular than a Highlander; nor is he so apt to make those moral reflections on the common incidents of life."—"Besides, the Highlander generally passes his life more retired and in a manner much more solitary than the Irishman, and is often left altogether to his own reflections, and to the impressions which a wild and mountain scenery produces. In Leitrim, and in some parts of the county of Donegal, the character of the natives approximates nearer to that of a Highlander, than elsewhere. The scenery of both these counties is wild and romantic."—

"The Irishman like the Highlander must often go from home; he must go in search of that bread which his country denies him, but he can never forget the cottage of his early years: whether in the east or west, though even buried amid the ignorance and vice of St. Giles's, the lovely valley in which he first began to live, and the green hills of his native isle, with all the soft and endearing associations which they awaken, never cease to warm his imagination, nor, to his latest hour, do they depart from his memory."—"I have witnessed a considerable share of this even among the low and uneducated part of that people in London. When I spoke to them in their own language, their national enthusiasm was kindled, and for a while they seemed to forget that they were in the land of strangers."—

"The hospitality of the Irish, like that of the Scottish Highlanders, is proverbial; and never surely has a stranger visited the neighbouring isle without having had satisfactory proofs of it. The poor labourer, who has only potatoes for himself and his children, will give the best in his pot to the guest, from whatever quarter he may come: he bestows his simple fare with a kindness that has often delighted me."—

"I must next advert to that susceptibility of gratitude and resentment, so observable in the Irish. They are prone to extremes in their prepossessions, or their antipathies, their love or their hatred. They have no idea of the heartless neutrality of indifference, of the frigid torpor of insensibility; and it is with difficulty they can maintain that equanimity of mind, which accords with the happy medium of moderation. They are ardent and high spirited; and though not so proud as Highlanders, they have got all their impetuosity. No people in the world can be made better friends, and it is not easy to conceive of worse enemies. They have got some vanity, and they may be flattered; they possess warm affections, and they may very easily be secured; but they have a degree of resentment that will not suffer them with impunity to be injured or insulted. This character appears to me extremely valuable, since it may be turned to the best account: little can be done in improving a people dull and stupid; but much may be accomplished with those who are alive to every impression, who are acute, and generous, and ardent. After all, the character

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opinion of the prudent cabinet of

ciate its blessings. It is probable that, at the time of the Reformation, great numbers of the lower orders in Ireland were so immersed in ignorance as not to have forsaken paganism. A catholic seminary which had been established at Armagh, and which had sent forth enlightened pastors, had been overthrown amid surrounding troubles; and it became afterwards impracticable to obtain a sufficient supply of ministers. In many places, also, the church lands were appropriated by laymen, and the people were left for ages without instruction. It was not at a time when the body of the people were ignorant of all religion, that so material a change as the Reformation was likely to take effect among them. Of the native Irish, the major part had never seen Englishmen, and had heard of them only by their oppression. The adoption of the new religion by the English was, therefore, in their eyes, a weighty objection to it. Another circumstance formed a strong obstacle to the progress of the Reformation: none of its advocates were acquainted with the Irish language, which at that time was the sole dialect of three fourths of the country. Accordingly, the idea of introducing the new religion into Ireland does not seem to have been entertained at all for some time. In Elizabeth's reign, zealous application was made by Sir Henry Sidney, that persons competent to instruct the natives in their own tongue should be sent over.

His zeal appears to have been unsupported; but had his advice been followed, it is not improbable that the majority of the Irish nation would have become sincere and industrious protestants. Mismanaged as the attempts at reformation were, they served only to confirm the native Irish in their attachment to the church of Rome. The pope, turning their divided situation to account, received them under his sacred protection, and seemed to assume the character of temporal prince in addition to that of spiritual father. This delusion was confirmed by the Irish priests; who, being discouraged from attending our universities, received their education abroad. It is a serious truth, that even at the present day, catholics consider themselves as excluded from the Dublin university; for, though they are permitted to attend lectures, they are not allowed to take degrees, a disability which is most repugnant to the feelings of spirited men. The college of Maynooth is but a partial good, and by no means on a scale of adequate extent. "Is it now asked," says Mr. Dewar, (p. 142.) "what means are most likely to increase the converts to protestantism in Ireland? I answer, the diffusion of education through the medium of their own language. This is the way to moral improvement, and that being once accomplished, we may safely presume that religious improvement is not far behind."

Parliaments in Ireland are of very old date, statutes being found as ancient as the reign of Edward II. There, however, as in En-

in concurrence with the want of education, has had the effect of making the former—who were naturally an open and unsuspecting people—jealous, and to a certain degree deceitful. Such are the causes by which the habit of prevarication has been fostered, and the vices of savage life have been continued.

It is since the abolition of the most grievous part of the penal code, and of the restrictions on trade, that the increase of Ireland in wealth and political importance has become rapid. Within the last twenty years, her landed rental is computed to have risen from six to fifteen millions.—It is a mistake, says Mr. Dewar, to consider the lower orders of Irish as indifferent to the question of emancipation; since, though they are unacquainted with the particular objects contemplated, they conceive it, on the whole, to be an important blessing which ought not be denied them. Mr. Dewar would put catholics and dissenters exactly on the footing of the established church, with the sole difference of an income continuing to be provided for the latter by government. As long, he adds, as any prospect remained of the Stuart family renewing their claim to the crown, a reason might be urged for exercising rigour towards the catholics: but, at present, this is just as futile as the dread of catholic proselytism. Such a dread takes for granted that the zeal of catholics will accomplish every thing, while that of protestants will effect nothing. The true way of lessening the zeal of catholics, contradictory as it may seem, is by the repeal of the penal laws;—a repeal, which will lessen the union of those who have been long held together by the bond of fellow suffering. Had the catholics been disposed to intrigue against the state, they would before now have taken the oaths which preclude their entrance on the higher offices. Those who talk of political danger should never forget that the Irish catholics have renounced the deposing power of the pope, and the doctrine of keeping no faith with heretics.

The advantages of national education form the subject of the last part of Mr. Dewar's book. A desire of investigating the subject to the bottom has led him to analyze the general arguments in favour of education, with more minuteness than perhaps was necessary: yet, familiar as his reasoning is, we consider it as not devoid of utility. "Ignorance, indolence, and vice," he says, "are not more closely allied on the one side, than intelligence, industry, and purity of manners on the other. It has been said by the blind opponents of education, that the power of reading may lead to the reading of bad books. But is it true that the poor, when capable of reading, prefer bad books to good ones? In Scotland, where all the people can read, are their morals injured by their capability of perusing improper books? In what other country are the poor more sober or industrious?" Compare this

picture with the poverty and vice of the unlettered peasantry of Ireland, and the result will be, that reading is one of the chief securities against moral, political, and religious error. An instructed and an intelligent people are always more decent and orderly than those who are ignorant. Feeling themselves individually more likely to obtain the approbation of their superiors, they are, on the other hand, more disposed to pay to these superiors a due tribute of respect; and being more capable of seeing through the selfish views of demagogues, they are less blindly led into disobedience.—Another objection to education, with timid men, is an apprehension that the lower orders would become unwilling to perform that drudgery which belongs to their situation in life: but this is little else than saying that education would make them forget to eat and drink. The fact is, that while the wants of nature obliged them to continue to labour, education would only enable them to perform that labour much better. Discontent is generally the effect of ignorance; knowledge enabling us both to ascertain our duties and appreciate our blessings in this life, and referring the mind to that future state in which the inequalities of this transient scene will be adjusted.

Though we generally participate in Mr. Dewar's opinions, on one point his views and ours do not exactly accord; we mean, the rapidity of increase in Irish population. He thinks that the early marriage which is common among the catholics, by creating young families without adequate provision, is a public misfortune: but early marriage has such powerful recommendations in our eyes, that we are with difficulty brought to admit arguments on the opposite side. Without entering into a discussion of the question, we shall merely observe that Mr. Dewar's notions are founded on a well known work on population, which perhaps does not adequately estimate the additional means of provision afforded by increased population. We are more likely to agree with the author when he contrasts the state of the poor in Ireland and in Scotland. In the latter, they are industrious and comfortable without much assistance from their richer neighbours; while in Ireland they are superstitious and comfortless, wandering about in crowds on the public roads, and stunning the passenger with their petitioning vociferation. We coincide with Mr. Dewar likewise on a very different matter, viz. the increased necessity of correcting, by previous education, those confined views of which the subdivision of labour is productive. It has been said by many that this favourite doctrine of Dr. Smith tends to debase that society which it professes to improve: but those persons carry the point too far, and do not take a comprehensive view of the extent of Dr. Smith's reasoning. By his plan, the acquisition of education would be as much facilitated and abridged as that of other

things. A knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic attained in the juvenile years of the mechanic, and shoul means be his object before he takes the step of devoting to an uninstructive occupation.

As early as the reign of James I. free schools were e several of the large towns in Ireland, and have since tended to different parts of the country.

"It appears, from a late report of the commissioners of of education in Ireland, that their number is greater than m been supposed. Of 1,122 benefices, returns have been ma commissioners from 736 of these: by which it is shown, th number of benefices there are 549 schools, at which 23,000 receive instruction. The course of instruction comprises writing, and arithmetic. The schools are open to children ligious persuasions; who, for the most part, pay for their at rates which vary from two shillings and sixpence to five and fourpence, and even as high as eleven shillings a qu appears from the report, that there is a great want of prop masters and school-houses; and that religious prejudices, m cularly in the south and west, have operated against the a on the schools. In the parish of Ballesidare, diocess of Kill seems to be a general determination on the part of the Rom lics not to send their children to protestant schools, and But 'from the general returns from all the diocesses, it that a large proportion of the children attending the *paris* throughout Ireland, are of the Roman catholic religio commissioners acknowledge that though a school similar which already exist were established in every parish in would be perfectly inadequate to the instruction of the Iris '*No funds, however great, or the best considered establish substantially carry into effect either any improvement in schools, or any general system of instruction of the lower the community, until the want of persons duly qualified to the education of the lower classes be remedied, and till son tion be formed to prepare persons for that important office.*'

"It should be recollected, then, that in Ireland there ar establishments similar to the parochial schools of Scotla the commissioners call parish schools, are those in which t receives the principal part of his salary either from the rec mote endowments of government.

"Those schools that are called protestant charter-scho land, are far from being adapted for popular instruction. G are annually expended for their support, whilst their uti tremely limited. This arises, partly from the narrow pr confining them to protestants, or to the children of such Ro lics as allow their offspring to be educated in the reforme and partly from the circumstance of their being boarding sc general system of education, to make it useful, must be con the most popular plan.

"In these protestant charter-schools 'the children are too much at the mercy of the masters and mistresses; and too little judgment is shown in the selection of the persons who are invested with the important trust of educating these children. The consequences are such as might naturally be expected; frequently gross inattention, or worse, with respect to the cleanliness, the diet, and apparel of the children, as well as to their morals, and progress in industry. Hence, it too frequently comes to pass, that when the charter-school children are taken as apprentices, to be trained up as domestic servants, or instructed in manufactures, they commonly prove slothful, dirty, and vitious.'"

The great defect in the plan hitherto followed is the total want of teachers who are acquainted with the native language of the Irish. It is quite natural that the dissatisfaction engendered by oppression among the people should be transferred, in some degree, to the English language, and to English schools. Instruction in this strange tongue flatters no prejudice, and awakens no feeling of patriotism: while their priests, on the other hand, address them in the language of their fathers, which is endeared to them by many circumstances. Moreover, the children, understanding in general only a few words of English, find it very far from easy to comprehend the instruction of their masters. With regard to the difficulty of procuring proper teachers, about which so much has been said, nothing of that kind has been experienced in Scotland, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge having as many as they require, at the moderate allowance of 15*l.* a year. To such persons, a salary of 25*l.* a year, with a house and trifling school fees, would prove an adequate inducement to undertake the task of teaching in Ireland; and from the similarity of Gaelic to Irish, these teachers would, in the course of a few months after their arrival, acquire a complete facility in instructing the children of the catholic peasantry. This plan has been partly adopted by the Hibernian society, who support between thirty and forty schools; and the Highland teachers prove, it is said, very acceptable to the inhabitants: but no private charity, however respectable, can be equal to the task of a general diffusion of education, and the only proper plan is a provision by law for parish schools. These, if conducted on the plan of Bell, or of Lancaster, will perhaps be sufficient in the number of one in each country parish; while, on the method formerly pursued, two schools in a parish would frequently be necessary. Whatever be the course adopted, Mr. Dewar is confident that no general success will be attained without procuring teachers who understand the native language; and he has no doubt that such persons may be found in adequate number in the north and west of Scotland. No pains, he says, should be spared to amend the degraded state of the catholic peasantry, who are now so sunken in humiliation as not to account it dishonourable to beg; and it is no unusual thing

for cottagers, after having planted their potatoes, to leave
a begging excursion, and continue their tour till harvest.

Having completed our abstract of Mr. Dewar's observa
must fulfil the less pleasing task of animadverting on his s
often falls to our lot to regret the obstacles which are th
authors in the way of their own popularity, by neglecting
and arrange their composition; and the measure of our di
ment is doubled when the value of the matter, as in th
case, is such as to possess a considerable claim on the pub
tion. Mr. Dewar is probably a young author; his name
known to us in the list of literary labourers, and his co
bearing evident marks of an unpractised hand. Like ma
writers, he seems to have taken up the pen, full of warmt
cause, and of arguments in its behalf, but with no clear co
of the course in which these arguments should be presen
readers. He appears accordingly to have written straight f
and to have gone to press without being aware how much
have gained by a revision, or rather recomposition of his m
The author who expects extensive circulation or permane
for his work, must arm himself with a very different dispos
have no scruple in cutting down, with merciless severity
effusions of a warmed imagination. It is not enough to p
ardent zeal, or even a store of ideas on the subject on which
that zeal should be chastened, and those ideas be meditated
ed, and arranged, before they are submitted to the tribun
public. The chief fault of Mr. Dewar consists in want of com
We have heard it stated as the practice of a veteran an
the principles of law, that he marked in his manuscript
idea by an arithmetical figure; excluding with rigid scru
as a useless accumulation of words, all expressions whi
to come under his conception of new thoughts or new illu
What an extraordinary deduction in the bulk of volumes
accomplished by a practical application of this severe edic
many examples would it afford to Mr. Dewar, that the id
duced in one paragraph had been repeated with no ch
that of words, in the next; and that it reappeared a thir
no great distance, in a succeeding chapter. In the cas
publication, indeed, the printer appears to have been in
ment haste as the author. Not only do we find an ackno
irregularity in the enumeration of the pages, the numbe
ning afresh in the middle of the book, but, in the words s
connect different pages, anomalies occur which are not usu
our typographers. Mr. D. promises an additional work
Poetry, Customs, and Superstitions of the Native Irish;
we shall willingly direct our attention, in the hope of findi
of the same liberality which does honour to the present
ance, without equal cause of animadversion on the score
position.

Hours of Idleness: A Series of Poems, Original and Translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 200.

[The dispute between Lord Byron and the Edinburgh reviewers has made great noise in the literary world. His caustic retaliation on those writers has gone through two American editions; but the following review, which was the original provocation, has never, we believe, been republished in this country.]

THE poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority, we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority;* but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and we dare to say so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth, is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But, alas, we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in

order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude fr
to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, some
notes; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank,
care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when
man appears as an author, his merit should be handso
knowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that
us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, b
desire to counsel him that he do forthwith abandon poe
turn his talents, which are considerable, and his oppo
which are great, to better account.

With this view we must beg leave seriously to assure
the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when acc
by the presence of a certain number of feet; nay, althoug
does not always happen) those feet should scan regul
have been all counted accurately upon the fingers—is not
art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe that
portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary
tute a poem; and that a poem, in the present day, to
must contain at least one thought, either in a little degr
ent from the ideas of former writers, or differently e
We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so
the name of poetry in verses like the following, written
and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing
teresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should pub

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, depa
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory, and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

"That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your o

Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing b
these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor'
Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting
greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (a
have had occasion to see at his writing master's) are
Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept o
hobbling stanzas "on a distant view of the village and
Harrow."

"Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me, your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied." P. 4.

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, "*On a Tear*," might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following.

"Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

"The man doom'd to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear." P. 11.

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou, now, wing thy distant flight?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn." P. 72.

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79. a translation, where *two* words (τῶν τεγῶν) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81. where μετανάστιος ἐκ' ὀ χρόνῳ, is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges; being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhap-

sodies. *If*, then, the following beginning of a "Song of I by his lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we prehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds, wh ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voic the thunder; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Otihona. &c. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fai then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; an positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but th "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who pi self (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) of being bard"—("The artless Helicon I boast is youth;")—sho not know, or should seem not to know, so much abou ancestry. Besides a poem above cited on the family s Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the selfsam introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no in inserting it;" but really, "the particular request of som &c. &c. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "th youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin-y-gair, a moun he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his immortalize his employments at school and college, we c sibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a sp these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek mo Granta, we have the following magnificent stanzas.

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle.

"Renouncing ev'ry pleasing page,
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compar'd with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

P. 123, 124, 125.

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas.

"Our choir would scarcely be excus'd,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy, now, must be refus'd
To such a set of croaking sinners.

"If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended;
In furious mood, he would have tore 'em."

P. 126, 127.

But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus; he never lived in a garret, like thoroughbred poets; and "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.

of Quintus Calaber. As this e
learned, is but little known i
explaining its nature and chara

THE argument of Qu
by the title of Posthomeri
seems to have regarded th
to conjecture) as a detache
he probably considered as
regretted that so noble a
conceived, to no regular a
resolved to perform the sam
period was undertaken by
for the Æneid. This suppo
of his work, which takes
the conclusion of the Iliad,
tive to the capture of the c
fleet. If such were the de
had little comprehension of t
ception of that excellence o
and is not one of the least r
traordinary composition.

As the poem of Quintus h
the incidents which it compri
they possess a close connexio
ject of Greek literary history
books. The business of the
independently of a few scatte
calculation of time; so that th
elasped between the concluding
trophe of the Trojan war, cons
lowing are the principal events

council to deliberate concerning the affairs. Memnon, the son of Aurora, arrives with a band of Æthiopians, and on the following day contends with Achilles, and is slain. The principal event of the subsequent battle is the death of Achilles, who is wounded in the heel by Apollo. Funeral games are performed in honour of the hero, and his arms are proposed as the reward of superior merit. The competitors are Ajax and Ulysses, who plead their cause before a singular tribunal of judges, an assembly of the Trojan captives. The award is given in favour of Ulysses. The disappointment of Ajax is converted into madness, and in this distemper of his imagination, he assails the flocks of the Greeks, supposing that he is inflicting vengeance on his enemies, especially the Atridæ and Ulysses, and finally falls by his own hand.

It is observable, that Quintus on various occasions imitates, with a servile closeness, the remarkable incidents of the Iliad. As in the second book of that poem, Agamemnon, after the secession of Achilles, thinks it prudent to make an experiment of the disposition of the Greeks; so Menelaus is here represented as addressing the army with a feigned speech, exhorting them to desist from the calamitous and hopeless enterprise in which they were engaged. Calchas, who maintains the same office in Quintus as in Homer, exhorts the Greeks to seek the aid of Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, and they send an embassy to Scyros for that purpose. In the mean time a third auxiliary, Eurypylus, a descendant of Hercules, arrives at Troy with an army of Mysians, and the fortune of war is turned against the Greeks, who (in conformity again with Homer) are driven to their ships, to which the victorious Trojans threaten to set fire. Ulysses and Diomede return from Scyros, bringing with them Neoptolemus to the Grecian camp. In the battle which ensues, Eurypylus is slain by Neoptolemus. Philoctetes, who had been abandoned in the island of Lemnos by the Greeks, is prevailed on by Diomede and Ulysses to join the camp, and his wound is healed by the sons of Æsculapius. Paris, being wounded by the arrows of Philoctetes, is destined by the fates to be saved only by the intervention of Œnone, whom he had deserted. She refuses her aid, and the destination of the fates is fulfilled in his death. Œnone, relenting too late, throws herself in despair upon his funeral pile, and is consumed. The Greeks make an assault upon the city, but are repelled by the valour of Æneas. Calchas and Ulysses suggest the stratagem of the wooden horse, which Minerva inspires, and assists Epeus to construct. At this passage of the poem a combat of the gods intervenes, evidently imitated from Homer, and not deficient in spirit. The poet proceeds to relate the departure of the Greeks for Tenedos, the fraud of Sinon, the fate of Laocoön, told somewhat differently from the description of the same event in Virgil, the joy of the

racy the age of the poem,
here briefly described.

The first indication of ti
general character of the la
pure and flourishing ages
air, which seems to refer
loaded with useless epithe
Homeric diction, not alway
descriptions are usually trivi
ous and inflated. Rhodon
Quintus bears a considerab
Tryphiodorus, Musæus, and
may be termed the grammati
to have flourished about th
christian era.

Some marks of time may
descriptions which occur in t
the Roman power had risen to
prophecy put into the mouth o
dominion of the posterity of
Tiber, and extending their em
and west.

A simile which describes th
bats with beasts, peculiar to th
another general ground of conj
poem. The term ἄναξ, which
that by which the Greeks were
emperors; and there can be litt
that Quintus flourished under th

To these evidences it may be
mentioned only by authors of

out the epithet of Calaber, added in the Aldine and subsequent editions, and by common usage attached to his name. For this title no better reason is given than that a manuscript of his work, till then unknown, was discovered by Cardinal Bessarion at Otranto, a town of Calabria. To this supposition the editors of the *Journal des Sçavans* have objected, that Otranto is not situated in Calabria, but in Apulia. It is, however, by many geographers of reputation, assigned to the former province, and was, in fact, situated within its ancient limits.

The poet himself, in a single place, has left us a sufficiently clear intimation of his country. The passage is addressed to the muses.

ὑμεῖς γάρ νύσσάν μοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θῆκατ' ἀοιδήν,
ὄφρ' ἐμὸν ἀμφὶ κορῆσι κατασκίδνασθαι ὅμιλον,
Σμύρνης ἐν δακέδοισι ποιμαίνοντα μῆλα νέμοντι,
ὅτε τόσσαν Ἕρμῳ ἄνωθεν, ὅσσην βόωντες ἀκοῦσαι,
Ἀρτέμιδος πρὶν νηὸν, ἐλευθερίῳ ἐνὶ κόσμῳ,
αἰρεῖ σέτε λίην χθαμαλῷ, οὐδ' ὑψόθι πολλῷ.

xii. 308.

As these words leave little doubt respecting the country of the poet, the appellation of Smyrnæus, expressive of the place of his birth or residence, has been of late more usually added to his name than the former, but erroneous, title of Calaber. The meaning of the passage has, however, been differently expounded by critics. Some learned men have constructed a fanciful hypothesis for the allegorical interpretation of it, and have imagined that, under the figure of a shepherd attending his flock, the poet meant to allude to his own profession, which they suppose to have been that of a grammarian, or instructor of youth. "Quid enim aliud," says Rhodomannus, the best of the commentators on Quintus, "per musarum hortum et oves, præter quam scholam, et discipulos in eâ doctrinæ et eloquentiæ studiis addictos intelligi existimemus?" This notion, besides the utter uncertainty of all such allegorical hypotheses, appears to be sufficiently refuted by the age which the poet ascribes to himself while engaged in this pastoral occupation, and which seems scarcely consistent with that celebrity in his scholastic profession which the advocates of this interpretation suppose him to have attained. The passage is, therefore, to be literally understood; and it is possible, as Bayle conjectures, that the writer intended to allude to the poetical fiction of Hesiod, who represented himself as visited by the inspiration of the muses while feeding his sheep in Helicon. The sole conclusion of fact which can be deduced from it is, that the poet was a native, or an early resident, of Smyrna, or its vicinity.

We must, therefore, be content with the scanty information which time has spared, that there flourished at Smyrna in some recent, but not very certain age, a poet named Quintus, of whom

history has transmitted no other knowledge, and of
work before us seems to be the only remaining monumen

With respect to the merit of this poem, we have al
mated that our opinion of it is by no means so exalted
those critics who have represented it as little inferior
mortal work of which it professes to be the continuatio
invention of circumstances and arrangement of incident
entitled to any distinguished praise. There was pro
deed, but little demand in this respect on the invention o
his subject having been largely treated, in the same ord
ceding writers. No skill of epic arrangement has been
by him, unless we may refer to this head a species
which, in imitation of Homer, he has adopted, of maki
ploits of different heroes in succession the principal obj
narrative, and thus concentrating and varying the int
the characters we find little of that strength and disc
which distinguish those of the Iliad. A general po
triteness of sentiment and description pervade the work
ferent from the richness, spirit, and originality of Hom
similes are abundant; many of them are mean and coarse
some appear not deficient either in propriety or inventi
chief merit of the poem appears to us to consist in the
copious use which the writer possesses of the diction o
He is styled, however, by Rhodomannus, Iliados c
Homeri similimus, and poeta longe præstantissimus;
ther of his editors observes, adeo verbosus est Quin
otiosa et superflua tollas, pars tertia fere operi decedet.

ORIGINAL.

NOTICES OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM CLIFTON.

William Clifton was the son of a wealthy mechanic of Philadelphia, and was born in that city in 1772.

From infancy his health was feeble and precarious, and like most weakly children, particularly those who have a constitutional tendency to consumption, he displayed a premature vivacity and quickness of mind. His parents were of the stricter order of quakers, and he was brought up in the manners and principles of that sect. He was not educated with a view to any particular profession, but from very early youth discovered a strong attachment to elegant literature, and an ardent curiosity for every kind of liberal knowledge. At the age of nineteen, the rupture of a blood-vessel rendered his constitution so exceedingly infirm, as in a very great degree to disqualify him from mixing in the turmoil of the world, and altogether to debar him from any of the regular pursuits of business, or of professional life. From that period he continued to reside in his father's family, assiduously employed, though with frequent interruptions from disease and debility, in literary studies and the general cultivation of his mind. Endowed by nature with quick sensibility and a lively fancy, and left without direction or control to follow the bent of his own genius, he soon became entirely devoted to the pursuits of imagination and taste; and the study and occasional imitation of the great masters of poetry and eloquence, were for several years his "life's employment and his leisure's charm."

As he advanced to manhood, he gradually relinqu
quaker dress and manners, and applied himself with muc
to the acquirement of many of those politer arts and ac
ments which are carefully excluded from the simple a
tive system of education of the society of Friends. He
have particularly excelled in music and drawing. He
much attached to the sports of the field, and was peculiar
plished in all the arts of the sportsman.

Mr. Clifton mixed little in general society, but confine
chiefly to a small circle of literary friends. In that peri
lent political animosity which succeeded Mr. Jay's tr
Great Britain, he, with most of his friends, zealously supp
measures of the administration. The gross and vulgar
of some local demagogues excited at once his contempt
nation, and in several newspaper and other fugitive pu
both in prose and verse, he lavished much brilliant and
satire upon some of the vilest and most obscure instr
party violence. The subjects were unworthy of his po
should have disdained to "drop his sword on wretched

Sometimes, however, his talents were directed toward
of more general and permanent interest. In an unfinish
entitled "The Chimeriad," he seems to have surveyed
of political controversy in a more philosophical as wel
poetical point of view, and so far as he had advanced
avoided all gross personal invective and allusion.

When Mr. Gifford's "Baviad and Mæviad" was re
this country, Mr. Clifton introduced the American editi
poetical epistle to the author, in which much of elega
poetical thought, and correct sentiment is conveyed i
language, and splendid and highly finished versification.
however, were but the early blossoms of genius, beautifu
grant indeed, but of little real value, except from the
which they afforded of the rich fruits of riper age.

His mind now seemed rapidly maturing, his command
fication and of language had become more extensive, and h
looked to him with well grounded confidence for some lar
which might elevate the literary character of the nation, a
the truth of his own assertion, that

"———————— beneath our shifting skies,
Where fancy sickens, and where genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the muse's strains,
And no fine fancy riots in the veins;
There still are found A FEW to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the *soul of song*."

But in the midst of all these hopes and expectations, those consumptive complaints with which he had long been threatened, assumed a more determinate form. After struggling for a short time with the disease, he died in December, 1799, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

His poems, which are, as has been already intimated, chiefly occasional, were collected and published in one small volume, 12mo, New-York, 1800. A very small edition was printed; the form was inelegant and uninviting; the subjects are generally of local or temporary interest; the period at which it was published was not very auspicious to literature, and from these and other causes, the book is now scarcely known among the readers of poetry. Although the volume, considered as a whole, is undoubtedly rather of high promise than of great performance, yet it contains, I think, many passages of singular beauty, and fully proves, that the mind of the author was rapidly advancing "to further ends more excellent." In the poems written in the earlier part of his short literary life, particularly a local satire entitled "The Group," he appears to have formed his taste altogether upon the political and controversial poetry of Dryden, and displays much of his vigour, and too often not a little of his coarseness. Either from impatience of the labour of critical revision, or from his imperfect command of the diction and mechanical part of poetical composition, his thoughts are often expressed in a manner crowded and indistinct, so that the reader is frequently puzzled by a sort of enigmatical obscurity. In his efforts at compression he often contents himself with elliptical phrases, which leave the sense in doubt. In struggling to attain energy, he is betrayed sometimes into strained, and sometimes into gross expressions.

From these causes he is frequently, as has been observed of some of the old English poets, "hard of conceit and harsh of style." But all these are the natural faults of a young poet who

When from his fields and flocks first urg'd to roan
Man found in crowded towns a restless home;
The witch Chimeria into being came,
Her sire Ambition, Discontent her dam,
Exulting passions hail'd the monstrous birth,
And choral demons stalk'd the frighted earth,
Mysterious, wild, aspirant, fierce, and bold;
No art could tame her, and no mandate hold;
Change was her dear delight; her eye of fire
Forever burnt with uncontroll'd desire;
With maniac flight, through pathless skies pursu'd
Some vision painted on the filmy scud.
The heavenly impulse which decreed the fane
Of social compact to protect the plain,
Its various grades from capital to base,
Which gave the building all its strength and grace
Content and comfort shelter'd by its shade,
From the proud palace to the cot display'd,
Obtain'd not her regard; her roving mind
Left meek content, and order far behind.
Too light to study, and too dull to scan,
The temper, state and faculties of man,
Full of herself, she soar'd aloft to prove,
The joys which float in endless change above;
And saw obedient to her mad command,
Incongruous nothings into chaos plann'd.
She saw her empire form'd, and day by day,
Saw systems spring to light and pass away;
Saw idiots dazzled with her tinsel zone,
And genius sometimes sporting round her throne;
There Plato walk'd his academic round,
And there his shadowy prototypes were found;
His spectre cave he pompously display'd,
Talk'd of a world, of endless essence made,
Pour'd forth of eloquence an airy storm,
And lick'd his cub republic into form.
There too the Stagyrite, with plastic hand,
Fill'd with new shapes her metaphysic land,
And the proud stoic sought her dædal train,
To writhe in transports of delicious pain,
While Epicurus press'd the breeze, to kiss
His flow'ry visions bright with golden bliss,

And pass'd on banks of bad delight the day,
Free as the gods, and overjoy'd as they."

It is doubtless remembered that the adjustment of differences with France, in 1799, whatever may now be thought of the policy of the measure, was at the time received with great disgust by many generous spirits to whom the honour of their country was dearer than its immediate interests. Among this number was Mr. Clifton. The following lines, alluding to that event, contain a very fine burst of poetical indignation. The simile, "So Satan," &c. will probably recall to the memory some celebrated couplets in Otway's Orphan, which it strongly resembles in spirit and flow of versification. The bitter smile of angry contempt which the poet assumes in the last lines, their mixture of sprightly sarcasm, and lofty indignation, are in the very spirit of Juvenal.

"Infatuate men, ah! what avails your *boast*,
Your rising navy, and your guarded coast,
Your hosts of patriot youth, in arms array'd;—
'Tis all the wretched shadow of a shade.
For soon the spoiler comes, 'with wanton wiles,
With quips, and cranks, and nods, and wreathed smiles,'
Disarms your vengeance, stays the lifted blow,
And lays your freedom and your honour low.
So the poor girl whose bold seducer flies,
With steps too rude to seize the virgin prize,
Frowns on the wretch who dar'd invade her charms,
And all her injur'd feelings rush to arms:
But soon return'd, he drops an artful tear,
And pours his plaintive sorrows in her ear,
'Till treacherous love admits the wily cheat,
And stamps her ruin and her shame complete.
So Satan once, with 'diplomatic skill,'
Rush'd through the tangles of the sacred hill,
Beguil'd the truth of *Adam's* honest mind,
And nail'd the yoke of mischief on mankind.
Infatuate men! while clouds invest the air
You fondly dream to-morrow will be fair:
Still careless, on the same dull road you stray,
Nor heed the stormy dangers of the way;

With you the frolick and the feast is found,
The chariot rattles and the glass goes round:
You still can truck your wares, and go to bed
With some new speculation in your head;
Still strut the 'change with haberdasher pride;
Still count the profits, and the gain divide;
Still take the breakfast paper, and explore
The advertising columns o'er and o'er;
And, if the tale should meet your listless glance,
Of some new land, a prey to bloody France,
You still can look at home with vast content,
And underwrite the state for one per cent."

In a little poem entitled "A Flight of Fancy" he a
pleasing contrast in a very different character. With t
tion of one or two stanzas, which are a little tarnishe
Della Cruscan tinsel, which he had himself joined in
it is altogether filled with delicate sentiment and some of
est images of rural beauty and domestic happiness. H
with exquisite taste and great gayety of imagination, an
scene of pastoral felicity, where

"Spring shall laugh at winter's frown,
And summer blush for gamesome spring,
And autumn prank'd in wheaten crown,
His stores to hungry winter bring.

"'Tis mine! 'tis mine! this sacred grove,
Where truth and beauty may recline,
The sweet resort of many a love;
Monimia come and make it thine.

"For thee the bursting buds are ripe,
The whistling robin calls thee here,
To thee complains the woodland pipe;
Will not my lov'd Monimia hear?

"A fawn I'll bring thee, gentle maid,
To gambol round thy pleasant door;
I'll cull thee wreaths that ne'er shall fade,
What shall I say to tempt thee more?

"The blush that warms thy maiden cheek,
Thy morning eye's sequester'd tear,
For me, thy kindling passion speak
And chain this subtle vision here.

"Spots of delight, and many a day
Of summer love for me shall shine.
In truth my beating heart is gay,
At sight of that fond smile of thine.

"Come, come my love, away with me,
The morn of life is hast'ning by,
To this dear scene we'll gayly flee,
And sport us 'neath the peaceful sky."

The numberless abortive attempts which have at different times been made in this country in the composition of national and patriotic song, sufficiently evince the difficulty of that species of composition.

A patriotic song, to attain any high degree of permanent popularity, should probably be expressed in simple and perspicuous language, and depend, for its effect, rather upon sentiment than upon imagery. Campbell's magnificent song of "Ye Mariners of England," is, indeed, a noble, but, I believe, almost a solitary exception to the truth of this remark. In the following song Clifton has fallen into the common error of employing a species of poetical diction and ornament, which is better fitted to the ode than to this kind of composition; but its spirit is certainly animated, its language lofty and highly poetical, and its conceptions very noble. The fourth line is imitated from Smollet's Ode to Independence.

"Soul of Columbia, quenchless spirit, come!
Unroll thy standard to the sullen sky,
Bind on thy war robes, beat the furious drum,
Rouse, rouse thy Lion heart, and fire thy Eagle eye.

"Dost thou not hear the hum of gath'ring war;
Dost thou not know
The insidious foe
Yokes her gaunt wolves, and mounts her midnight car.

"Dost thou not hear thy tortur'd seamen's cries?
Poor hapless souls in dreary dungeons laid;
Towards thee they turn their dim, imploring eyes
Alas! they sink—and no kind hand to aid.

"Thou dost, and ev'ry son of thine
Shall rest in guilty peace no more;
With noble rage they pant to join,
The conflict's heat, the battle's roar.

"Loose to the tempest let thy banner fly,
Rouse, rouse thy Lion heart and fire thy Ea

It were easy to multiply extracts, but enough have b
show the variety and extent of Mr. Clifton's poetical ta
excite the regret of every one who is anxious for the l
tation of his country, that he did not live to accomplish
and more finished work.

To the Editor of the Analectic Magazine.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your last number an article o
stones, I am induced to send you the following specu
regard to them. My opinions are not altogether nov
nevertheless, interest some of your readers, as I shal
to remove at least a part of the obscurity which envelop
interesting subject.

The descent of these stones is one of those e
phenomena which would be altogether incredible but
conclusive evidence, the fact, however, being certai
left to philosophers but to explain, to the best of their
cause of so wonderful an occurrence. For this purp
ferent hypotheses have been proposed; 1st. It has be
that these stones have been projected by volcanoes i
beyond the sphere of her attraction, and coming wit

ence of the earth, have thus been brought to its surface; 2d. That they have been thrown up by volcanoes in our own planet, and have again fallen; 3d. That they have been detached from small invisible bodies revolving round the earth at no great distance from it. Lastly, it has been thought that they are suddenly formed in the air, their component parts having previously existed in a state of such extreme rarefaction as to float in the atmosphere.

With regard to the first of these conjectures, so great a projectile force is not required to propel a body beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction as might at first be supposed; for from the diminutive size of that planet, and particularly from her having little or no atmosphere,* a power, which many known agents are capable of exerting, would be perfectly adequate to produce such an effect.†

To this hypothesis several objections might be mentioned; I shall content myself with one, because that is peculiar to it, and at the same time fatal.

If a body were to come from the moon to this earth, on approaching our planet, it would necessarily have an apparent motion from east to west of about 1,900 feet in a second, in consequence of the earth's moving at that rate in the opposite direction. But nothing of this takes place.‡

As to the second conjecture, it is sufficient to say, that no volcanoes exist within many thousand miles of some of the places where these stones have fallen. Moreover, they bear no sort of resemblance to the known products of subterranean fires.

Next, with respect to the supposition that these meteoric substances are parts of larger bodies which revolve round the earth at no great distance from it; in the first place, there is no evidence that any such bodies exist. Next, if there be any such *little invisible moons*, they must necessarily move at so great a distance from the earth, as to be unaffected by the atmosphere; for otherwise, how great soever their velocity might be, the resistance they

* La Place. See his Astronomy, vol. 1. p. 56.

† The Edinburgh reviewers, who incline to this opinion, think a force three times as great as that of a cannon ball sufficient. See their work, vol. 3. p. 409. Am. edit.

‡ This remark was, I believe, first made by Mr. Simeon De Witt.

would experience in a very short time would bring them to the ground, by destroying their projectile motion. They certainly could not long revolve unless their distance from the earth exceeded 50 miles. Now it is demonstrable, that in no instance, at least, with which I am acquainted, have these meteoric stones fallen more than a mile or two, and in some cases their height from the earth when they began to descend could not have exceeded a few hundred yards.

By observing the soil on which these substances have fallen, and measuring the depth to which they have penetrated, their momentum on arriving at the surface of the earth may be ascertained with considerable precision. Now, the momentum of a body in motion, is as its weight multiplied by its velocity; if, therefore, the weight of such a body be considerable, (these stones, as will be seen hereafter, are very heavy,) and its momentum comparatively small, it is clear that its velocity could not have been great. But the velocity with which a body moves in descending to the earth, is in proportion to the space through which it has passed;* if, therefore, when a falling body arrives at the surface of the earth, its velocity be inconsiderable, it is certain that it cannot have come from any great height. But if these meteoric stones have not fallen from some very distant place, they must, I think, have been formed in the atmosphere at the instant they began to descend, inasmuch as there is no other possible source from which they could be derived.

It only remains to be proved, then, that the momentum with which these stones fall to the earth, is, occasionally at least, inconsiderable. Two which fell near Verona weighing the one 300 lbs. the other 200, tore up the ground, but do not appear to have penetrated it at all. In the instance at Pont-de-Veale, the stone weighed 20 lbs. and penetrated 6 inches in ploughed ground; in the case near Lucè, the stone which weighed 7 1-2 lbs. but fell upon turf, merely half buried itself. Lastly, those which fell near Bahar, in the East Indies, sunk to a depth of six inches only, in a moist soil newly worked up.

In other cases, it must be confessed that the momentum of these

* The resistance of the atmosphere must be taken into the account when absolute correctness is required; in the present argument no allowance for this is necessary.

bodies was much greater. Thus, the one which fell at Ensisheim penetrated 3 feet in a wheat field; in another instance which occurred in Yorkshire, the stone was found at the depth of 21 inches.* The largest mass which fell in Connecticut weighed, it is supposed, 200 lbs. and sunk 3 feet.

But this inequality merely proves that these substances fall from very different heights, and, consequently, tends to corroborate the theory of their formation in the atmosphere, for we should, *à priori*, infer that the concretion would take place sometimes in a more elevated, sometimes in a lower region.

As to the immediate cause of the rushing together of particles before so widely separated, I have no conjecture to offer. All we know upon the subject is, that the elements which compose these stones are taken up into the atmosphere,† where they probably float until that particular combination of circumstances takes place, which compels them to assume the concrete form; the instant this happens, the solid masses are precipitated to the earth, with a force proportioned to their size and to the height at which they have been formed.

One of the most striking peculiarities of these meteoric stones is, that they all consist of very nearly the same elements, in a similar state of combination. This curious fact, inexplicable upon any other theory, is perfectly in unison with the one which I have advocated.

One *positive* objection only to my doctrine have I heard, which is, that the meteors which precede the formation of these stones are visible from a great distance, so that they, at least, must be at a considerable height. This is true. The meteors themselves are probably formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and moving with great rapidity, gradually approach the earth, until the explosion, and consequent generation, of the stones takes place,

* The foregoing circumstances are taken from the Edinburgh Review, vol. 3. p. 238. et seq.

† Vauquelin has proved (see Tilloch's Magazine, vol. 33. p. 27, 28.) that all the component parts of these stones, with the exception of nickel, are converted into vapour in working iron ore; and if iron, silex, &c. are volatilized, there is every reason to believe nickel may be also reduced to an aeriform state.

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total abstinence; as
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Lost."

There are those, I
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time chosen for its com
brethren, the giant poste
tract, which is represent
and freedom, even in tho
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scribing the race of giar
his wizard instructor, the
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the vision of inspired prop
these events, an individual
cipal object of our sympat
tion. Javan, a lover and a
a fugitive from the place, a

Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
And cast away his birth-right for a name.
———Yet no delight the minstrel's bosom knew,
None save the tones that from his harp he drew,
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
Pageants of light resolving into air.
——The fame he follow'd and the fame he found,
Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound;
Admir'd, applauded, crown'd, where'er he roved,
The bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved;
All else that breath'd below the circling sky
Were link'd to life by some endearing tie;
He only, like the ocean weed uptorn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless from wave to wave
On life's rough sea——and there was none to save."

After an absence of ten years, recoiling at the thought of assisting the arms of the giants against the land of his nativity, he yields to the impulses of remorse and affection, and returns to Eden. He obtains an interview with Zillah, who was the object of his early passion; and his reception by her venerable father, the prophet Enoch, is not less affecting, from its recalling to our minds the beautiful apologue of the repentant prodigal. We are too sensible how much the effect of scenes of emotion depends on their being taken in connexion with the rest of the piece, to mar it by quotation.

Perhaps we are singular—but the following simple couplets have, to us, something far more touching than is contained in many recent elaborate descriptions of female loveliness. The poet refers to the loneliness of the father of mankind, until the Almighty, who "will'd not man to dwell alone,"

"Created woman with a smile of grace,
And *left the smile that made her on her face.*
The patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
The morn of beauty risen from his side!"

come with a fancy stored only from the romances of t
dours, or a memory filled from the more recent m
Mr. Scott, with visions of barons and squires, and
tournaments, and the long et cætera of chivalric garnit
nothing of all this in the present production.

If such, and so exclusive be his ideas, we would re
total abstinence; as his sensations would else resembl
those of a poor Neapolitan, who with all his poetical n
ciated with the ballads of his native *improvisatori*, sh
tenced, by way of penance, to compass the pages of
Lost."

There are those, however, who entertain more libe
tions respecting the nature and extent of the empire
and such we may invite to the perusal of this poem.
is principally laid at an imaginary spot eastward of Ede
by the younger and more virtuous descendants of Ada
time chosen for its commencement is the period when
brethren, the giant posterity of Cain, are about invadi
tract, which is represented as the only remaining reside
and freedom, even in those early times. The detail o
sion forms the subject of the poem, intermixed with e
scribing the race of giants, the characters of their m
his wizard instructor, the several events of scripture
terior to that time, and those future dispensations wh
the vision of inspired prophecy. To give a particular
these events, an individual is introduced, who become
cipal object of our sympathy and solicitude, during th
tion. Javan, a lover and a minstrel, ambitious of renow
a fugitive from the place, and an apostate from the rel
ancestors.

> ——"He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of C
> There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
> Instinctive genius caught the etherial fire;
> And soon, with sweetly modulating skill,
> He learn'd to wind the passions at his will;
> To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
> They seemed the life-strings of the hearer's heart;
> Then glory's opening field he proudly trod,
> Forsook the worship and the ways of God;

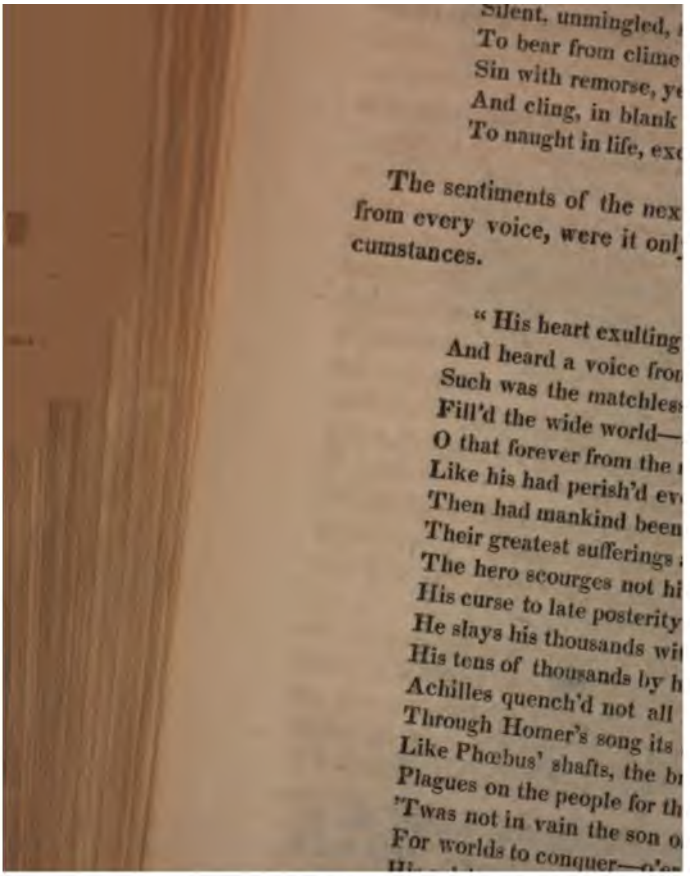
Thus song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind,
In chains of harmony, the mightiest mind;
Thus music's empire in the soul began,
The first born poet ruled the first born man."

We have mentioned this writer as inclined to melancholy. It is, however, by no means a moody melancholy, but has more of tenderness than gloom. The lines on the burial-place of the patriarchs will illustrate our meaning.

"A scene sequester'd from the haunts of men,
The loneliest nook of all that lonely glen,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod:
No sculptur'd monument was taught to breathe
His praises whom the worm devour'd beneath;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there;
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonour'd, or by all forgot;
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear;
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead;
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But white and red with intermingling flowers,
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers,
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever murmuring sound;
'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care,
It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer."

We could with pleasure indulge ourselves farther, but our limits confine us, at present, to two more selections. The first is the energetic expression of passion, and furnishes an appropriate example of the distinction first made by Lord Kaimes, between the actual imitation of the passions, and the mere description of them.

——————"A reprobate by birth,
To heaven rebellious, unallied on earth,



Silent, unmingled,
To bear from clime
Sin with remorse, ye
And cling, in blank
To naught in life, ex

The sentiments of the nex
from every voice, were it onl
cumstances.

" His heart exulting
And heard a voice fro
Such was the matchles
Fill'd the wide world—
O that forever from the
Like his had perish'd ev
Then had mankind been
Their greatest sufferings
The hero scourges not hi
His curse to late posterity
He slays his thousands wi
His tens of thousands by h
Achilles quench'd not all
Through Homer's song its
Like Phœbus' shafts, the b
Plagues on the people for th
'Twas not in vain the son o
For worlds to conquer—o'e

Yet seldom suffered, where his country died,
A Roman vengeance for the parricide."

Sufficient has now been quoted to enable the reader to judge of the nature and versification of this poem. The passages have been taken nearly at random, and are not superior to many others that offered themselves to our attention; particularly those relating to the battle between these antediluvian warriors—the giant king—the translation of Enoch—and the death and character of the first man. To those whose interest may have been excited by this imperfect sketch, we add only, that the work concludes with the expulsion of the giants, and the union of Javan with Zillah.

Of the minor pieces in this volume, they are, with few exceptions, worthy of the author of "The Mole Hill," and "The Common Lot," two of the most original poems, for their kind, to be found in the compass of cotemporary literature. The moral poetry of Mr. Montgomery is, indeed, always of the noblest kind. He presents us with no train of truisms—no frigid dissertations on abstract fitness—none of the common-places of ethics: but has the merit of enlivening our attention to trite truths and familiar rules of conduct, by throwing round them the lights of a rich imagination through the softening medium of a feeling heart. In this respect he reminds us of the writings of Chateaubriand, making due allowance for the superiority of the latter in that *onction* which is an advantage the French language possesses over our own.

Notwithstanding the satisfaction we have derived from the examination of this production, we shall not be surprised if it should not attain immediate or general popularity. The diction may not always, perhaps, be found sufficiently dignified; and the writer may have been led into this error by a laudable desire, pushed to an extreme, of imitating the simplicity of the sacred writings. This, however, is not frequent; and there are abundantly more instances where vigour of thought has been accompanied with correspondent force of expression. From the evils incidental to the nature of the subject, the author has more to apprehend; but these he shares only in common with all his predecessors who drew their materials from the scriptures, Milton and Klopstock

as when he shook it a little off; w
a cold and insipid declaimer, ow
able pictures of his mythology."
be considered as no unprejudiced
have influenced his taste; but sin
many whose intellectual integrity
waiving all discussion of a topic
self to fill an article far less c
another cause of fear for the succ
It has been observed with some p
has past—a remark equally applica
be their nature, in an age when lit
the weight, and the value of a b
Former critics would deny the c
poet, because he had not written e
conclusion is drawn from premise
man shall cease to be applauded a
much. Alas for the mutability of
hand, a writer may derive consol
since they afford ground for probab
of epics have gone by, it has not
ence of opposite opinions in ourselv
the revival of other ones in the ge
reflection as well calculated to mo
popular, as to diminish the despo
After an age of bigots, said Ganga

changing world, the historian of the human mind may trace alike on all subjects continual alternation.

We cannot better conclude this article than with the lines on the power of poetry, in which Mr. Montgomery has so well asserted the dignity of his art.

"There is a living spirit in the lyre,
A breath of music, and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language to the world unknown,
It speaks that language to the bard alone;
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears;
'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse,
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song.
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
And mountains hewn to statues wear his name;
Though shrined in adamant his relics lie
Beneath a pyramid that scales the sky;
All that the eye admires shall pass away;
All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay;
The mouldering rocks the hero's hope shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid resolve to dust;
The lyre alone immortal fame secures,
For song alone through nature's change endures;
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
From sire to son by sure succession flows;
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
Outstripping death upon the wings of time."

not excepted. The golden compasses with which the
described by the former as measuring the universe, e
surprise of Gibbon,* who calls it "puerile in him, thoug
image had been truly sublime in Homer. Our philosopl
of the deity are injurious to the poet. The same attri
base our divinity which would have extolled the Jupit
Greeks. The sublime genius of Milton was cramped b
tem of our religion, and never appeared to so great an
as when he shook it a little off; while, on the contrary, P
a cold and insipid declaimer, owes all his reputation to
able pictures of his mythology." This critic may, inde
be considered as no unprejudiced witness, since his infi
have influenced his taste; but similar opinions are ente
many whose intellectual integrity is liable to no suspic
waiving all discussion of a topic which would be suffic
self to fill an article far less circumscribed than th
another cause of fear for the success of this poem is in
It has been observed with some plausibility that the ag
has past—a remark equally applicable to all long poems
be their nature, in an age when literary merchandise is
the weight, and the value of a book is inversely as
Former critics would deny the claim of a rhymer to
poet, because he had not written enough.† At presen
conclusion is drawn from premises precisely the reve
man shall cease to be applauded as a poet if he have
much. Alas for the mutability of human tastes! O
hand, a writer may derive consolation from these fl
since they afford ground for probable calculation, that
of epics have gone by, it has not gone forever; the
ence of opposite opinions in ourselves, is an argument i
the revival of other ones in the generation that succ
reflection as well calculated to moderate the exultat
popular, as to diminish the despondence of the un
After an age of bigots, said Ganganelli, comes an a
thinkers; and so long as the world we inhabit is pro

* Essai sur les Belles Lettres. † Cumberland, &c. &

the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early provincial history, wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England. It is painful to perceive, even from those partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization in this country may be traced in the blood of the original inhabitants; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth; how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust.

Such was the fate of PHILIP OF POKANOKET, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of cotemporary sachems, who reigned over the Pequods, the Narrhagansets, the Wampanoags, and the other eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England—a band of native, untaught heroes, who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp for the deliverance of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown; worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk, like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.

When the pilgrims, as they are termed, first took refuge on the shores of the new world from the persecutions of the old, they found themselves in the most gloomy and helpless situation. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away by sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever shifting climate; their hearts were filled with the most gloomy forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into utter despondency, but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation, they received from Massasoit, chief sagamore of the Wampanoags, the cheering rites of primitive hospitality. This powerful prince, who reigned over a great extent

of country, came early in the spring, with a small retinue
settlement of Plymouth; instead of taking advantage of
numbers of the strangers, and expelling them from his ter
which they had intruded, he entered into a solemn leag
and amity, sold them a portion of the soil, and promised
them the good will of his savage allies. Whatever ma
Indian perfidy, it is certain that nothing appears to imp
tegrity and good faith of Massasoit. He continued a f
nerous friend of the white men, allowing them to extend a
en themselves in the land, and betraying no jealousy
creasing power and prosperity. Shortly before his dea
once more to New Plymouth, with his son Alexander, t
covenant of peace, and to secure it to his posterity. In
he endeavoured to protect the religion of his forefathe
zealous attacks of the missionaries; he stipulated that
attempt should be made to draw off his people from t
faith; but finding the English obstinately opposed to an
dition, he mildly relinquished the demand. Almost th
his life was to bring his two sons, Alexander and Philip
sidence of a principal settler, recommending mutual ki
confidence, and entreating that the same love and amity
existed between the white men and himself, might be c
terwards with his children. The good old sachem die
and was happily gathered to his fathers before sorrow
his tribe—his children remained behind to experienc
tude of white men.

His eldest son, Alexander, who succeeded him, soo
the hostilities of the settlers. He was of a quick and
temper, and proudly tenacious of his hereditary righ
nity. The intrusive policy and dictatorial conduct of
gers excited his indignation; and he beheld with alarm
ciless and exterminating wars against the neighbour
Whether authorized by fact, or dictated by suspicion,
cused of plotting with the Narrhagansets to rise again
glish, and drive them from the land. The proceedings
tlers show the rapid increase of their power, and their o
conduct towards the natives. They despatched an a
to seize upon Alexander, and bring him before their c

was traced to his woodland haunts, and surprised at a hunting-house, where he was reposing unarmed, with a band of his followers, after the toils of the chase. The suddenness of his arrest, and the outrage offered to his sovereign dignity, so preyed upon the irascible feelings of this proud savage as to throw him into a raging fever; he was permitted to return home on condition of sending his son as a hostage for his appearance; but the blow he had received was fatal, and before he reached his home he fell a victim to the exasperations of a wounded spirit.

The successor of Alexander was Metamocet, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. The well known energy and enterprise of his character made him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of always cherishing a secret and implacable hostility towards the English. Such may very probably and very naturally have been the case. He considered them as originally mere intruders in the country, who were presuming upon indulgence, and extending an influence baneful to savage life. He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth; their territories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependent. It may be said that the soil was originally purchased by the settlers; but who does not know the nature of Indian purchases? The nations were equally despoiled by the arts and the arms of the white men. The latter made thrifty bargains by their superior adroitness in traffic, and they gained vast accessions of territory by easily excited hostilities. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges, and it was enough for Philip to know, that before the intrusion of the Europeans his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present, renewed the contract with the settlers, and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or, as it was called by the English, Mount Hope,* the ancient seat of

* Now Bristol, Rhode Island.

There was a proneness to
violence, on the part of the
tance to every idle tale. In
met with countenance and rew
sheathed where its success wa

The only positive evidence
cusation of one Sausaman, a
ning had been heightened by a
ceived among the settlers. H
his faith and his allegiance, with
of principle, and, after having a
tary and counsellor, and enjoy
deserted him when he found the
lower around him, went over to
favour, turned against his former
plotting against their safety. A
Philip and several of his subject
nothing was proved against them
now gone too far to retract; they
a dangerous neighbour; they had
and had done enough to arouse his
to the usual mode of reasoning in
become necessary to their securit
informer, was shortly after found m
a victim to the vengeance of his
whom was a friend and counsellor
and tried, and

broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind, and he recollected the tragical end of Miantonimo, a great sachem of the Narrhagansets, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, acquitting himself of an alleged conspiracy, and receiving assurances of their amity, had been perfidiously despatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting men around him; persuaded all strangers that he could to join his standard; sent the women and children to the Narrhagansets for safety, and wherever he appeared was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

When the two parties were thus in a state of irritation and distrust, the least spark was sufficient to set them in a flame. The Indians, having weapons in their hands, grew mischievous, committed various depredations, and in one of their maraudings a warrior was fired upon and wounded by a settler. This was the signal for open hostilities; the Indians pressed to revenge their comrade, and the alarm of war resounded through the Plymouth colony.

In the early chronicles of these dark and melancholy times, we find symptoms of the diseased state of the public mind. The glooms of religious abstraction, and the wildness of their situation among trackless forests and savage tribes, had disposed the colonists to superstitious fancies, and filled their imaginations with all the frightful chimeras of witchcraft, spectreology, and omens. The troubles with Philip and his Indians, we are told, were preceded by a variety of those awful warnings that forerun great and public calamities. At one time the perfect form of an Indian bow appeared in the air at New Plymouth, which was looked upon by the inhabitants as a "prodigious apparition." At Hadley, Northampton, and other towns thereabouts, "was heard the report of a great piece of ordnance, with a shaking of the earth and a considerable echo."* Others were alarmed on a still sunshine morning by the discharge of guns and muskets—bullets appeared to whistle past them, and the noise of drums resounded in the air, and seemed to pass away to the westward; others fancied the galloping of troops of horses over their heads; and certain monstrous births that took place about the time, filled the superstitious of some towns with doleful forebodings. These portentous noises may easily

* The Rev. Increase Mather's History.

mysterious. The currency
record made of them by one
strongly characteristic of the t

The nature of the contest t
generally marks the warfare be
On the part of the whites it wa
success, but with wastefulness
the natural rights of their antag
it was waged with the desperati
who had nothing to expect fro
ence, and decay.

The events of this war are
worthy clergyman of the time;
nation on every hostile act of t
while he mentions with applause
of the whites. Philip is revile
without considering that he was a
ing at the head of his subjects to
to retrieve the tottering power of h
land from the oppressions of usurp

The project of a wide and si
really been formed, was worthy a
been prematurely discovered, mig
its consequences. The war that a
of detail; a mere succession of ma
military skill and prowess of Philip
diced and passionate

of swamps, and frequently surrounded by the enemy, yet he repeatedly found means to evade their toils, and suddenly emerging with his forces, carried havoc and dismay into the settlements. At one time he was driven, with a band of followers, into the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, where the English forces did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes: they, therefore, invested the entrance to the neck, and began to build a fort, with the intention of starving out the foe; but Philip and his companions, leaving the women and children behind, wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts, and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

One of the most faithful friends that Philip had in the time of his adversity, was Canonchet, chief sachem of all the Narrhagansets. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great sachem, who had been put to death by the perfidious instigations of the English: "he was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English:"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his shattered forces with open arms; and gave him the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew on him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow that should involve both the sachems in a common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and sent into the Narrhaganset country, in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, no longer afforded impenetrable fortresses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had sheltered the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, in a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a

repulsed in their fir
officers were shot down in the
in hand. The assault was renev
ment was effected; the Indians
ther; they disputed their grou
fury of despair; most of their
after a long and bloody battle, F
ful of surviving warriors, retreat
the depths of the surrounding f
wigwams and the fort; the who
the old men, the women, and the
This last inhuman outrage ove
savage. The neighbouring woo
rage and despair, uttered by the
with anguish of heart, the desolat
the agonizing cries of their wive
of the wigwams," says a cotemp
cries of the women and children,
exhibited a most horrible and af
moved some of the soldiers." T
"They were in *much doubt* the
quired, whether burning their en
with humanity, and the benevolen
The fate of the brave and gener
ticular mention; the last scene of
stances on record of Indian magna
Broken down in his power and

ing Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut, where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconk, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and procure seed corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the centre of the Narragansett, resting at some wigwams near Pautucket river, when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet despatched two of them to the top of a neighbouring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him the whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw by first his blanket, then his silver laced coat and belt of peag, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit. At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterwards confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved, that, being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigour of body and boldness of heart. But on being made a prisoner the whole pride of his spirit arose

within him; and from that moment we find, in the anec
by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated
like heroism. Being questioned by one of the Englis
came up with him, and who had not attained his twe
year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty con
his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—
understand matters of war—let your brother or your ch
him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life
tion of submitting, with his nation, to the English, yet h
them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals o
to the great body of his subjects; saying that he kn
them would comply. Being reproached with his brea
towards the whites, and that he had boasted he would
up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's na
he would burn the English alive in their houses; he d
justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as
the war as himself, "and he desired to hear no more t

So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity t
and his friend, might have touched the feelings of th
and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian; a beir
whom war has no courtesy, humanity no law, religio
passion—he was condemned to die. The last words
are recorded, are worthy of the greatness of his soul, an
a comparison with any speech on a similar occasion in
range of history. When sentence of death was passed
he observed "that he liked it well, for he should die
heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy o
His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he
Stonington, by three young sachems of his own rank.

The defeat at the Narrhaganset fortress, and the de
nonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip.
an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirri
Mohawks to take arms; but though possessed of the na
of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the supe
his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike
to subdue the resolution of the neighbouring tribes. T
nate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, an

rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His treasures were captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonourable safety. Through treachery a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighbouring river; either exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water side. But persecution ceased not at the grave. Even death, the refuge of the wretched, where the wicked commonly cease from troubling, was no protection to this outcast female, whose great crime was affectionate fidelity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body, set upon a pole, and thus exposed at Taunton, to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognised the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle, that we are told they broke forth into the "most horrid and diabolical lamentations."

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart, and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in

any of his designs." The spring of hope was br
ardour of enterprise was extinguished—he looked arou
was danger and darkness; "there was no eye to pity
arm that could bring deliverance." With a scanty ba
lowers, who still remained true to his desperate for
unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mou
the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked ab
spectre, among the desolated scenes of former power
perity, now bereft of home, of family, and friend. Th
no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation
furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is
enlisting the feelings of the reader in favour of the haple
whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage
having been hunted by the English forces through
above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was
his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired wit
his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prise
him fast till the messengers of death came by divine
to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despai
grandeur seems to gather round his memory. We pict
ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding
over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage
from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place.
but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not hu
he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and
a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of
Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune;
minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awa
fury of Philip, and he even smote to death one of his
who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of
made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of
tain. A body of white men and Indians were immedi
patched to the swamp, where Philip lay crouched, gl
fury and despair. Before he was aware of their appr
had began to surround him. In a little while he saw
trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance
he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong

escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegado Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonoured when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find, amid all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untameable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities, and bold achievements, that would have graced a civilized warrior, and rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a foundering bark, amid darkness and tempest—without an eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

COSSACKS.

[From the Literary Panorama.]

Cossacks are the order of the day. They have a
distinction, since they were honoured by Bonaparte, w
attended in his flight from Moscow, that has rendered t
familiar to every part of Europe. As troops, they do n
to meet, front to front, the heavy armed cavalry of mo
they have neither the disposition nor the regularity fit
service; but they hover round a whole army, glide along
track its motions, anticipate its resources, cut off its
spread terror in all quarters, and do more mischief in
twenty hours than all the skill of French industry can
many years.

Such are Cossacks in war; and such France knows t
in an enemy's country. It is natural to inquire what s
ings these ravagers are at home; and what kind of m
their own country prepare them for the execution of
terous and unmerciful devastation abroad? What are th
habits of these depredators in early life, and in a state

To answer these inquiries we have thought a few extr
travellers who have seen them at home, before they b
famous, would prove acceptable. The following are fr
Craven's [now Margravine of Anspach] Journey throu
to the Crimea. It was performed in the spring of the y
They show these people in their natural and native state

It is pleasant to witness the careful treatment of the a
ation by those who derive advantage from their services.
we read of a whole herd of horses grazing on a plain, su
a Cossack who offers them a little corn, we are sure that t
no barbarities from his hand. He does not ill treat t
urge them beyond their powers. This is an honourable
their character.

The surprise of these people at a lady's travelling dur
in a carriage *shut up*, shows at once their simplicity, and
habits of life:—they would not have done so.

The third of our extracts may interest us on another
The manner of singing their national songs by the Rus
sants, is precisely that which was in use among the orig
bitants of our island, the ancient Britons. But it mu
served that although these Russians, being uninstructed
able to assign a reason for the chords they adopt, yet t

be musicians among them, as there were among the Britons, who could well have explained the principles of the counterpoint they practise. The *learned* among them would "have thought themselves disgraced" not to have varied from the air struck up by their leader, still preserving the harmony, the key, &c. The inference of the existence of counterpoint long before the system of Guido is undeniable from this instance. The similarity between countries so distant as Russia and Britain is not the least remarkable incident in this extract.

The other particulars may be allowed to speak for themselves: but perhaps some of our readers may not fully understand the surprise of the Cossacks at seeing Lady C. ride *on a side saddle*. Her performances under this fashion must have appeared marvellous to them. In another part of her journey, in Italy, her ladyship was greatly pitied by some who saw her ride.—"'The peasants who pass me on the right side when I am on horseback, the women particularly, say '*Poverina—Jesu Maria! Poverina—una gambia!*' 'Poor lady! poor thing! She has *but one leg*.'"

"Though there was not a horse in the stables of the post-houses, I did not wait long to have them harnessed; the Cossacks have the furnishing of the horses—and versts or milestones are put up; the horses were all grazing on the plain at some distance, but *the instant they see their Cossack come out with a little corn* the whole herd surrounds him, and he takes those he pleases.—The posts were sometimes in a deserted Tartarian village, and sometimes the only habitation for the stable keeper was a hut made under ground, a common habitation in this country, where the sun is so extremely hot, and there is no shade of any sort. . . . . .

"At — o'clock I let down the fore part of my carriage to see the sun rise; when, to my great surprise, I saw a guard of between twenty and thirty Cossacks, with an officer, who was close to the fore wheel of the carriage; upon seeing me he smiled and pulled off his cap—his companions gave a most violent shriek, and horses, carriages, and all, increased their pace, so that the horses in the carriage behind mine took fright, ran away, and, running against my carriage, very nearly overturned it; and when I asked what occasioned this event, I found my Cossack escort, seeing my carriage shut, thought I was dead; as a Cossack has no idea that a person in health can travel in a carriage that is not open, and the shout I had heard, the smile I had seen, was the surprise they had felt, that the young English princess, as they called me, was alive; as they believed it was only my corpse that was conveying to Karasbazar to be buried.——They always ride with long pikes, holding the points upwards; the Tartars ride with pikes, but they hold the end of theirs to the ground.

"I had a Cossack chief presented to me, a soldier-like
haired figure; he wore a riband and order the empress
him, set round with brilliants. The general told me he
he was not thirty years younger, as the empress had no
officer in her service. In the evening, in an amazing
several different bands of music played; and I heard th
songs of the Russian peasants, which are so singular tha
forbear endeavouring to give you some idea of them.
stands in the midst of three or four, who make a circle r
seven or eight more make a second round those; a thir
posed of a greater number; the man in the middle of
begins, and when he has sung one verse, the first circle
ny him, and then the second, till they become so anim
the noise so great, that it was with difficulty the officers
them. What is very singular, they sing in parts; and t
music is not much varied, nor the tune fine, yet as some t
and fifths, as their ears direct, in perfect harmony, it is by
unpleasing. If you ask one of them why he does not sing
note as the man before him, he does not know what yo
The subjects of these ballads are hunting, war, or counter
gradations between soberness into intoxication, and very
As these singers were only young Russian peasants, th
with great timidity, but by little and little ended in a ki
jollity, which made us all laugh very heartily."

.....

"Yesterday I went to the source of the river. It lies in
of a rock, which is placed between many others that lin
sides of a valley; a Major Ribas, a very lively, handsom
the chasseurs, has drawn it for me. I rode a white ho
general's, a very quiet creature, but awkward, not being
sidesaddle.——

"The old Cossack chief had looked with the greates
ment at my riding, and when I jumped down from my h
turning home, he kissed the edge of my petticoat, and
thing in his language which I did not comprehend, but t
told me he had paid me the highest compliment imagin
was worthy of being a Cossack.

"In the evening I went in a carriage with the govern
neral to Karasbazar, and on the road saw a mock battle b
Cossacks. As I was not apprized beforehand, I confess
ning of it astonished me very much. I saw the Cossac
each side the carriage spring from their stirrups, with th
the saddle, and gallop away thus with a loud shriek. T
smiled at my astonished looks, and told me the Cossack
ordered an entertainment for me, and desired me to g

stand on the rising part of the down, facing that where a troop of Cossacks was posted, which I saw advancing with a slow pace; a detached Cossack of the adverse party approached the troop, and turning round sought his scattered companions, who were in search like him of the little army: they approached, but not in a squadron, some on the left, some on the right, some before, some behind the troop: a shriek, a pistol fired, were the signals of battle; the troop was obliged to divide in order to face an enemy that attacked it on all sides. The greatest scene of hurry and agility ensued; one had seized his enemy, pulled him off his horse, and was upon the point of stripping him,* when one of the prisoner's party came up, laid him to the ground, remounted his companion, and rode off with the horse of the first victor. Some flung themselves off their horses to tear their foe to the ground, alternately they pursued or were pursuing; their pikes, their pistols, their hangers, all were made use of; and when the parties were completely engaged together, it was difficult to see all the adroit manœuvres that passed.

"I was much entertained and pleased, and desired the Cossack chief might have my best thanks."

.....

"In my way hither I dined at the Cossack chief's post, and my entertainment was truly Cossack. A long table for thirty people, it one end a half-grown pig roasted whole, at the other a half-grown sheep, whole likewise; in the middle of the table an immense tureen of curdled milk: there were several side dishes made for me and the Russians, as well as the cook could imagine to our taste. The old warrior would fain have made me taste above thirty sorts of wine from his country, the borders of the Don; but I contented myself with three or four, and some were very good. After dinner, from the windows I saw a fine mock battle between the Cossacks; and I saw three Calmoucks, the ugliest, fiercest looking men imaginable, with their eyes set in their head, inclining down to their nose, and uncommonly square jaw bones. These Calmoucks are so dexterous with bows and arrows, that one killed a goose at a hundred paces, and the other broke an egg at fifty. The young Cossack officers tried their skill with them, but they were perfectly novices in comparison to them—they sung and danced, but their steps and their tones were equally insipid, void of grace and harmony.

"When a Cossack is sick, he drinks sour milk for a few days, and that is the only remedy the Cossacks have for fevers."

.....

"If I had not been obliged to quit this country in a ship, I should

* A Cossack, if he can avoid it, never kills his enemy before he has stripped him, because the spoils are his property, and he fears the blood should spoil the dress.

POETRY.

THE NORMAN HORSESHOE, BY WALTER SCOTT.

The Welsh inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were generally unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses celebrate a supposed defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers' din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn:
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vow'd Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore---the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vow'd---the trampled green
Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been;
In every sable hoof-tramp stood,
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forg'd the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENC

By the recent arrival of the cartel Fair American, the booksellers h
an unusual supply of new and attractive works. Many of them have
press, and will afford a rich fund of reading for the summer.

Patronage, a new novel in 4 vols. by Miss Edgeworth, has been put
Moses Thomas, Philadelphia.—Also *Posthumous Parodies* and other p
morous and satirical work, supposed to be written by the authors of *R*
dresses.

Also *The Corsair*, a new poem by Lord Byron, forming a continu
series of Eastern Tales.

O'Donnel, a novel by Lady Morgan, (late Miss Owenson,) author
Irish Girl, &c. is printing by Van Winkle and Wiley, New-York.—The
sellers advertise *The Feast of the Poets*, by Leigh Hunt, Esq. editor of
er, at present confined in Surry gaol for a libellous satire on the Pri
This poem some time since appeared in a periodical work, and was cop
ferent works in this country. The great celebrity which it gained has
author to revise, correct, and enlarge it; and to add copious notes critic
rical, discussing the merits and lashing the faults of the principal writer
in a strain of cutting and undaunted animadversion. It is certainly one
spirited productions of the kind that has issued for a long time from the E

The second volume of *Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Huma*
been received, and will soon be published by Eastburn, Kirk & Co. New
The same house has likewise received and put to press *The Wand*
male Difficulties, in 5 vols. by Madame D'Arblay, authoress of Evelina,
Camilla.—Also Suinine's Biographical Memoir of *General Moreau*,
of his last moments.

Also *Germany*, by Mad. de Stael Holstein.

Poems by three friends.

Political Portraits in this new era, by W. Playfair.

Sermons by Walter Blake Kirwan, late Dean of Killalla, with a sketch
Corasmin, or the Minister, by the author of the Swiss Emigrants.

Delaplaine's Repository.—Proposals have been issued by Joseph D
Philadelphia, for publishing a national work to be entitled *Delaplaine's*
of the Portraits and Lives of the Heroes, Philosophers, and Statesm
rica. Though we object to the title as ostentatious, and are not altoge
with the prospectus, as containing too much of that wordy profession and
ed promise, so greatly in fashion among the booksellers of the day, st
opinion that a work of this kind ably and modestly executed, would des
ceive the universal patronage of the nation. The work will consist of a
graphical memoirs of those Americans who have been most conspicu
talents, virtues, and public services, accompanied by engravings by the
from portraits taken by the most celebrated painters. The following
ditions specified by Mr. D.

I. The work will be printed in quarto. Twelve portraits, with their
ing biographical sketches, will constitute a volume—which volume will
in the course of a year, in two separate numbers, neatly put up in
number to be delivered to the subscribers at the end of each half
volume will be ornamented with an elegant title page and vignette,
engraved by Mr. Fairman; and also an emblematical frontispiece, des
and engraved by Mr. Lawson. At the end of the second number, a
bers, and an index to the whole volume, will be printed. The typograph
be executed by Mr. William Brown.

II. The price of each volume will be eight dollars to subscribers—half of it to be paid on the delivery of the first number—the other half on the delivery of the second. To non-subscribers the price will be nine dollars a volume.

Long and Hauto's Hydraulic Machine.—A new Hydraulic machine, called by the inventor the Hydrostatic Engine, has been lately patented by Messrs. Long and Hauto of Germantown, Pa. and is now said to be in successful operation near that place. This machine operates on the principle of hydrostatic pressure; the water is made to act alternately on two pistons moving horizontally in a box or cylinder placed at the bottom of a shaft through which the water falls. From the reciprocating motions of these pistons a rotary motion is produced by an ingenious machinery, which, however, might probably be much simplified. This invention possesses an advantage over every other application of the same principle we have seen, in producing the circular motion through the intervention of an alternating one, by which means the whirling motion of the water in the descending shaft, which was found on experiment nearly to destroy the effect of Barker's mill, is avoided. Such, however, is the uncertainty which still attends the subject of the pressure and motion of fluids, that experiment alone can test the utility of inventions of this kind. None, however, that we recollect, appears in principle so likely to succeed as the machine of Messrs. Long and Hauto, and if its success be as stated by them, the inventor may boldly lay claim to the merit of having arrived at a long looked-for desideratum in the arts.

R.

Dewitt on Perspective.—Simeon Dewitt, Esq. Surveyor-General of the state of New-York, has published a work on Perspective. The fundamental rules of this art are laid down in it with clearness and simplicity, in a series of neat propositions, and a number of appropriate examples of its practice are given. This work contains as much of the principles of Perspective as are absolutely essential.

It comprises in a small compass almost every thing that is usually recollected after the toilsome study of larger works; and has the advantage, from its author being evidently well acquainted with the useful application of the art, of being free from such propositions as are merely objects of curiosity, and of others which are, when tested by use, absolutely false, of which we have seen several in a late work on the subject. The architect may be obliged, and the curious investigator of mathematical science, be induced, to peruse the more complete works of the Jesuits, and Brooke Taylor, but Mr. Dewitt's work contains every thing which is necessary to assist the amateur or artist in the elegant amusement of sketching from nature, or in the composition of any pictures, when the correct delineation of architectural subjects is not requisite. The chapter of military perspective is well drawn up, and should it be adopted in our military academies, will probably revive among us a mode of military plan drawing, which although now almost forgotten throughout the world, needs no other recommendation than its having been that which was practised by De Ville, Vauban, and all the other ancient masters of the art of the attack and defence of fortified places.

R.

Kean the Actor.—A new phenomenon has appeared in the English dramatic world, who, in the language of our correspondent, has produced "an impression upon the public mind which surpasses any incident in the dramatic history of the present age, young Betty's success, perhaps, excepted." "Kean appears to me to have adopted all Cooke's great points, somewhat changing their effect by a more jocose general manner than Cooke's. He is very short, and not graceful, but has more self possession than any person I ever saw. He has brought 600*l.* nightly to Drury-Lane, where, previous to his appearance, they had acted, it was said, to 30*l.*" The European Magazine for March gives a portrait and memoir of him, in which he is acknowledged as having saved Drury-Lane from ruin, and the receipts of the theatre is stated as nearly 700*l* a night. He was engaged at 8*l.* a week, but his salary raised immediately to 16, 18, and 20, with benefits, and a present of 100 guineas. His Shylock has been pronounced by the critics inferior to Mr. Cooke's alone, his Richard unparalleled.

American Artists in London.—Our great countryman, Benjamin West, having outlived envy, and soared above all competition, continues to astonish the world by the efforts of his genius. Washington Alston is already spoken of as the successor of his pre-eminent master, and by some compared with him. Leslie daily increases

in merit and reputation. Mr. West says he excels any young man he e
read of, of his age and opportunities. He has sold an admirable picture
the scriptural story of the Witch of Endor, to a noble baronet for
guineas. It must be recollected Mr. Leslie has not yet reached the age
He exhibits a small full length of John Howard Payne, our young dr
in the character of Douglas this spring, at Somerset house. Young M
of Doctor Morse the geographer, has likewise gained great reputation
which he has exhibited, and was honoured with a gold medal at the las
of prizes at the Adelphi, for a model of the Dying Hercules.

Classical and Biblical learning.—We have observed with much
great and rapidly increasing taste for these branches of learning, which
a few years manifested itself in various parts of our country, but particu
ton and the university at Cambridge. The edition of Griesbach's Greek
published at Cambridge in 1809, bears very honourable testimony to th
of its editors. It is one of the most accurate books we have ever seen,
not for the accidental omission of one single word, (*error gravissimus*
commentator would exclaim,) it might probably lay a fair claim to the
title of *an immaculate book*, a treasure, the possession of which, accor
wood, Dibdin, and the other bibliographical writers, is the very summit
licity. We have lately understood that it is intended to reprint in one vol
Schleusner's Lexicon to the Greek Testament, at the same press, and w
scrupulous care and accuracy. This is a very proper accompaniame
bach's Testament.

Schleusner's work was first made known to the scholars of Great B
high praises bestowed upon it by the learned Herbert Marsh in the note
lation of Michaelis. It has since very deservedly gained a high degree
Schleusner is a learned and laborious German, and his book displays
that heavy diligence and pedantic minuteness which have always bee
charge of the German literati. He is too fond of dividing and tracing o
ent uses of his words into what Johnson, if we recollect rightly, calls "
fication of the radical sense." In this he is sometimes fanciful, and
mistakes the sense which the word derives from its connexion and refe
rest of the passage, for its own proper meaning. He who has occasio
Schleusner will often wish for the simplicity and English good sense o
But Schleusner has undoubtedly collected a vast body of learning, well
methodically arranged, and a great deal of this learning is of a kind,
English, most certainly to an American scholar, is almost inaccessibl
that contained in the works of the German philologists and critics of t
years.

The German edition of Schleusner is in two clumsy octavos, pri
wretched paper by which so many of the German editions are disgrace
besides scarce and dear. The American edition will be in one quarto,
respect superior.

A series of the Latin classics, to be printed in a handsome duodecim
the manner of the beautiful editions of Barbou and Foulis, is also prop
understand will immediately be begun with the works of Cicero from t
Ernesti. Gibbon has pronounced his opinion of the different editions
Roman orator, after his manner, in a splendid antithesis, by selecting f
"that of Olivet, which should adorn the libraries of the rich, and tha
which should lie upon the tables of the learned." It is certainly presum
sent from such authority; yet it appears to us that as the notes of E
most part relate merely to verbal criticism, the literary wants of
would probably be better supplied by a cheap republication of Olivet's
contains more of the interpretation and elucidation of passages obscur
reference to the Roman customs and law. To this, the excellent *Cla*
might be added, and a compound edition would be thus formed much
than that of either of the European editors. Whatever may be thought
tion the publishers have our warmest wishes for their success in their m
dertaking.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY INTELIGENCE.

From late British Publications.

Mr West's Painting.—Mr. West, the venerable president of our royal academy, has nearly completed, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, an epic picture that would have done honour to the first painter of any age or school. The subject is the *Ecce Homo*. The picture of Christ giving sight to the blind, exhibited two years since, which procured for its illustrious author praises and honour beyond what has ever been experienced in modern times, and which merited all the eclat it produced, was considered a master-piece of Mr West's pencil: but so transcendently superior is the present work, that we are at a loss to conceive the mighty step that the painter has taken in his approach to the perfection of art, in so short a period, and at so advanced a stage of life.

This stupendous picture is on an immense scale, and describes all the characters rather larger than life. On the steps before the palace of Pontius Pilate, Christ is shown to the Jews: the Roman is addressing the people in the words of scripture —"Behold the man!" Caiaphas is claiming the Saviour, and is the true personification of the stubborn high priest: bigotry, superstition and intolerance are depicted in his countenance, whilst that of the Roman judge is replete with nobleness and candour. The countenance of the man of sorrow is filled with benignity, and expressive in the happiest degree of that ineffable goodness which painting could never before attain. Immediately upon the foreground, and to the right, are seen the three Marys. In the mother of our Lord, an awfulness of expression is depicted upon the countenance that cannot be described—in that of Mary Magdalen, an agony of grief is visible; indeed her whole figure is indicative of her emotion, on beholding him thus treated who had pardoned her sins, and given peace to her soul. Among the crowd are conspicuous Joseph of Arimathea, and other followers of Christ, the affecting expression of whose countenance offers a fine contrast to those of the wicked, reviling, unbelieving Jews. There are many episodes in this great epic work, as the prison doors where the two thieves are brought out to be crucified with Jesus; in one you behold the hardened ruffian, in the other the penitent culprit, whilst Barabbas, whose appearance bespeaks all that is abhorrent to good, is claimed by the multitude. On the foreground is the cross with a group of soldiers and executioners—even these appear to feel an interest on beholding the meek and persecuted Jesus. The figure of the centurion bears the stamp of martial dignity.

The vast crowd of people has no part that is not essential to the story. Every figure has its appropriate place, every head possesses an expression that goes to elucidate the story, and even the action of the hands materially assist the subject, which is inconceivably grand. We feel no hesitation in saying, and with feelings of laudable pride, that this epic picture of our cotemporary, WEST, for composition, expression, and masterly execution, possesses a greater degree of pathos than any painting in the world.

We understand that Mr. West has refused the sum of ten thousand guineas for this sublime effort of his genius.

British Pulpit Eloquence; a selection of sermons in chronological order, from the works of the most eminent divines of Great Britain, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; with biographical and critical notices.—The plan of the editors of this work (beginning with the "judicious" Hooker,) is to select one sermon from each of the eminent pulpit orators of England, Ireland, and Scotland, of the 17th and 18th centuries: the whole to be arranged in chronological order, and every discourse to be prefaced with a biographical and critical notice of the author. In the selection both of authors and sermons, regard will be had only to the excellence of the one and the reputation of the other. The sole limit in the choice of specimens will be the determination to avoid religious controversy. It is expected that the work will make three volumes 8vo. each volume containing three parts, a part to be published every month till completed.

Mr. John Dunlop has completed the History of Fiction; being a critical account of the most celebrated prose works of fiction, from the earliest Greek romances to the novels of the present age. In three volumes, post octavo.

M. Recupero, having written a History of Mount Etna, the work is r
in two large volumes, to be embellished with plates.

The bones of an unknown animal were lately found in a peat moss in I
creature must have been about twelve feet long; the horns were two fe
long, and one foot and a half round at the root. From the appearance o
feet skeleton, is seems to have belonged to the urus or aurochs, mention
in his account of Germany. And it is thought that the real urus may
sionally seen in the mountains of Siberia.

Variation of the Compass.—A correspondent remarks, that the no
in this latitude, pointed truly to the north in the year 1657, and has beer
the westward ever since, at the averaged rate of about ten minutes per
*reached the utmost extent of its variation; has been stationary; and
ceding.* From this observation, if correct, it seems that about 25 degre
tent of its variation westward; that it will, in about 150 years again point
north; and, probably, for the next 150 years, will incline to the east;
period of 500 years in making a revolution.

Origin of the North American Indians.—M. Julius Von Klaproth
curious discovery respecting the American Indians. He has found a l
nations and idioms extending from the canal of Queen Charlotte along th
coast of America, to Southern Canada, the United States of America, L
Floridas, Great and Little Antilles, the Caribee islands, and Guiana, as fa
of the Amazons, where the languages and idioms are all obviously deri
original language, which has a great deal of affinity with that of the Sa
Kamptchadales. The people all along this vast track, both in their figu
of life, have a striking similarity to the free nations in Northern Asia. M
gives a list of Caribee words which occur in the languages of the M
Samojedes, the Korgaeks, the Youkaguires, the Toungouses, the Kampt
Tchouktchis, &c.

Lord Byron — Mr. R. C. Dallas, a gentleman well known in the litera
published a contradiction to the allegation that Lord Byron had "received
ed large sums for his works."— "I take upon me," says his grateful vindi
the charge of meanness implied in these words, "to affirm that Lord
received a shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge, the
Satire were left entirely to the publisher of it. The gift of the copyrig
Harold's Pilgrimage I have already publicly acknowledged, in the dedi
new edition of my novels; and I now add my acknowledgment for that
pair, not only for the profitable part of it, but for the delicate and del
ner of bestowing it, while yet unpublished. With respect to his two o
The Giaour and *The Bride of Abydos*, Mr. Murray, the publisher
truly attest that no part of the sale of those have ever touched his lords
or been disposed of for his use; and he has constantly, both by word
shown his aversion to receiving money for his productions."

Ploelli has undertaken the engraving of all the paintings in fresco exta
which have not already been given to the public. He has commenced
in the Convent della Trinita del Monte.

The celebrated Canova is engaged upon statues and busts of Murat
and family.

A new Literary and Political Review has appeared in Edinburgh, un
of the North British Review, or, Constitutional Journal, to be publishe
months. It professes to be conducted on the broad and liberal principl
ing impartial consideration on every production of merit, without being
selection by any party or interested motives, and uniformly to maintain
rence to the constitution of the country in all its parts, and to the adm
the government so long as conducted with the same wisdom and ener
times of unexampled difficulty have raised higher than ever the digni
perity of Britain, and prepared the way for the return of liberty and
world.

Miss Porter, author of the Scottish Chiefs, has in the press, the Pasto
in three volumes

Herculaneum MS.—The literary world are naturally curious to know the progress and fate of the interference of the Prince of Wales in the affair of the HERCULANEUM MSS. about which we excited a lively interest above twelve years ago. The mission of Mr. HAYTER to Naples, to support which a grant was made by Parliament, terminated in that gentleman sending to England six of the *original* charred papiri. These were received at Carlton house in the year 1805, and it was hoped that British genius and art might have led to some improved means of unfolding them. In truth, a room was fitted up for the purpose, and much ingenuity exerted; but, we lament to say, without any success. It was suggested that steam might give consistence to the charred vegetable, and this menstruum was tried on one of the rolls; but it reduced it to an inseparable pulp. Delicate mechanical means were then applied to unravel a second, but the result was equally unsuccessful; and, discouraged by two failures, the other rolls have remained unexamined, and are now in possession of Dr. Young. Mr. Hayter's arrival at Naples, backed by British capital, gave new vigour to the business of unfolding; and although but eighteen MSS. had been developed in forty years, yet, during six years, he was the cause of nearly 200 of the whole 1800, being completely or partially unrolled. Of course Mr. Hayter left Naples with the court, on the French invasion taking place in 1806; but he carried with him to Palermo ninety-four *fac-similes* of MSS. and afterwards brought them to England, and presented them to his royal master, as the result of his mission. These the prince judged it proper to present, through the medium of Lord Grenville, its Chancellor, to the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, in the just expectation that that learned body would gratify the literary world by their speedy publication. Mr Hayter himself afterwards received an appointment from the Prince, and resided some time at Oxford, to aid the labours of the professors by his experience; but we are concerned to find that the appointment has lately been superseded, and that there now exists in consequence no immediate prospect of the publication of these treasures.

Swift's Works.—A complete edition of SWIFT'S works is printing, under the supervision of WALTER SCOTT, esq. with a Life of the Author, Notes Critical and Illustrative, &c. &c. It will extend to nineteen volumes 8vo. handsomely printed. Upwards of a hundred original Letters, Essays, and Poems, by Dean Swift, which have not hitherto been printed with his works, will appear in this edition. These have been recovered from Theophilus Swift, esq. Dublin, from a collection of manuscripts of various descriptions, concerning Swift and his affairs, which remained in the hands of Dr. Lyons and Major Tickell, from originals in Swift's hand-writing, in possession of Leonard Mac Nally, esq. from Matthew Weld Hartstonge, esq. who has furnished much curious information, from laborious researches made through various journals and collections of rare pamphlets, in which many of Swift's satires made their first appearance; and from Dr. Berwick, who has obliged the editor with some curious illustrations of the Dean's last satirical Tracts. In the Biographical Memoir it has been the object to condense the information afforded by Mr. Sheridan, Lord Orrery, Dr. Delany, Deane Swift, Dr Johnson, and others, into one distinct and comprehensive narrative.

Captain Lockett, of the College of Fort William, is preparing for the press, an account of his Researches amongst the Ruins of Babylon, which he visited in the year 1811, and explored with the most minute attention. His work will contain plans and views of the tower of Nimrod or Belus, and the other vestiges of remote antiquity still visible in the neighbourhood of Baghdad and Hillah, where he was fortunate in collecting a number of inscribed bricks, gems, and medals. This work will form four hundred quarto pages, and is to be published in England.

It is said that with Mr. Omon's steam engine, at Bristol, corn will very soon be ground. The principle is a hollow wheel, whose interior is half filled with a fluid metal. The steam is supplied by a common boiler, and makes no noise whatever, saving half the coals, &c.

A new Hygrometer.—M. Baptist Lendi, of St. Gall, gives the following description of his invention:—In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal, about the size of a hazel nut, which predicts every possible change of weather, twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as this metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in ten or twelve days forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass, and it undergoes several changes, till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid is continually covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red,

and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spott viously to snow, it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate te will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler of w in the same quantity of fresh. For the the first few days it must not b

Dr. CLARKE's third volume of his Travels will appear in a few days the second section of the Travels in Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land the second part of the whole work according to the plan originally pro author, and will contain his voyage up the Nile to grand Cairo, his upon the Pyramids of Djîza and and Saccâra; a description of the rema of Saïs on the Delta; an account of the Antiquities of Alexandria, particu pey's Pillar and the Cryptæ of Necropolis; with his subsequent Voya vels in Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, &c. &c.

In one of Mr. BAKEWELL'S Lectures at the Surry institution, del the present month, he adverted to the possibility of applying GUNPOW *mover* of machinery. As this subject is highly curious, and well des tention of mechanics, we shall give his words as nearly as we can rec most all the machines of the ancients," said he, "were set in motion b lar action of men or quadrupeds; but the moderns have called the their aid, and made the winds and the waters subservient to their use. losophy has brought other agents into action; and the application of particularly of steam, as a mover of machines, has greatly enlarged t man over nature. It is highly probable, that another agent may herea tuted; an agent which has hitherto been chiefly employed for purposes I mean gunpowder. I have little doubt that the expansive force of might be immediately and safely applied to keep in motion large machi less expense than by the steam engine. The apparatus would, I con cumbersome and expensive. A single dram of gunpowder, if properly rend a solid block of metal equal in thickness to a large piece of ord practical mechanic will have no difficulty in conceiving how an eq may be communicated to machines by percussion, with the aid of a l and crank."

A volume of Sermons is in the press by the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALL Prebendary of Sarum, and author of Essays on the Nature and Princip

The PRINCESS ELIZABETH, whose literary and inventive powe been displayed through her pen and pencil, and which have always credit to her genius and exalted rank, has, we are informed, been long series of biographical sketches, which to a future age are likely to consti memoirs of a considerable part of her father's eventful reign.

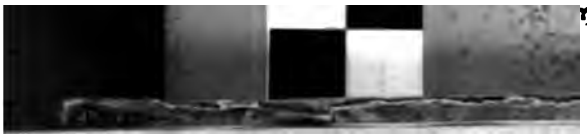
The Personal Travels of M. DE HUMBOLDT to the Equinoctial New Continent during the years 1799—1804; with a Picturesque Atlas, &c. translated into English by Helen Maria Williams, will appear in a

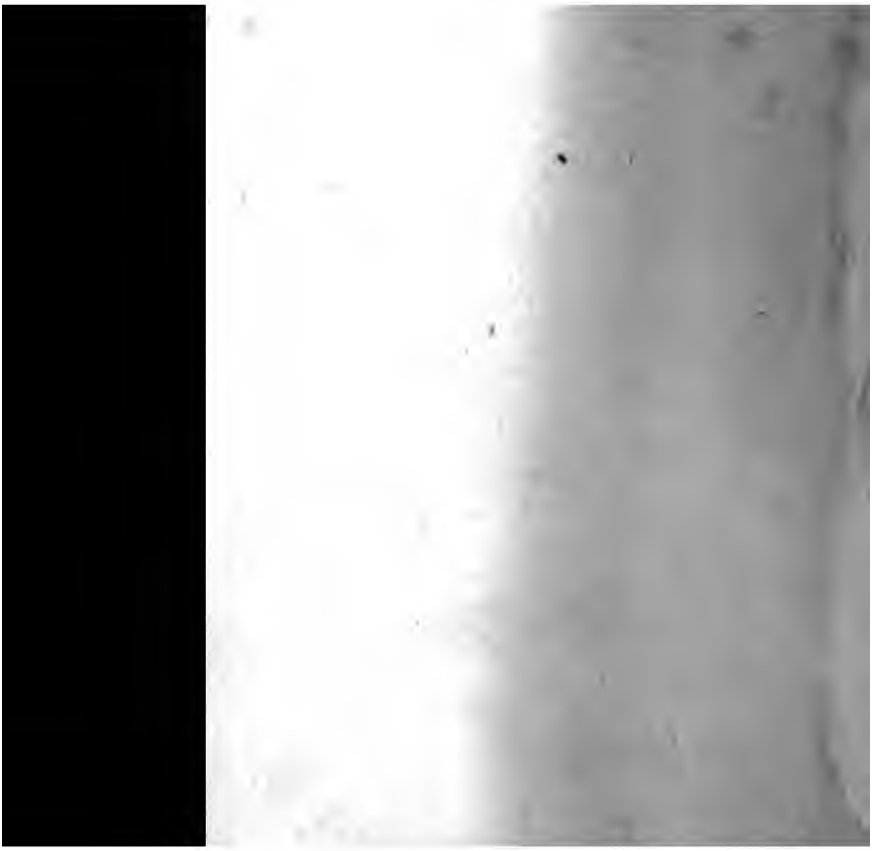
Singular new discovered body.—About a fortnight ago Sir Joseph B a letter from Sir Humphrey Davy, who is at present in Paris, menti discovered violet coloured gas, which had lately attracted the notice of but no particulars are given of its nature or production.

In the *Journal de Paris*, for the 3d of December, it is stated, that this substance, by Clement and Desormes, had been read before the tute, and the following circumstances respecting it are stated. It was M. Courtois, and was obtained from kelp. When heated to 158° it is co gaseous substance of a strong violet colour. It is not acted on by oxyge a red heat. With hydrogen and with phosphorus it produces muriatic bines with the metals without effervescence. It combines also with th ides, and forms compounds soluble in water. With ammonia it forms compound.

This notice is rather enigmatical; but it would appear from it that in question has many properties in common with chlorine. Hence a compound of chlorine and some other body. What is meant by sa phosphorus it forms muriatic acid, I do not understand. A few weeks put us in possession of the mode of preparing this substance, and of co to examine it.

When ammoniacal gas comes in contact with the oxymuriate of sulph a violet colour of great intensity and beauty. Whether this has any c the substance in question time will determine.





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